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REQUIRED READING FOR THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

VILLAGE LIFE IN CANADA

BY J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

THE characteristics of village communities in the Dominion of Canada are as varied as are the natural resources, the climate, or the scenery of the different provinces. Time will perhaps merge the English-speaking people of the maritime provinces, of Ontario, of the rolling prairies and the great Rocky Mountain region into a closer likeness to one another, and centuries may even serve to assimilate the French-Canadian with his English compatriot. But at present there is as marked a difference between the Blue-nose* of Nova Scotia and the native of Manitoba as between the New Englander, sitting by the shores of the sounding sea, and the American from amid the wheat fields of Iowa. And when Quebec is considered, the difference becomes national and racial as well as local. Still, to those who lay great stress upon absolute identity of characteristics and language and customs in the work of nation-building, it may be said that these distinctions are hardly more striking than those existing between a native of London and of rural Lancashire, a typical Parisian and a true son of Gascony, a native of Prussia and of some of the southern German states.

When, however, we look at the people as seen in villages and small towns scattered over Canada from Halifax to Vancouver, from the Great Lakes to Hudson's Bay, local

differences appear much accentuated. Origin and history have much to do with the evolution of these characteristics. In the maritime provinces settlement began two centuries ago and was in the first place largely French. Then war and the English intervened, and scattered communities of the latter sprang up. At a later date the French, or Acadians, were expelled but many of them or their descendants returned and formed with the United Empire Loyalists* who fled from neighboring states after the success of the Revolution, the basis of the maritime population. There are also many retired soldiers or their descendants while the fisheries have naturally attracted from time to time a large English seafaring class.

In Ontario, the people are more akin in habits and character to the average American than in any other part of Canada. But this is more evident in the cities than in the rural districts, and everywhere the events connected with the foundation of the province seem to have left a distinct mark upon the tendencies of the population. By descent and allegiance the majority are English and United Empire Loyalist; by trade instincts and business habits they are in touch to a considerable extent with the people to the south.

* "A considerable number of the American colonists had remained faithful to the mother country. Their condition during and after the war [the Revolution] was exceedingly painful . . . Their zeal for the unity of the empire won for them the name of United Empire Loyalists or more briefly, U. E. Loyalists. The British government made liberal provision for their domiciliation in Nova Scotia and Canada."—Withrow's "History of Canada."

* A name given to the natives of Nova Scotia either "in allusion to the hue given to the noses of its inhabitants by its severe winter, or to a kind of potato so named which is largely produced there."

The present result is a somewhat curious combination of British caution, reserve, and closeness with American push and speculativeness. The final result will be the evolution of a distinct Canadian type. In Quebec of course, everything is French, though French of an old-world, medieval type, except in the bustling city of Montreal. Manitoba on the other hand is developing a class of citizens known only to new communities in the New World, free, energetic, full to the brim with life and love of their boundless prairies; while British Columbia with its beautiful climate and varied natural characteristics can hardly be said as yet to present any distinctive type.

Of all the provinces of Canada village life in Ontario is the most instructive; in Quebec the most interesting. Even in the one province there are many varieties and the former includes little Scotch communities like that of Embro in the historic county of Oxford with its past tendencies to rebellion against what its settlers called *Tory** misrule, to the villages scattered throughout the county of Simcoe, where loyalty and modern Toryism are synonymous terms. A typical Ontario village always presents an interesting object for study. It is usually scattered, the streets running from anywhere to nowhere, the stores small and dealing in every conceivable article from a horseshoe to a daily paper. The larger villages however will boast two or more dry goods stores, groceries, and furniture establishments. There are always two or more churches and hotels—big or little as the case may be—generally two papers, each struggling for existence and living largely upon the patronage of the surrounding farmers, while the local lawyer and doctor consider themselves happy if they have not to face a similar competition. Unless very small in population, there will be a branch of one of the big banks and of course a drug and book-store. The rest of the picture can be easily filled in.

There are hundreds and hundreds of these villages scattered over Ontario, quiet to the verge of torturing monotony, peaceful beyond all precedent; with a population which rejoices in religious observance to the point of formalism and believes in temperance, while

it generally keeps two bars running. As a rule these little centers are now stationary in population and only progressive in the slow accumulation of savings by the more careful inhabitants and the accretion of wealth, which comes from the settlement in their midst of retired farmers with enough to live upon. This class naturally makes the village more conservative than before. Enterprise and municipal activity mean increased taxes and to a man living upon a limited income this is a prospect which must be frowned down and voted against. But as a whole the people are comfortable and happy in their little round of duties and pleasures, varied perhaps by a yearly visit to Toronto, and in social circles by the coming of friends from the provincial capital or elsewhere.

This may be called stagnation, but at least it is not poverty, and the larger towns make up for the slowness natural to village life by their push and progressiveness. The one great trouble—now a continental and worldwide one—is the absence of young men. As on the farm, so in the village, they will not stay. The life and change and bustle of the city or large town is an attraction too great to be resisted and the consequence is a natural tendency for the small centers to absorb the middle-aged man, the families with limited incomes, the unambitious character, the easily contented man who, like Micawber,* is willing to wait till something turns up. But it must not be thought that there is an absence of sterling worth and high character in these village communities. The handsome houses and the generally solid appearance of the brick stores and offices indicate a marked capacity to accumulate means and obtain a comfortable livelihood, just as the names upon the register of County Councils or the Ontario Legislature and the Dominion Parliament show the political ability which develops and comes to the front from these rural centers. The lists of the professions in the cities, the crowded walks of commerce and trade, all alike are filled with ambitious young men pushing on to success and making their achievements rest upon the firm foundation of the education obtained in the village school and the collegiate institute of the nearest town.

The municipal system of Ontario is in itself a magnificent educator. While affording

*The name given to one of the great British political parties, the other being the Whig party. "The Tories supported hereditary divine right and opposed toleration of Dissenters."

*A celebrated character in Dickens' "David Copperfield."

the fullest measure of local self-government and thus training up the youth of the province in the highest duties of citizenship, it provides him with a complete and most excellent school system. The province, with few exceptions, is divided into counties, which are subdivided into minor municipalities, consisting of townships, incorporated villages, towns, and cities. Through their municipal councils counties are under obligations to make grants of money to high schools and both counties and townships must contribute certain sums in addition to the provincial contribution in aid of the public schools. Much the greater part is provided by the school section interested and is

veranda or in some other favorite spot in summer, the village worthies gather to discuss politics with a marked degree of partisan knowledge and considerable keenness of argument. Often indeed is the young city lawyer or politician, filled to the brim with information—and conceit—worsted in a chance encounter with one of these men. More often still is the platform orator, or one who believes himself to be an orator, dressed down



Harvest at St. Jerome, Quebec.

expended by the board of trustees, elected under vote of the rate payers, both men and women. Where a certain number of Roman Catholics live and desire to have one, they may establish a separate school which shares per capita in the provincial grant for public schools, while Catholic rate payers in the district are exempted from public school support. Though the principle of separate schools for the Catholics of Ontario and for the Protestants of Quebec is embedded in the Constitution and can hardly be changed, the application of the principle has naturally led to many political complications and religious jealousies.

Political life in these village communities is a study in itself. Round the store in the sitting room of the hotel in the winter, upon its

Harvest at St. Prime, Quebec.

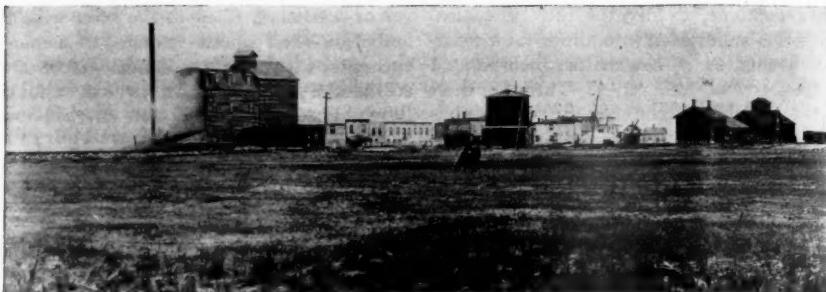
and left lamenting by the superior shrewdness and closer study of detail exhibited by a village politician. The local Tory and the local Grit* (Liberal) are distinct types. The one believes enthusiastically in union with the Old Country; thinks the late Sir John Mac-

donald† the greatest statesman of this or any other country, ranking at any rate with Bismarck, Gladstone, Lincoln, or Beaconsfield; advocates the N. P., or national policy, of protection; thinks free trade with the States means annexation; and is ready at any time to fight for the Union Jack. The other looks upon British connection, or affects to do so, as a matter of dollars and cents; considers Sir John to have been the combination of all that is politically corrupt and evil; thinks his premiership of many years was the cause of every trouble which has come to Canada; wants free trade and doesn't much

* A nickname given by the opposite party to the extreme Liberals.

† (1815-1893.) The prime minister of Canada from 1869 to 1873 and from 1878 to 1893.

care how it is obtained ; and professes great sympathy and friendship for the United States. These two points of view find their keenest exposition in counties which are absent as they were half a century ago.



Wolseley, Northwest Territory.

historically Liberal, such as the Oxfords and Norfolk, or in others so rigorously Tory and Orange as the Simcoes or East Durham.

Socially the village is a center of gossip, a hothouse for cliques, an area for church circles widening in proportion to its population. Young men are scarce for society purposes, and the local clergyman and his family, the doctors, merchants, and lawyers, and especially the bank clerks, with a few scattering additions, make up what is usually dignified in local circles with the designation of "society." Each church of course possesses its own circle and pursues with varying success the delights of socials, strawberry festivals, garden parties, and picnics. Visitors are welcomed with open arms, if presentable in appearance and possessed of even the most moderate means.

An abiding feature in Ontario villages is the comfort which every one tries to get out of life and the pleasant homelike aspect of the houses, whether they constitute the cottage of the mechanic or the handsome residence of the prosperous merchant. Land is plentiful, and gardens, orchards, or lawns surround most of the homes in the average village. Very different indeed is the country from the time sixty years ago when an English emigrant wrote home, "We are in a land of disappointment ; if we go to bed hale and hearty at night we may not rise in the morning alive." Probably village life in this democratic community of Ontario could not be better summarized than by the letter of a Sussex man written in 1832, which exclaimed with more sense than grammar, "There is

Quebec is a province which presents to the student all the charm of an old masterpiece of art set down in the center of a group of modern paintings. Its village life embodies the restful, peaceful, happy existence of a people who are more than willing to let the surging waters of the nineteenth century civilization sweep them by, so long as they are left the means of obtaining a simple livelihood, the privilege of worshiping as their fathers worshiped, the right to talk the language of their ancestors and to till the little bit of soil which may have come down in the family.

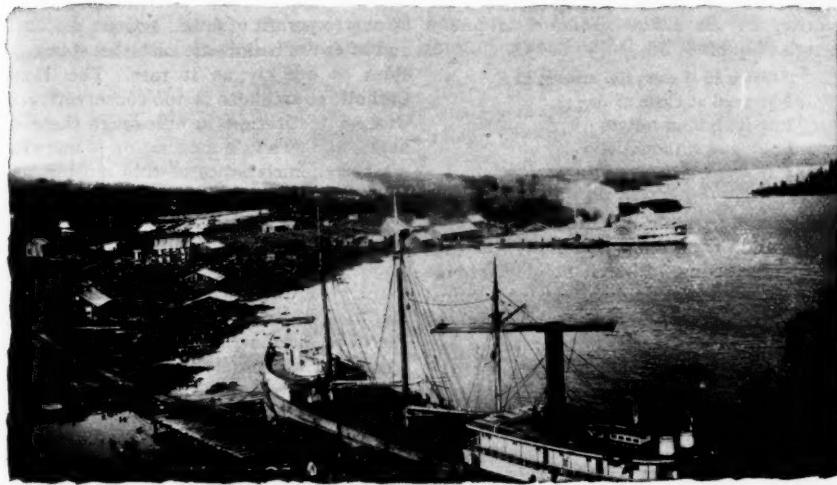
Their villages are as a rule in picturesque localities, beside the great St. Lawrence or some other river ; or perhaps standing upon a hill and overlooking the distant Laurentian range. The long irregular rows of whitewashed wooden or stone cottages, with their steep gable roofs, huge chimneys, and deep-set dormer windows are in themselves exceedingly picturesque and bear the fullest evidence of antiquity, while the commodious and substantial church with its lofty spires, reminds the traveler how earnestly and devotedly an ancient faith is upheld by the population of this Canadian province.

The projecting eaves of the houses usually afford a sort of veranda for the family, while the more pretentious buildings have balconies running right across the upper story. Many of the barns and outhouses have the old-fashioned thatched roofs, which are seen nowhere else in Canada. The interior of the cottage is usually furnished with great

plainness, often with many home-made articles. A high iron stove is an important feature and whitewash is everywhere freely used, while cleanliness, comfort, and neatness form the marked characteristic of the entire French population. The loom is still kept busy in making a warm homespun for ordinary use, while the *habitant* wears the moccasins and woolen cap in which painters delight to depict him. The onward march of railways and the growth of towns is of course producing a gradual change in these respects, but it will be long ere the villages as a whole alter their mode of life or the disposition of the people becomes changed. While in fact the average French-Canadian scorns modern improvements and farms much as his grandfather did, many of the old dames wear tall hats modeled after those left by the companions of Jacques Cartier* three hundred years ago.

In many of these humble abodes hang

dom worries. He goes through life in a happy-go-lucky style, obedient to the church and the priest, honest, sober, and reasonably industrious in character. No matter how humble the homes and poor the village, the church is always of stone, well-built and ornamented, while the tithe of grain and the assessment for ecclesiastical purposes is promptly paid. Withal the people are merry and contented and the American child who wished she could be a little French-Canadian girl, because they had such lots of fun—nothing to do but dance and fish and go to church—was very accurate in her perception of the life they lead. Meat is not greatly used by the *habitant*, but milk and eggs, potato-pie, and bacon fried in maple syrup are prime favorites. Round dances are condemned by the church but jigs and reels and formal square dances of infinite variety are constantly indulged in, and the most weary housewife will never hesitate to



McKay's Harbor, Lake Superior.

pictures of the pope in red and of the great Napoleon in blue, while the crucifix, the bottle of holy water, some souvenir of Easter, and perhaps a few rare old China mugs or other articles ornament the mantle. Snowshoes and guns and simple fishing tackle illustrate other branches of the daily life.

The French villager never hurries and sel-

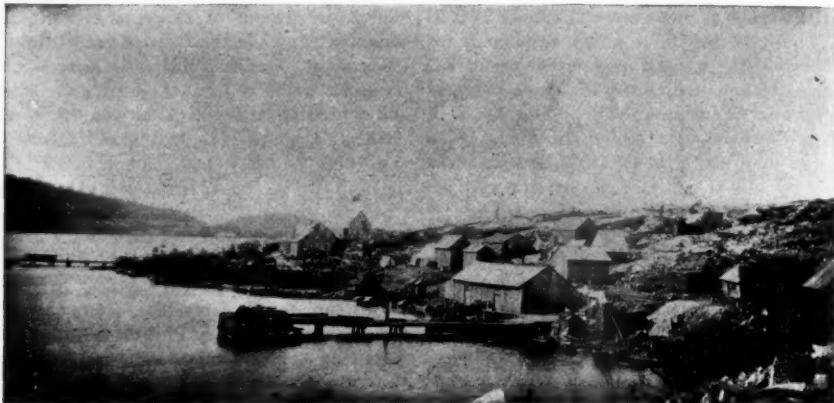
* (1494-1555 (?)) The renowned French explorer of the New World.

go to a neighbor's and spend the evening in dance and harmless gossip.

Curious customs prevail in the marriage ceremonies of rural villages which seem to be born of the ancient idea of carrying the bride away by force. Singing is a great and continuous enjoyment to the *habitant*. From long before the time when Moore immortalized St. Anne and the River Ottawa by his boat-song, the French-Canadian was singing his native ballads through the

woods and upon the waters of his northern home. Many of these ballads are very beautiful and, though translation naturally injures the effect, the first verse of a popular

tion, and then the cry echoes from one village to another, "God and church and father tongue." Even then however the very strength of the general sentiment is too



Village on Lake Superior.

favorite, *A La Claire Fontaine*, is pretty enough to quote :

"Down to the crystal streamlet
I strayed at close of day;
Into its limpid waters
I plunged without delay.
I've loved thee long and dearly
I'll love thee, sweet, for aye.""

In dress the people are inclined to pretty things and, the young especially, to gay colors and ribbons. Church holidays are innumerable, sports—fishing, rowing, swimming, and dancing—are constantly indulged in and perhaps as a result health is a national characteristic and nowhere on the continent will more pretty faces and graceful figures be seen than in a French-Canadian village on a gala or fête day. Politics is not so largely discussed as in Anglo-Saxon communities. The priest as a rule settles the issue. But occasionally a storm gathers, as during the famous Riel* ques-

strong to permit of much serious discussion and after the ballots are cast the storm subsides as quickly as it rose. The Roman Catholic church also is too conservative and wise an institution to encourage these outbursts and as a rule moderation is one of the marked characteristics of this million and a half of contented, peaceful, slow-changing people.

Leaving this province of the past, we come to the province of the present—the country of the future. The village communities of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories are instinct with an ambition and animation which only boundless prairies and untold resources in soil and minerals and pastoral facilities can afford. They are scattered over a million square miles of territory, their inhabitants undoubtedly suffer in winter from the cold and at all times from isolation. But there is an air of hope around them, a prospect of future success before them, which seems as invigorating as is the clear healthy atmosphere. And what sur-

* (1844-1885.) A Canadian insurgent. "In 1868 the Rupert's Land Act was passed by the British Parliament, and under its provisions the Hudson Bay Company surrendered to the crown its territorial rights over the vast region under its control . . . Unhappily jealousies were awakened among the settlers lest this movement should in some way prejudice their title to their land." An insurrectionary council was created, and shortly afterwards a provisional government was established with Riel as its president. He had an armed force of six hundred men under his control and carried things with a high hand. Col. (now Lord) Wolseley was sent to suppress the insurrec-

tion, but on reaching his destination he found Riel and his conspirators had fled.—In 1885 there occurred the rebellion of the French half-breeds of the Northwest Territories who were dissatisfied at not receiving a distribution of land asked for. They called Riel, then living in Montana, to be their leader. He again established a provisional government, which, after several battles and much skirmishing, was finally overthrown by Gen. Middleton, in June, 1885. Riel and eight of his leaders were condemned and shot.

roundings they have ! As the poet so well puts it :

"These are the gardens of the desert—these The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful, For which the speech of England has no name— The Prairies. I behold them for the first, And my heart swells, while the dilated sight Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo ! they stretch,
In airy undulations, far away,
As if the ocean in his gentlest swell
Stood still, with all his rounded billows fixed
And motionless forever."

And in summer as the traveler passes over these great territories on the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and sees the crowding villages along the line and the golden fields of grain stretching away to the horizon, he appreciates the ambition of the people and their passion for this new land. For every village expects to be a town in very short time, every town expects to be a city, as quickly as Brandon, Regina, or Calgary have become such. No matter how far from railways or centers of population, they all expect to be something better as the country grows.

tendency to straightness and regularity, the huge elevator or mill, the plain little church, are not beautiful in themselves and are very different from rural scenes in the other provinces. In winter, there is an absence of even the picturesque quality, as snow covers everything, and internal warmth takes precedence over external appearance or beauty. Unlike the villages of the East, there is little society. Women are still few in number and while young men are so much sought after and required for social pleasures or matrimonial purposes in the rural districts and villages of Ontario, they are crowding the growing villages of the great West without in many cases the elevating influence of female society or the happy surroundings of home-life.

Politics in Manitoba and the Northwest for many years consisted of the Canadian Pacific railway and transportation facilities ; now it is mainly the price of wheat and the necessity of cheap supplies.

British Columbia has a village life not different in many cases from the ordinary mining center or fishing community. The



Yale, a mining town of British Columbia.

In itself a prairie village is a picturesque population is mixed—Americans, English, though not exactly a pretty sight. The and natives of Eastern Canada predominat- wooden houses, the absence of trees, the ing. But the grand scenery of the moun- C-June.

tains; the rushing waters of the mighty Fraser and its famous salmon fisheries; the wandering tribes of Indians; the progressive population of Vancouver and its rapidly increasing steamship connections with the eastern world lend additional interest to the Pacific province. Old mining towns like Yale—one among those from which have come \$50,000,000 in gold—and new village centers such as Kaslo or Nelson mark the difference between the past and the present and indicate the development of a more important municipal system. Vancouver Island with its beautiful English town of Victoria, and its growing fortifications at Esquimalt, and little English villages scattered over its territory is an illustration of another distinctive type of settlement.

But space will not permit of dealing with it at length. Far away also, where the waves of the Atlantic strike the oft-times bleak and uninviting shores of Canada, we find interesting fishing villages; and going inland we come to the charming villages nestling in that most beautiful region and productive fruit-growing center, the famed Annapolis Valley of Nova Scotia, or along the banks of the Nashwaak and the St. Croix in New Brunswick. Here again a distinct form of local life and custom has evolved itself. But the municipal institutions are much the same all over Canada—with the exception of Quebec—and every-

where the village communities adapt themselves to full and free self-government. The difference between its operation and that in the neighboring Republic is the difference between the government of a quiet law-abiding city like Toronto and a great seething, restless mass of humanity such as London.

Village life in Canada has not yet lost its rural characteristics, its country quietness, its old-fashioned love for law and order. In the United States it is almost obliterated by the presence of great industrial concerns, the pressure of individual competition, the influx of foreign emigration, the filling up of the country and the crush of surrounding millions. And it is not a bad sign for the future of the Dominion that amid the international crises of this disturbing period; amid the storms of commercial disaster and the whirlwinds of financial panic; its village communities appear as a rule to be in the undisturbed enjoyment of quiet and slow, but steady prosperity. And equally valuable as a national characteristic is the law-abiding nature of these small popular aggregations and the facility with which justice is everywhere administered. All things considered, it is safe to say that in no country in the world will morality, religious observance, contentment and comfort be found more generally diffused than it is among the village communities of the widely scattered and varied provinces of Canada.

DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY WILLIAM A. SCOTT, PH.D.

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AN accurate explanation of the distribution of wealth in the United States is a desideratum* at the present time. Most current economic heresies derive their support from explanations which are either incomplete or entirely wrong, and a correct explanation which at the same time can be made convincing is the best remedy for them. Such an explanation is further needed as a basis for reforms which are unquestionably desirable. Unfortunately the attainment of this much to be desired result is rendered difficult by the absence of adequate statistical data.†

The theoretical side of the case can be made tolerably clear, but to give it the force of a demonstration is impossible with the data available. We simply cannot give in cold facts and figures the proportions between the different parts into which the social income is divided, and we must, therefore, be content with an analysis of the distributive forces in operation among us, and with an indication of the tendencies observable, confirming our observations with facts wherever possible.

We must begin with the statement of a few

*A Latin word meaning something desired or desirable.
†Also a Latin word transplanted into the English

tongue, plural in form, the singular being datum. It means facts given; facts certainly known or treated as such for the purpose of a special discussion; premises.

fundamental facts and principles :

1. Under present industrial conditions incomes are derived from (a) personal exertions ; (b) the ownership of capital ; (c) land and other monopoly privileges ; and (d) chance, risks, and other fortuitous combinations of circumstances.

2. The amount of income which can be derived from the first three of these sources depends upon their value to society as objects of immediate consumption or as instruments of production.

3. As objects of immediate consumption their value is determined by the law of demand and supply, or in other words is the product of the two elements, utility and scarcity.

4. As instruments of production their value is determined by the value of that portion of their product which is produced under the least favorable circumstances. This principle necessarily results from the following considerations : (a) Being instruments of production they are of no use to society except as means of securing goods needed for consumption, and their value must, therefore, be derived from the value of those goods ; (b) no commodity can have two values in the same market ; (c) when the same sort of instruments produces goods for the same market, some under better and others under worse natural conditions, their value cannot exceed the value of the product under the least favorable circumstances, else the person who employed these instruments under these conditions would lose money, and no one will or can continue to furnish goods for the market at a loss.

Applying these principles to the determination of wages, interest, monopoly gains, and profits we derive the following laws :

1. The wages of a particular class of laborers depend upon the productivity of those individuals of the class who have been last employed. It is assumed, of course, that those last employed are employed under the least favorable circumstances, an assumption which holds true so long as the labor power of a country is employed in the most efficient manner. Whether at any given time the wages of a class of laborers are high or low depends upon the proportion between the number of men in it and the opportunities for their employment. As these opportunities become fewer and poorer an increase in the number of the laborers necessarily reduces

their wages. Skilled laborers receive higher wages than unskilled because their numbers are smaller compared to the opportunities for employing them productively. The difficulty of acquiring skill of different kinds limits the number of those who attain to that degree of efficiency, and consequently makes the demand in proportion to the supply relatively large.

2. The productivity of the last increments of capital employed determines the income which can be derived from its ownership. When an increase of capital renders necessary its employment under less favorable circumstances, the income from it will decrease.

3. Monopoly gains are derived from the ownership of special advantages for production which cannot or will not be duplicated. The owner of such advantages can get for their use the total value of the product obtained minus the costs of their utilization, which costs, as we have seen, are limited in value to the value of the products of the instruments employed under the least favorable circumstances.

4. Whatever portion of the surplus of value of products over value of costs is not absorbed by monopolists, goes to the managers of industrial enterprises in the form of profits.

With these principles as guides to our reasoning let us note some of the characteristic features of our present industrial life. For the last three quarters of a century this country has been passing through a series of industrial transformations which in magnitude and variety are unparalleled in history. Population has been increasing at an average rate of about three quarters of a million a year. Capital has been increasing at a still more rapid pace. Invention has followed invention with wonderful rapidity, increasing the efficiency of our labor many fold. Accompanying these changes in our productive power have come great modifications of our methods of production. The factory with its expensive machinery, and its large force of men organized into a great industrial army under the command of the captain of industry, has taken the place of the master with his inexpensive tools and his small force of apprentices and journeymen. Production on this large scale has made the corporation the dominant form of industrial organization, and has rendered necessary the concentration of industry at great centers. A widely extended, wonderfully intricate, and extremely efficient

system of transportation has extended our markets to the furthest limits of the globe, and has brought us into competition with the world. The dependence of man upon man, of class upon class, and of industry upon industry, has become so complete and so necessary that our society may without exaggeration be called a great organism, each part of which performs a function essential to the existence of every other part and of the whole. Practically all of these transformations have been achieved by private enterprise, and, consequently, practically all of the industrial opportunities thus far utilized are owned by individuals or private corporations. Not a few of these opportunities have turned out to be monopolies, and many others are in process of being monopolized.

Operating under such conditions as these what results should we naturally expect the distributive forces which have been mentioned to achieve? We should expect in the first place a rapid concentration of wealth.

In the greater part of the period mentioned above our people have been engaged in taking possession of this continent. For a long time the richest natural resources and the best conceivable opportunities for the employment of labor and capital could be had almost for the asking, but in recent years unappropriated resources and opportunities have become rarer, and their quality distinctly inferior. Moreover under present conditions industrial opportunities can be utilized only by capital in more or less large quantities, and are therefore practically available only to those who have inherited or have already accumulated wealth. Those who have property find it much easier to acquire more than those who have none. Our forefathers appropriated magnificent resources and opportunities; grew rich out of them; transmitted their riches to their descendants, who now find themselves practically the only persons capable of utilizing the still unappropriated resources and opportunities. Those persons who have been coming to our country empty handed for the past twenty-five years, as well as those Americans who have started in without wealth within that period, have found it increasingly difficult to acquire property. To these latter classes belong the chief additions to our population, and they are now very large. Under the circumstances we should not be surprised to learn that the figures of our last census reveal the fact that "twenty per cent

of [the wealth of the country] is owned by three-hundredths of one per cent of the families; fifty-one per cent, by nine per cent of the families (not including millionaires); seventy-one per cent, by nine per cent of the families (including the millionaires); and twenty-nine per cent, by ninety-one per cent of the families."*

We should also expect great changes in the relative yield of the different sources of income. It would be strange if wages, interest, monopoly gains and profits had not been differently affected by the dynamic forces which have been mentioned. Precisely what these changes should have been and in many cases have been we may now point out.

The facts concerning the concentration of wealth to which reference was made above seem to indicate that personal exertions are becoming the chief source of income to a constantly increasing proportion of our people. Persons who enjoy such incomes fall into two classes. The one sell their services for wages, salaries, or fees, and the other take industrial risks and manage industrial enterprises. The first class, which we are accustomed to call the laboring class, consists of various sections or "noncompeting" groups, the largest of which contains the so-called unskilled laborers. The others diminish in numbers as they contain higher and higher classes of laborers.

As we have seen, the income of each of these groups or sections is determined by the product of those of its members who work under the least advantageous circumstances. The magnitude of this product depends upon the number in the class and upon the abundance and richness or scarcity and poverty of the opportunities for their employment. The increase of our population then at the same time that opportunities for the employment of labor and capital are becoming fewer and inferior must have a tendency to depress wages. But there are other forces at work, the tendency of which is in the opposite direction. Among these the most important are:

(1) Improvements in the methods of production which increase the efficiency of labor, and thus increase the product of all, including those employed under the least advantageous circumstances. Extension of the division of labor, and improvements in its organization constantly attend the concentration of industry, and laboring men un-

* Mr. Geo. K. Holmes in "Political Science Quarterly," Dec., 1893, p. 593

questionably share in the results of these improvements.

(2) Labor organizations aim to regulate the supply of labor, and, so far as they succeed in their endeavor, tend to raise wages.

(3) The high standard of life which our laboring people strive to maintain tends to limit the natural increase of population, and thus to diminish the supply of labor.

(4) Education makes laboring men more efficient, and thus tends to increase their product.

(5) Restrictions upon immigration, so far as they are efficient, help to control the supply of labor in the interest of the laboring classes.

The resultant of these various and opposing forces is different for different classes of laborers. The unskilled are at the greatest disadvantage. The forces tending to depress wages affect them more than the other classes and those tending to raise wages affect them less than the others. For example, immigration swells most the class of the unskilled while the natural rate of increase in this class is probably greatest. Labor organizations certainly help skilled labor most, a comparatively small proportion of the unskilled being organized, and the few organizations which do exist being weak and inefficient. The influence of a high standard of life grows notably weaker as we descend from the higher to the lower orders of laborers. Without accurate and reliable statistics it would be rash to say that this resultant effect has been a lowering of the wages of unskilled labor, but it would not be surprising if such has been the case. The probability of the higher classes of skilled laborers having held their own or improved in spite of the forces tending to depress wages is much greater.

Incomes from capital are subject to much the same sort of depressing influences as those from labor. The amount of capital in this country has been for some time and is still increasing at a rapid pace. New capital each year finds employment under less and less favorable circumstances, and the income derived from a given amount of it has accordingly decreased. At any rate we should naturally expect this result, and available facts seem to confirm though not absolutely to prove this conclusion. Improvements in production have tended, as in the case of labor, to counteract the depressing in-

fluences, and the true resultant can be indicated only by perfectly reliable and complete statistics.

Monopoly gains are the only ones which show an unmistakable tendency to rise. The principles which we have laid down lead us to expect such a tendency, and facts confirm it. The owners of monopoly privileges have entire control over the supply of the products made with their aid or of the services they render, and consequently have the power to regulate the value of such commodities or services. The value of labor and capital being regulated by the value of their product under the least advantageous circumstances, these monopolists have the power to create a margin between costs and value of completed product, which surplus is their reward. This surplus will grow larger as the costs diminish, and, as we have seen, the costs diminish as new increments* of labor and capital are forced to utilize poorer industrial opportunities.

We should naturally expect that the rapid increase of population and capital in the United States, forcing down the margin of industry, would increase the gains of monopolists. That such has been the case is indicated by the facts brought to light by the *New York Tribune's* investigation into the sources of millionaires' fortunes. The result as published showed that seventy-eight per cent of those fortunes were derived from permanent monopoly privileges, and a careful analysis shows that no small part of the remaining twenty-two per cent owe their existence to the same causes.

We have still to consider that share of the social income which is ordinarily called profits. It is the reward of the managers of industrial enterprises, of the persons who search out the new opportunities, take the risks, act as the buffers for labor and capital, and bear the brunt of industrial warfare. No function in society is more important than that performed by these men, and no persons better deserve an adequate reward. Their income, however, is decidedly precarious. For their risks they must be paid, but in the long run the losses probably balance the gains. If they have special abilities which cannot be duplicated, they can make a monopoly charge for these. For

* From a Latin word meaning growth, increase. "A growing in bulk, quantity, number, value or amount." Augmentation.

the remainder they must rely upon chance. They sometimes secure large stakes from unforeseen fluctuations in prices and other fortuitous combinations of circumstances, but they are also subject to heavy losses from circumstances of the opposite character. These are the persons who suffer most from tariff tinkering, monetary disturbances, commercial crises, etc. Interference with profits, however, reacts upon all other sources of income. When the captains of industry are hampered business lags or stops, for these men are the pivots upon which all industry turns.

If our analysis has been correct the tendencies of the distribution of wealth in the United States may be summarized as follows:

1. As population increases, the struggle to maintain wages becomes more severe, the pressure being the hardest upon the unskilled and growing less severe upon each higher rank of laborers.
2. The income from capital constantly tends to diminish.
3. Monopoly gains tend constantly to increase, and to absorb a larger and larger proportion of the social surplus.
4. Profits are subject to great fluctuations when industry is subjected to sudden and unforeseen changes, and upon such occasions all other incomes are interfered with.

From these tendencies and their causes several conclusions are apparent. In the first place it is clear that every industrial improvement which cheapens the cost of production, in the sense that it makes possible a larger product with the same expenditure of labor and capital, helps both laborers and capitalists, and is also favorable to profits.

Such improvements make room for an increase of population without lowering wages, and make possible the utilization of inferior industrial opportunities without depressing the income of producers. Among the forces tending to this result at the present time by no means the least in importance is the concentration of industry which results in a wholesale production of monopolies and trusts. Though the owners of these reap constantly increasing rewards, it is a mistake to suppose that the community reaps no benefits from them. A natural monopoly is in every case a result of the economizing of labor and capital. It is able to destroy all competition because it is able

to produce cheaper than competitors. It is a mistaken policy to attempt to stop these industrial combinations, or to put any obstacles in the way of their formation.

But it is further evident that ownership of monopoly privileges is the chief source of inequalities in the distribution of wealth. Attempts to remedy such inequalities must aim at giving the community or the other claimants in the distribution a large share of these gains. The real opponents at the present time are laborers, capitalists, and *entrepreneurs** on the one side and monopolists on the other. The warfare between employers and employed grows more severe chiefly because the struggle of both parties to hold their own or to advance is rendered more severe by the pressure of the monopolists. So long as new increments of labor and capital are forced down to lower margins of employment without compensatory cheapening of the cost of production, the income of both laborers and capitalists must decline. To relieve the pressure upon these classes and to distribute it equitably throughout society they must be allowed to share in the advantages of the production which is carried on under superior conditions.

But we must remember that any attempt to accomplish this result at the expense of our productive powers will do us more harm than good. We should remedy inequalities in the distribution of wealth without interfering in any respect with production. It is the weakness of our radical reformers that they overlook this important principle. Socialists, anarchists, and Henry Georgites alike, despite their protestations to the contrary, would sacrifice production in order to accomplish a change in distribution.

It is not the purpose of this article to lay down a program for reform, but a few suggestions follow naturally from what has been said. An indispensable condition of economic prosperity is a large *per capita*† production of wealth. In order to maintain this we must husband our natural resources, as well as improve our productive powers. If we avoid the hard conditions of life of our European neighbors we must maintain a better proportion than they between population and opportunities for employment. The pres-

*[in-tre-pre-ner'] A French word. A contractor, one who undertakes a large industrial enterprise.

† Latin, by the head.

sure of the competition of European immigrants upon our unskilled laborers is increasing every year, and some restrictions upon this competition seem imperatively to be demanded. Every possible facility for education should be put within the reach of our laboring men, for education will increase their efficiency, raise their standard of life, and increase the proportion between the skilled and the unskilled. We should give every possible facility and all possible encouragement to the managers of our industrial concerns, and to this end we should avoid tariff tinkering; put our currency on a permanently sound basis; remove all un-

certainty concerning our banking policy by the establishment of a perfectly sound and adequate banking system; and in the interests of both laborers and *entrepreneurs* settle once for all the strike question by introducing some form of compulsory arbitration. Finally we should put the burdens of taxation so far as possible upon monopoly gains and seek by sale of franchises* and the many other means which have been suggested by conservative people to transfer as large a share as possible of monopoly gains to the community.

* Privileges of a public nature conferred on individuals by grant from government.

PARLIAMENTARY PARTIES IN EUROPE.

BY R. BONFADINI.

Translated for "The Chautauquan" from the Italian "Nuova Antologia."

ONE day a Frenchman asked the great Doctor Johnson what a Whig was, and received the answer: "A Tory, out of office." Indeed it would be difficult to define with greater precision and more strikingly the modern member of Parliament. For he no sooner gets into office than he hastens to deny three fourths of the ideas he had advanced when in opposition, and when he falls from power he combats three fourths of the measures which he had believed in when connected with the administration.

In fact every provident mind is now watching in sad preoccupation the movement of decadence which for some years has possessed our parliamentary institutions. There are those who argue that the cause of this decline lies in a certain innate impotence of human society to govern itself, and thus anticipate a revival of despotism. But others, and the majority, maintain that the weakness is due to the excesses of individualism, to the decay of the notion of discipline, in a word, to the vitiated constitution of political parties.

There are people who consider that political parties are the evil and not the substance, of a parliamentary system. Such a view would tend to destroy all unions and resolve all bodies into their component atoms. To be logical, these persons would make the politicians change their opinions

as soon as they saw them accepted by some one else. Unity on a given method of procedure constitutes a party, as well as the adherence of others to an opposite method, thereby making one all the more determined to support his own. But standing by one's colors is not only a right but a duty, for he who sees the right, or thinks he does, and yet makes no effort to attain it and communicate it to others, rebels against the laws of ethics.

Persuaded then that political parties are a salutary necessity, rather than a deplorable one, the problem presents itself as to whether inspiration, a historical reason for existing, disciplinary cohesion or intellectual power is at fault in the decline of our contemporary parties. For they must have declined in some way or other to have parliamentary government sink so low in public esteem.

Parliamentary government is not old. Excepting in England, the parliaments of Europe are creations of our own century. Political parties properly speaking were born toward the end of the First Empire of Napoleon. This was the time which marked with its impress the constitutions of Spain, France, Belgium, Greece, Italy, and Hungary. The men who had assailed one another in the revolutionary assemblies of the preceding epoch did not represent parties, but passions.

Now the origin of parliamentary parties is

identical in every state, and is attached to a condition of things historically unchangeable. When, for one reason or another, a country comes into possession of new guarantees for its public life, there suddenly arises in those who gain a material or moral advantage from these guarantees the determination to keep them for themselves and to develop them. While in those who have undergone some diminution in influence on account of those guarantees there is aroused the desire to restrict them. Hence the first and elementary division of citizens into liberals and conservatives. All those are called liberals who in any way tend toward new institutions.

Inasmuch as in the old States General* of France the representatives of the clergy and nobility stood on the right of the throne, and on the left the delegates of the communes and guilds, the first parliamentary squadrions were divided in the same way. As the new system spread, in all countries of Europe there appeared a Right, which was supposed to be devoted to the conservative program, and a Left, which was the custodian of the public liberties.

Less clear is the origin of the two traditional parties of England. From the wresting of the Magna Charta from King John down to the trial of Strafford † and the revolution against Charles I. we can say that there were no parliamentary parties. The first period of the struggle for a constitution had lasted four centuries. Parliament was on one side, the king on the other. The two parties in Parliament began to be distinguished under the scandalous reign of Charles II. a few years before the dynastic change of 1688.‡ Those members of the body who sustained the monarch in his assumed prerogatives received from popular contempt the nickname of Tories, which in the Irish dialect means malefactors. Those who timidly opposed him were called Whigs, which in Scottish is an extremely abusive epithet. With the inauguration of the

Orange dynasty parliamentary government became firmer, more regular, more beloved by the people, more respected by the rulers, and the characteristics of the two great constitutional parties became more and more fixed in the precise lines of men and measures.

Still the historical substratum did not suffice in England, any more than elsewhere, to preserve these old organizations against the many and complicated assaults of modern ideas. As the feature which distinguished the Guelfs from the Ghibellines faded away some time before these terms disappeared from the contemporary political vocabulary, so to-day we should seek in vain for the dividing lines between Whigs and Tories, between the old Rights and old Lefts, between those parties which still repose, by an instinctive need of traditions, on the worship of antiquated words.

When the historical dispute between parliaments and monarchies died out, the kings did not delay in finding in the statutes a kind of guarantee against revolutions. Likewise there appeared later, like an anachronism, that anti-dynastic veneer which the Lefts assumed in all countries, pointing out the necessity of defense against perils already vanished. Both parties alternating in obtaining the power, the Lefts obtained, by governing, more reasonable ideas in regard to the necessities of the government, while the Rights gradually lost the fear that the Lefts had the intention of turning everything upside down. Rivalries lasted longer between men than between things, and so the new generations, among whom personal antipathies found greater difficulty in penetrating, moved politically with greater friction and with infinite contradictions in those rigid grooves, where the interior was worn out and only the outer shell remained.

Hence there arose the necessity all over Europe of modifying parties on the basis of ideas, since the historical bases were ceasing to be applicable. Parties change rapidly by the bold initiative of individuals, or slowly by the inevitable influence of situations. But one thing can now be affirmed as certain, that where either of these modifications has taken place the parliamentary institution remains vigorous and promising for the future. Where on the other hand parties reject such changes, and struggle to remain what they no longer are, they, by their very

* The name applied to the legislative assemblies of France before the revolution of 1789.

† The adviser of Charles I. As lord deputy of Ireland he ruled that country in a tyrannical manner and worked to make royal power as absolute in England as in Ireland. He declared that the king was "as absolute as any prince in the whole world could be." He was impeached for high treason by the Long Parliament and beheaded in 1641.

‡ The change of rule from the Stuart king, James II., to that of William of Orange.

desire for life, cut off from themselves any reason for existing and involve the institutions they would like to serve in discredit and impotence. Take for instance in England, where Gladstone led off in a movement for Home Rule in Ireland, which was antagonized by many of his old political companions, and thus has given rise to a rearrangement of former political parties.

A like phenomenon is seen in the latest arrival among parliamentary nations, chivalrous Hungary. There, as in almost all the countries of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, the old reasons for political parties are losing efficacy and the political legions are being arrayed in accordance with modern demands. To represent in the Magyar* world the old programs there remains today only the nonagenarian hero of the Revolution for Independence.† But Kossuth, though deeply loved, is no longer followed, in his political ideals, by his fellow-countrymen. They have renounced with Deak ‡ and Wekerle || the postulates of historical nationalism, and have made over their parties and platforms to correspond with contemporaneous facts.

These fruitful evolutions of the parliamentary system, which are accomplished with comparative rapidity among the more robust races, like the Anglo-Saxon and the Magyar, find greater obstacles to their development among the Latin races and in southern countries, where the human faculties are more imaginative than constructive, and where personal feuds disturb in greater proportion the progress of fundamental laws. Hence that constant unrest, that mobility of programs and cabinets, that confused obscuring of great state interests, with which the parliaments of Spain, Greece, and Servia are periodically afflicted. Modern constitutional thought gets tired of cracking, in those congresses, the nut of ancient traditions. Movements take place there around persons rather than ideas, and the persons, if they wish to retain their popularity, must follow the prejudices and passions of their group, in-

stead of resisting them. Thus it happens that the country either separates itself from the political parties, which make a great noise without coming out of the hole in which the nation leaves them, as in Spain, or on account of the small extent of the country, as in Servia or Greece, the fruitless agitation of these parties hinders every serious movement of political culture or economic progress.

Quite above the level of these peoples, by the power of its organisms and the wonderful activity of its minds, France nevertheless does not get from the evolutions of its political thought the force to impose durable plans on the obstinate enmities of its parliamentary parties. France is the only country in Europe in which the Left has triumphed over the dynasty, and it remains also the only one in which the Right assumes rather the attitude of a disturbing element than of a conservative power. All the changes of its cabinets have come about by the union of the Right with a liberal faction in opposition to the government. These alliances have never yet succeeded in overturning the Republic. Still the Right has in its grasp the fate, to some extent, of the republican cabinets, and this state of affairs, if not perilous at the present moment, must yet cause anxiety for the future. All the changes of governments and dynasties have left in that country suspicions, if not affections, and it is on this account that in France the parliamentary institution is the weakest of the state organisms, and has not succeeded under the Republic in escaping those eruptions and waves of passion which gave so unwholesome a stamp to the Assembly under the reign of Louis Philippe.

Yet for some time the object of her parliamentary changes seems to be to give herself a government which, without renouncing republican tradition in home or foreign politics, may be composed of men fitted by their unsullied personal reputation to face all that accumulation of filth which the failure of the Panama Canal Company revealed rather than created. To this laudable effort France seems lately to have given herself.

As regards Italy it is an entirely different story, and a longer one. Our fundamental political parties have at once a glorious and a sad history. They all have a common origin, the revolutionary. The designations of Left, as denoting a party of progress, and

* Hungarian. The Magyars were a race which invaded Hungary in the ninth century, and settling there formed the predominant element of the population.

† This article was written just prior to the death of Kossuth.

‡ (1803-1876.) A Hungarian statesman, leader of the moderately liberal party.

|| Wekerle, Alexander (1848—). Hungarian minister of finance, present head of the national party.

Right, as applying to a body of conservatives, are entirely alien to the facts in the case. Our history since the fall of Napoleon amply proves that the nobles have been as democratic as the plebeians, and indeed it was Count Cavour who proposed to ask the constitution from Charles Albert.* So it is quite evident that the names Right and Left have been imported into the politics of the country from foreign sources.

In contradistinction from these foreign models our parties were not separated by questions of ideas but by questions of methods. All wished for a revolution, all desired a free Italy. But the Right demanded that these objects should be approached under the leadership of the prince, according to the measures prescribed by law, and in regulating our boldness and our prudence according to the opportunities offered and the general conditions of Europe. The Left, without exactly rejecting the guidance of the prince, claimed that individual initiatives, provided they were turned toward national ends, should have freedom of action. And inasmuch as that extraordinary soldier Garibaldi opened these initiatives with great prestige and pure patriotic fame it seemed to the Left that it had found a doctrine, since it had found a man.

Around this difference of method clusters all the glorious first period of Italian parliamentary parties. At times Parliament became one, as when the wars of 1859 and 1866 were declared, or when Bixio† made peace between Garibaldi and Cavour. Facts proved that the method advocated by the Right was equally efficacious and more fortunate than that cherished by the Left. For the successful undertakings, like the Crimean War, the wars of '59 and '66, and the solution of the question of Rome, had as promoters and guides ministers belonging to the Right. Yet the Left fostered one powerful and fortunate undertaking, the campaign of 1860 in Sicily.

In most of the legislative enactments of this first epoch, such as the annulling of the feudal ties and the abolition of ecclesiastical privileges, it was the Right again which generally led the way. So in all new measures and ideas there was no difference between the two parties. They disagreed only in the ways of carrying out these measures.

*(1798-1849.) King of Sardinia. He abdicated his throne in 1849 in favor of his son Victor Emanuel.

†(1808-1856.) An able Sardinian journalist.

This situation ought to have changed after the close of the revolutionary period and the addition of Venice and Rome to the national unity. If it did not change it was because the ruling political generation was still made up of the same men, and these could not at once dominate the rivalries, irritations, or suspicions left in the public conscience by the factions and wars of the national awakening. Cavour was dead, but his successors inherited his administrative views, while they did not stand in intimate relations with one another. On the other hand Garibaldi still lived and by his unforgiving spirit and attacks on the statesmen of the Cavour group maintained them in some degree of concord by his very opposition, which was mainly personal. So the parliamentary divisions became even more artificial than before and in no way corresponded to the altered interests of the nation. The Left was composed of partisans of Garibaldi, and, since he always spoke for greater liberty, the Right, which he assailed, was obliged to be the party of reaction or conservatism.

The feud was ended by the retirement of the members of the Right, after a final and successful struggle to maintain the credit of the nation by restoring equilibrium in the budget. Their places were then occupied by other men and other desires.

This event might have been helpful to the development of the nation if the Left had been a party. But it was only a crowd with all the faults of an undisciplined mob. It came to power, but only to repeat the methods which the Right had so long employed. Still the country, which was impatient under the new taxes, the misplaced interests, and the hasty legislation of the Right, welcomed the new administration with all its heart. It supposed it could preserve all the benefits of the revolution without incurring any sacrifices. Hence it greeted the magistrates of the Left, elected deputies to support the cabinet, and waited patiently for fifteen or sixteen years.

But disillusion did not long delay. The private and public rivalries between the leaders of the Left, between Crispi and Cairoli, or Depretis and Baccarini, were no less bitter than between the old chiefs of the Right. Electoral abuses, personal favoritism, financial exactions, parliamentary expedients born under the Right, attained robust growth under the Left. Legislation became more hurried than ever. The budgets increased.

The taxes waxed mightily. Bureaucracy* became omnipotent.

As a climax of fatality the Left gradually destroyed of itself those semblances of measures with which it had attained power. It began by affecting a policy of Irredentism,† and was forced to end with the Triple Alliance. It had demanded decentralization, and centralized the government to the stifling of the country. It protested against military budgets of 180 million lire,‡ and was fated to swell them to 400 million. It enlarged the electoral franchise in order to break down the guilds, and now allows, at least in one entire district, Sicily, the guilds alone to elect syndics || and deputies. It abolished the milling tax, to end with an increase of the impost on grain and flour. It subjected the country to a burdensome loan in order to resume specie payments, and began a policy of monetary circulation so senseless as to make one wish almost for a fiat § currency as a relief from it.

So the Left failed in its program, and in the meantime the Right had lost all faith in its own. When the need came of substituting the strife of ideas for the strife of methods we were found powerless to distinguish among the many individual opinions. The Right was not able to oppose to the assaults which were given it by the government that tenacity with which it had warded off the attacks of the opposition. Then too the usual phenomena of revolutions and time were repeated. The old warriors died, the wearied rested. The second rank of the revolutionary phalanx succeeded to the first, a rank always more skeptical and less vigorous than the

first. Right and Left grew steadily worse. But the latter remaining in power, concealed more easily the substitution of personal interests for its old ideals, while the former, not suited to the rôle of opposition, found it increasingly difficult to renew within itself those elements, which only the heroic epoch had cultivated and which had disappeared with it.

The weakening of its moral fiber and initiative could not fail to undermine gradually the party, and little by little its members drifted over to the side of the administration, until at last Right and Left are confounded in one and the same group, and share equally the responsibility and the discredit of public affairs. Hence the loss of the conception of a parliamentary system, which places mind over against mind and program against program.

The new talents which leaped from the electoral urn ranged themselves on the side of the government. Platforms were no longer mentioned, and a great opportunism of methods, thoughts, and personal relations confounded, among electors and elected, the groups fitted to do good with those already known as workers of evil.

The remedy for such a confusion and vacillation is evident. On the issues now before the country—and all know that they are not wanting in quantity—there should be formed two political parties. Two platforms clearly distinct should be opposed one to the other, which would force our deputies to cease those exercises of equilibrium which raise and lower cabinet after cabinet. In short we must learn that a parliamentary institution ought to be a vital force and not a form, that the honor of being in the cabinet is a genuine and desirable one, when reaching there is the fruit of an intellectual preparation and a sign of invigorating programs, but barren and false, when it is necessary for the cabinet to ask of itself at the very outset what it wants to do, and when, as often happens now, these cabinets have no other object than to let the water flow down its own incline, merely replacing old favorites by new ones.

* Government by bureaus, or by departments whose office it is to transact public business. Government officials taken collectively.

† [Ir-re-den'tism.] The political views of the Irredentists, "a party formed in Italy about 1878 to secure the incorporation with that country of regions Italian in speech and race but subject to other governments. Such regions were called *Italia irredenta*, or unredeemed Italy."

‡ About \$36,000,000.

|| Officers of government invested with different powers in different countries; magistrates intrusted with the affairs of a community.

§ Irredeemable paper money made legal tender by law.

SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY BISHOP VINCENT.

[June 3.]

THE WATCH AGAINST SINS OF THE TONGUE.

"I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue."—*Psalm xxxix., 1.*

HOW many, my brethren, have *said* this, and yet have failed to *do it*; and unless they have said something *more* than this, they have assuredly failed; unless, that is, they have added to this good resolution of their own, earnest prayer to God that *He* would assist them in keeping their good resolution; unless they have also said with the Psalmist, "Set a watch, O Lord, at the door of my lips." If they have neglected to ask for God's watch, for Him by His grace to stand sentinel there, their own purposes of not offending with the tongue, however honest, however sincere at the moment, will have been continually baffled and defeated.

We have the sure word of Scripture for this which we assert. "The tongue," it is said there, "can no man tame," no man can tame it, but only the grace of God. It is the best member which we have; but, as the corruption of the best proves ever the worst, it, being the best, *may*, and if misemployed *will*, prove the *worst* member which we have.

Indeed, is it not so? With it, as St. James reminds us, we may bless God, and with it we may curse men made in the similitude of God. With it we may pour oil and wine of consolation into the bleeding wounds of our brethren, or with it we may rub in biting salt to exasperate those wounds the more. With it we may defend the truth; with it we may make specious and plausible a lie. With it we may provoke one another to love and good works; with it we may provoke one another to envy, strife, and debate. There is no instrument so potent for good and for evil. "Life and death," as the wise king said, "are in the power of the tongue." It may be a tree of life, or a root of bitterness and death; and this or that at once to ourselves and to others.

But if these things are so, what reason is there that we should fall in with that holy purpose of David, and say with him, "I will take heed to my ways, that I offend not with my tongue"? What reason, if we mean to keep this purpose, that we should further

pray with him, "Set a watch, O Lord, at the door of my lips"? Nor shall I, I am sure, occupy your time in vain, if I can suggest to you a few considerations which should the more earnestly move you to all this.

And this first,—how important it is that we should seek to order our speech aright, seeing that our words are the outcoming of our inmost heart, the revelation of the deepest, most hidden things which are there. Christ Himself has declared as much: "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." It is, indeed, quite true that a man may speak other things than those which are in his heart, for a little while, and so long as he is on the watch.

But no one can always be on the watch. Every man lays aside his masks and disguises sometimes; or if not, yet sudden temptation, unlooked-for provocations, or any of the thousand unexpected accidents of life, will strip them from him. In one way or other he will be often off his guard: and then the proud man will speak proud things, and the covetous man will speak covetous, and the malicious man will speak malicious, and the unclean will speak unclean. That which has always been the voice of his heart will now be the voice of his lips. He will bring out of the evil treasure-house of his heart the evil things which may have long been hidden there, but which now he either no longer cares to conceal or is no longer able to conceal, therein.

And would we know our own selves, the deepest folds, the most intricate windings of our own hearts, let us consider what our words have been, or what they now are, not when we are on our good behavior, not when we are in the company of those who keep us in a certain restraint and awe—parents, employers, superiors, those older and better than ourselves, those to whom we wish to present ourselves in a favorable light, it may be, a far more favorable light than we deserve: but let us consider in what channels our discourse runs when we are with our familiars, with those in whose company we are quite at our

ease, who keep us in no sort of awe, before whom we lay aside all those troublesome masks which were worn in the presence of others.

Is our speech at such times malignant, detracting, backbiting? or, again, is it vaunting, proud, boastful? or, once more, is it gross, carnal, sensual, calling the proud happy, speaking good of the covetous, whom God abhorreth?

We may be quite sure that as our speech is, so we are; that what our speech is, that is what we are ourselves. For it is just the running over of the heart; and as a vessel filled with wine, and then overfilled, would run over with wine, or a vessel filled with gall would run over with gall, must run over with that and could not run over with anything else; so what the heart is filled with, with that it will run over. Surely, then, if pure lips are thus the only index of a pure heart, and impure lips the certain index of an impure heart, if unkind words on the lips give sure evidence that no law of kindness reigns in the heart, and so on with the rest, there is ample cause why we should make David's resolution, why we should pray David's prayer.

[June 10.]

But, secondly, how important it is that we should seek to order our speech aright, seeing that words reach so far, exercise so vast an influence. They have been sometimes called winged; and so they are, traveling far and fast by paths of their own. And this power of theirs, how mighty it is both for good and for evil. How mighty for good! "The words of the wise," says Solomon, "are as goads," as such, inciting, urging, prompting to good; "and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies," which, therefore, where they were fixed shall remain. Nor is this peculiar to good words only. Others too may be goads, but goads to evil, and nails which are fastened only too well. How easily, without positively intending any mischief, we may by some single word be lowering the whole tone of another man's mind, the whole future standard of another man's life! We did not mean to do him any positive wrong, and yet we have done him the greatest. He has heard us allowing ourselves in free, unrestrained speech about others, and he has been emboldened to allow himself in the same. He has heard some low, worldly, selfish maxim drop from our lips, and he has taken it up,

and made it henceforth the rule of his life.

We can never say where this mischief will end. We may have infected but one, while yet he in his turn may have infected many; and the wrong we do is such as in this way may long survive the natural term of our lives. How many are there now in their graves, some it may be for centuries turned to their dust, but whose wicked words, through the pen and through the press, have obtained a dreadful immortality, and have taken wings over all the earth! Of these too, as well as of the righteous, it is true, being dead, they yet speak. The wanton poet or novelist, the unholy fires in whose own heart have long since been raked into dust and ashes, he can still with his words awaken impure thoughts and imaginations in others, setting on fire with sparks as from hell the whole course of nature. The witty scoffer against God, against His providence, His word, His laws, His love, may have passed long since to his account: but the words of scorn and unbelief live on, undermining in many hearts their faith in God, and in His loving and righteous government of the world.

Who shall dare to limit the effect of any evil word which is spoken, or pretend to say how long it may survive as this sinful tradition, passing from mouth to mouth, and that whereby many shall be defiled? This then, namely, the *far-reaching* and *wide-reaching* mischief which our words may effect, is a second consideration that might well move us to pray with David, "Set a watch, O Lord, at the door of my lips."

[June 17.]

But then, thirdly, we might well pray this prayer, having regard to the difficulty of the duty which we here propose to ourselves; a difficulty so great that St. James could say, "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body." We may seriously mean and purpose not to offend with our tongue, and yet in our actual intercourse with the world the keeping of this resolution proves not easy, but hard; and we are only too soon overtaken with this fault, moved to speak unadvisedly with our lips.

We are masters and employers, perhaps, and on occasion of slight neglects or omissions rebuke harshly and severely those placed under us, unmindful of all the hearty and zealous service which at other times they

may have rendered ; or we are servants, and if ever so little a fault is found with us, if we are blamed ever so slightly, we forget the apostolic admonition, "not answering again," and reply with petulance to those whom we are bound to honor and respect. We are parents, and our children's faults are noted hastily and passionately, as offenses against us, not offenses against God ; or we are children, and being reproved, we answer again as those who will not endure to be checked and corrected. We are buyers, or we are sellers, and we have spoken something to our own gain or our neighbor's loss, for which our heart afterwards condemns us ; words which perhaps might pass, weighed in the coarse scales of this world, but which would be found wanting if tried in the finer balances of the sanctuary.

We have committed one fault, and almost before we are aware, have made the one fault two by some palliation of it, or excuses for it, that are not consistent with perfect sincerity and truth. We leave some company, and feel that a brother's character has suffered at our hands. What we said of him perhaps was true, but it was not kind ; there was no need to have said it ; no call upon us to utter it ; to draw it from that forgotten past in which we should have left it buried, if the law of a perfect charity had ruled in our hearts, or of a perfect kindness on our lips.

But if in any of these ways we have been, or are in danger of being, overtaken with a fault, of slipping with the tongue, what additional reason is there here why we should keep our watch, and ask of God that He would keep His watch no less, over this unruly member, which, left to itself, will so soon entangle us in sin.

[June 24.]

But, once more, we may fitly ask this, and ask it earnestly, while we consider the strict judgment and account to which God will call us for our use of this excellent talent of speech. "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned"; and from other sayings of Christ our Lord it is to be feared that many a light word, as it seems now, will prove heavy enough at the day of judgment; many a word lightly spoken now will have to be heavily accounted for then.

For, indeed, how can our words do other-

wise than play an important part, how can they escape being brought into prominent consideration on that day, if what was just now spoken be true, namely, that they are the index and evidence, the coming out of the inmost things of our hearts, of the deepest things which are there ; if it is out of the heart's abundance that the mouth speaketh ?

Or again, if God shall judge men in that day according to their works, are not our words our works just as truly as anything else which we do, the works of our lips as our other doings may be works of our hands, only differing from others in that they are a truer index of our character, have a deeper significance, and oftentimes act in a far larger circle for good or for evil ?

Does it seem strange to us, then, my brethren, that when Isaiah the prophet stood of a sudden in the presence of God, and saw His glory, the first words of confession which he uttered for himself and for his people were these, "Woe is me, for I am undone" ? and why "undone" ?— "because I am a man of unclean lips and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips." Shall we wonder that not till a live coal from the altar had touched those lips, it could be said, "Thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged" ?

Who needs not a like cleansing, to be cleansed by Christ's blood and Christ's spirit, by the sprinkling of His blood, by the effectual working of His Spirit, from all idle, excessive, untruthful, unkind, malicious, flattering, provoking words, that I speak not of worse, which he has ever uttered ; to be cleansed from their guilt, to be delivered by the grace and power of God from the recurring temptation to fall into those same sins of the tongue which have betrayed him in the time past ?

And yet one word here in conclusion. In praying against sins of the lips, let us in every case go to the root of the mischief, and pray against those sins of the heart out of which these others spring ; else we may make more accomplished hypocrites of ourselves, but not more perfect Christians. We pray that we may not *speak* uncharitably ; but Oh ! let us pray that we may not *think* uncharitably, that the law of love may not be on our lips only, but in our hearts. There are some cautious persons who exercise much self-restraint upon themselves in not *speaking* unkindly of others, because they feel that in so doing they should blemish their own Chris-

tian reputation ; but they make up for it by hard, cruel, uncharitable thoughts, which they keep to themselves in the deep of their heart. We pray that we may not speak proud things with our lips ; but if we confine ourselves to this, it may really be only a prayer that we may not ourselves come to any open shame, lowering ourselves by vaunting, vain-glorious speeches, in the estimation of others.

But he who is rightly praying to be delivered from lips of pride, as sinful before God, will at the same time make his prayer to be delivered from the heart of pride ; his desire will not be, to seem humble, which is only a subtler pride, but to be humble ; to be a man of humble speech, because he is first a man of humble thoughts ; to be clothed with the garment of humility within as well as without.

So, again, every Christian will needs hate impure lips ; he will pray that at no unguarded moment of his life any word may escape him, growing out of the corruption

which is in the world through lust. But what is this unless he is also asking for a clean heart ? What were he who should be content if only his words were pure and should at the same time entertain, or even invite, thoughts and imaginations of impurity and uncleanness ? What, indeed, but a whitened sepulcher, decent indeed and fair without, but full of all filth and rottenness within ?

Seek, then, I beseech you, to make thorough work here. Strive, pray, cry, that in this, as in everything else, the root of the matter may be in you. If you pray, " Set a watch, O Lord, at the door of my lips," or " Deliver me, O God, from lying lips and a deceitful tongue," remember that behind each and every such prayer there should lie another prayer, which is this, " Make me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." —Archbishop Richard Chenevix Trench, D.D.*

* Westminster and Other Sermons. New York : D. Appleton and Co.

IS ALL SCIENCE ONE?

BY DR. PAUL CARUS.

THOUGH the sciences are many, each engaged in the investigation of some special subject, and inquiring into the nature of things in some special way, yet all science is one, and all the results of scientific labor form one great system, serving one and the same purpose, which is the comprehension of the universe for the enhancement of mankind and the increase of its welfare, power, and civilization.

There is a slight difference in the meaning of the term "science" when used in the singular form which admits of no plural and when it is used with the indefinite article so as to admit of a plural. Science, in Latin *scientia*, derived from the Latin word *scire*, to know, designates the endeavor to know something. In this sense there is but one science, for science is the search for truth, and wherever a man inquires into the truth, his aspiration is to be called "science." The field of science, however, is large, for it is nothing less than the whole world, the infinite universe in which we live ; and the experiences which we make by studying the

various phenomena* of our surroundings are illimitable and inexhaustible. Moreover, we can never state the whole truth at once, but only a part of it. As we cannot see all sides of a thing at the same time, so our comprehension cannot grasp all details in a single consideration. We must concentrate our attention now upon this and now upon that quality. We must find the essential. And having found it, we can discover the accidental and account for its peculiarities in each case. We must now generalize, and now discriminate. For all that we know, we not only, as the Apostle says, "know in part," but know it because we have taken it apart, because we have seen, first, the various parts, and then the co-ordination of the parts.

In former times the idea was prevalent that a man could understand the whole

*[Phe-nōm'e-nā.] A plural form, the singular of which is phenōm'e-nōn. The word is Greek and means, literally, " appearance." It is used in the sense of things, events, or natural processes as they appear to the eye and to the other senses.

world at a glance, simply by knowing some universal truth which would serve as a key to all the world-problems,—a kind of skeleton-key. Thus Goethe represents Faust in his vain search for magic vision as yearning to find the secret center of all knowledge. Faust says :

*Dass ich erkenne was die Welt
Im Innersten zusammenhält,*

which means :

"That I discover what keeps the world
In its innermost being together."

Such a secret center which if found could lay bare all the riddles of existence and solve all the problems of science, does not exist. We must build up our knowledge piece by piece, and this is the reason why "science" is divided into many sciences. We divide the world into provinces such as the realm of stones, of plants, of animals, the stellar universe, etc., and call these provinces the sciences of mineralogy,* botany,† zoölogy,‡ astronomy,|| etc. Science or the search for truth, is present in all these branches of investigation, but when we speak of any one of them as "a science" we do not so much mean the spirit of research as "the special field to which the spirit of research applies itself." Thus we understand by botany not "the search for truth" in general, but the results of man's search for truth in the province of plants, including the problems to be solved and the peculiar methods employed.

Since knowledge cannot be acquired otherwise than in parts, a division of labor has become necessary in science, and we have not only divisions according to the various things, such as animals, plants, stones, etc., but even according to the various qualities of the very same things. Thus a quartz crystal, considered as a crystal, belongs to crystallography,§ while the chemist, leaving out of account its form, attends only to the molecular and atomic constitution of its

*[Min'er-al'o-phy.] The science of minerals, viz., the objects found in mines, i. e., ores, etc.

†[Bötl'a-ny.] From the Greek *bōtānē*, herb, the science of plants.

‡[Zō-öly-o-phy.] From the Greek *zōon* "animal," and *logy*, meaning "logical arrangement or science"; the science of animals.

||[As-trōn'o-my.] From the Greek *astér*, star, and *nómos*, meaning system of laws (*nomos*=law); the science of stars.

§[Cryst'al-lög-ra-phy.] From the Greek *krýstállos*, a crystal, and *graphy* meaning "description of"; the science of crystals.

smallest parts. The anatomist investigates the structures of organisms, especially animals, by dissecting their dead bodies; the physiologist studies them by observing their actions while alive; the chemist analyzes the chemical constitution of their substances—in brief, various sciences divide the labor of investigating a given class of objects, each by considering different aspects.

The division of scientific labor into specialties and subspecialties, indispensable and useful as it is, possesses also its dangers. The specialist is too apt to lose himself in his speciality and become one-sided; he is too apt to forget that his work is only a knowing in part, and that the ultimate purpose of all scientific inquiry must be the understanding of the whole. We must always bear in mind that this division of scientific investigation into specialties is merely an expediency, that the ultimate aim of, say, the mineralogist, is not to classify minerals, but to contribute by a proper classification of minerals his share to a general comprehension of the universe and the laws that obtain in the universe, so that mankind may better utilize the forces of nature.

The various sciences are not so many independent kingdoms, but simply provinces of one great empire, which was split up into districts, only to facilitate its administration. The divisions are artificial and have been made for the sole reason that we see the various problems more clearly when they are isolated, and that we can attack an intricate problem with greater hope of success when we concentrate our mind upon single parts of it and neglect its complications.

That which forms the unity of all the sciences forms a broad field of investigation of its own which is commonly called philosophy,* including epistemology,† methodology,‡ ontology,|| or metaphysics,§ and the

*[Phi-lös'o-phy.] Literally, "love of wisdom," so called by Socrates from modesty, who thought it improper to call himself *sophos*, or sage, and invented the term *philosophos*, a lover of wisdom.

†[E-plis'te-möl'o-phy.] (Derived from the Greek *episteme*, knowledge or cognition, the ending *logy* meaning "science.") It is a modern word invented by English philosophers to translate the German word *Erkenntniss-theorie*, viz., theory of cognition.

‡[Méth'ud ö'lö'o-phy.] The science of method, viz., the way of investigation (the Greek *hodos*, means "way").

||[On-öly'o-phy.] The science of being (from the Greek *on*, genitive *ontos*, being).

§[Méth'a-physis.] The word is a misnomer. It originated as follows: Aristotle treats as "first principles" those philosophical subjects which he takes to be the

application of all our knowledge to practical life, viz., ethics.*

The ultimate aim of all the sciences is to gain what Kant calls *Weltweisheit*, or world-wisdom, which means a world-conception or a truthful insight into the nature of things and mainly of ourselves, so as to enable us to regulate our life in the most appropriate way. Thus all the efforts of world-wisdom converge in the one thing most needed by everybody, the attainment of a practical guide through life, and this constitutes the science of morality or ethics.

As it is not our task here to discuss philosophy proper and to define the limits of its various subdivisions, we may simply state that epistemology, the science of cognition, investigates the nature of knowledge, stating how cognition is possible; that methodology, the science of method, explains the nature of scientific inquiry and its methods; and that ontology, the science of Being, and metaphysics, the science of the conditions of Being, grapple with the deeper questions of the nature of existence. We need only say that both ontology and metaphysics have made innumerable vain attempts to find the unity of existence, and thus to solve the great world-problem by assuming some underlying principle and constructing philosophical aircastles out of purely hypothetical materials. Thus it has come to pass that philosophy and especially the ontological and metaphysical endeavors of philosophy have become the laughing-stock of scientific inquirers, who are accustomed to investigate the real problem of our experience and have no sympathy with purely fantastical systems. The old metaphysical speculations consisted either in deep-sounding word-combinations which had no meaning, or in stilted phrases which when analyzed yielded some very simple and obvious truth. Goethe ridicules the former kind of metaphysics, Schiller the latter.

conditions of existence, in a treatise which happened to be placed in his collected works right after the books on physical science; and some pedantic redactor of Aristotle entitled it, in want of a better name, " *Ta Metaphysica*," i. e., the writings that come after the physical books. Hence the name metaphysics. It is not a good word and has been misinterpreted as meaning the study of that which lies behind or beyond nature. Metaphysics in this sense has come into disrepute, and may be considered as a thing of the past.

*[Eth'ics.] (Derived from Greek; the root word, *éthos*, means "habit" or "character.") The science of moral conduct.

D-June.

Meph-is-töph'e-lës says in Goethe's "Faust":

"The next most important thing to mention,
Metaphysics will claim your attention!
There see that you can clearly explain
What fits not into the human brain:
For that which will not go into the head,
A pompous word will stand you in stead."

And Schiller says in one of his poems:

"Metaphysicians, know, I'm told,
That what is hot cannot be cold;
Light is not dark, they'd bet,
And dry things are not wet."

This old method of metaphysical philosophizing, which by taking away all the qualities that constitute a thing, expect that the thing-in-itself is still left, searches to find out the nature of these metaphysical entities, the things-in-themselves, or absolute existence; but all its arguments and deductions led to no results. There are still a few philosophers left who stick to the old mistaken method, but upon the whole it has been abandoned for good. Schiller says in one of his "Xenions" * with good-humored irony:

"Since Metaphysics of late without heirs to her fathers is gathered,
Here at the auctioneer's are 'things in themselves' to be sold."

But while the speculations of the old-fashioned metaphysics are now regarded as vagaries, that aspiration from which they sprang was justified; it rises from a natural want of man's nature in his search for truth, for it is nothing more or less than his desire of seeing the unity of truth. As the sciences have divided the world for the sake of investigating it, into parts, while the world from the beginning was and will ever remain an indivisible unity, so all the single truths are only partial statements and one-sided informations of the whole truth in its entirety, for truth is one and there cannot be two different truths, incompatible with one another. What we call "truths" are truthful statements, and all these various truths must form one great harmonious system, in which there is no discrepancy, no inconsistency, no contradiction. The natural endeavor to find this unity of all science, to present truth in its universality, to see the oneness of all things, has begotten the faulty systems of ontologists

*The name of a series of distichs, or couplets of poetical lines, written in a satirical vein by Goethe and Schiller in 1796.

and metaphysicians who attempted to construct them *a priori** out of their minds ; but while their solutions of this great task were failures, while they did not succeed with their wrong methods, the endeavor to reach a unitary view of all our knowledge is itself neither wrong nor vain ; on the contrary, it is so inevitable that no thinking man can suppress it, no one can evade making at least a provisional world view which comprehends the whole, as a whole ; and modern philosophy has by no means abandoned the search for unity ; it has only changed the method by substituting a systematization of scientific knowledge for the dreams of pure assumptions.

The idea that our notion of the world, our concepts, and also our statements of truth are so many isolated truths which have nothing to do with each other, is an error. There is in fact not one single thought which has sense when isolated from the rest of the world. All the things which in their entirety constitute the world are closely interconnected, and it is no exaggeration to say that, properly speaking, the existence of the whole world is assumed in the existence of any one thing if it is but thought in its entire being, including all the relations which it involves.

Take, for instance, the idea "wagon." A wagon is not only a special combination of wheels with axles and a frame resting on the axles ; a wagon includes the purpose for which it is built. In order perfectly to understand the nature of a wagon, we must know why it has been made, and how it serves the purpose. Thus the wheelwright, the driver, the horses, the goods to be transported—all these properly belong to an exhaustive description of the wagon, and if we go in for thoroughness, we shall soon find that there are no limits to our task and we shall have to take in the whole universe to make our description complete.

Or, to use another example, the idea of a violin represents not only the hollow frame upon which the chords are strung, but includes the air and the possibility of air-vibrations, the human ear and the sensation of hearing, the human mind and the esthetics of acoustic harmony, etc., etc. Thus all our

ideas will be found to be symbols representing parts which can be understood only on the tacit supposition that they are parts ; their relations with all the other things are understood and are only for convenience' sake omitted. In this sense Tennyson says :

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies :—
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

But not only the interconnection of all things, the unity of being, suggests to us the idea that there must be a oneness in all science ; the very nature of thinking itself is such that we cannot help constantly searching for unity. Observation is the first duty of the scientist ; he must describe the events which he observes in his experience. But these statements of fact are only his materials. Scientific work consists in systematizing these statements of fact ; and systematizing means unification. The falling stone and the rising balloon are two apparently contradictory facts, which, however, are comprehended when we know that in fluid air, just as in water, it is the heavier mass which falls. In the first case, the stone is heavier than the air, in the second, the air is heavier than the gas in the balloon. As soon as we detect the common features of two different cases, so that we can formulate a law which will describe what takes place in both, we have solved the problem. Thus comprehension is what it literally means, "a grasping together"; it is a mental unification. The solution of scientific problems is found to consist in finding oneness in differences.

The question "Is all science one?" must therefore be answered in the affirmative, and the reasons for this answer may be briefly recapitulated as follows :

(1) Science is originally one, for what is called the sciences is due simply to a division of labor.

(2) The subject of science, the world with which we become acquainted through experience, is also one. The world as we know it is one indivisible entirety, the parts and the qualities of which can be separated from it in absolute isolation only in our abstract thought, not in reality.

(3) The nature of thought is such that incompatible statements are intolerable. All thought tends to unity ; all scientific work

*[*a priori*.] A Latin expression ; literally, from before ; meaning deductive reasoning, or conclusions made on the strength of pure reason before the special case under investigation is considered ; arguments not based upon experience.

aims at systematization, at a monistic * conception of contrasts, at a comprehension of different events under one common aspect, which will reconcile their apparent contradictions.

The oneness of all science indicates that there is a oneness in all existence, and this oneness of all existence is of greater importance than may appear at first sight. Oneness in the sense sketched above is the condition of all harmony in the world. If there were no final oneness in existence, there would be neither any regularity of natural laws nor any uniformity of reason.

Have you ever considered what reason is? Reason is the consistency of thinking, so that, if you assert something about all things of a certain class, you must be aware that you have asserted it about every single thing of that class; if you say all spaniels are dogs, your statement implies that the spaniel of your neighbor is also a dog. This is very simple and a matter of course; but it is a matter of course only on the supposition that the world of facts is as consistent as that ideal † system of logical categories ‡ which you construct in your thoughts. Suppose there were no consistency in the world of facts; suppose reality were not a well-ordained and harmonious whole; suppose the universe were no cosmos, but a chaos of irregular events which presented no uniformity whatever, or at best only haphazard uniformities; our rational inferences would not hold good; we should not be able to form general concepts, and universal laws could have no application. In a word, our reason would be a mere subjective || conceit and have no warrant of objective reliability. The mere existence of our rational mind and especially the success of

science as a method of systematizing our experiences, is a sufficient evidence of the oneness of existence. There is consistency in the laws of nature; there is an intrinsic universality in the regularity of the cosmos; there is an unfailing unity in truth.

This ultimate unity of all things, which we have seen is the condition of the world-order and also of the consistency of man's reason, is of more than purely theoretical interest. It is an idea of eminently practical importance, for here is the place of contact where philosophy and religion meet. Man as a rational being is not a chance product; the conditions of his reason lie already hidden in that source of existence from which he takes his origin. The intrinsic order that pervades the universe is the Logos* who was in the beginning, and as whose image we recognize the rational nature of man. Man's reason, viz., the orderly arrangement of his thoughts, has not been shaped without a model. Man's reason is not purely subjective; it is not an original, but a copy; it is not the prototype but an image.

The old saying of the sophists† that man is the measure of all things is wrong. Man's reason is the measure for man, but man's reason is the reflection of the universe; it is the world-logos as it is mirrored in a mortal mind. The measure of all things is that divinity in our experience which the scientist formulates in natural laws and which in the realm of human conduct enforces, on the penalty of perdition, that kind of conduct which in popular parlance is called morality. Calling the authority of our conduct God, we recognize that philosophy returns to the main idea of the old religious world-conception, by saying that the measure of all things does not lie in our subjective opinion, but must be discovered by objective demonstration. Our moral ideals are not the conceit of our pleasures, but the stern ought of duty; they are not a mere fancy, but enforced by reality; they are not made by man, but express the will of God.

*[Mo-nis'tic.] Derived from the Greek *μόνος*, single. Unitary.

†[I-dē'əl.] The adjective *ideal* means that which pertains to ideas; an "ideal system" in this sense is a system of pure thoughts or ideas.

‡[Cā'e go ries.] Derived from Greek, meaning originally "an accusation," then, predication, which is a general assertion, and at last, the highest or most general concepts. The classes of logical concepts; the forms of rational thought.

||[Sūb jēct'īve.] That which belongs to the thinking subject, and not necessarily to the object; while inversely, ob-ject'īve means that which belongs to or inheres in the objects and not necessarily in the subject.

*[Lōg'-ōs] a greek word, meaning "word" or "rational expression." It is used in the first verse of the first chapter of the gospel of St. John. The term "logic" is derived from the same root.

†[Sōph'ists.] A class of thinkers who lived in Socrates' time in Greece.

A STUDY OF DANTE.*

BY GENEVIEVE TUCKER, M. D.

TOWARD the close of the Middle Ages there appeared in Italy a star of the first magnitude. It flashed forth its effulgent rays as a morning star to hail the dawn of the coming Renaissance. This fixed star, shining by its own intrinsic brightness, has diffused its radiance through the succeeding centuries, and to-day, Dante, the Tuscan bard, is one of "the eternal stars which are the landmarks of the universe."

He was born to represent an age, and so placed by the Creator as to elevate our thoughts and expand our conceptions of the Infinite and the Eternal. Dante is among the few poets who rank as everlasting teachers of humanity.

In the city of Florence in the spring of 1265 in a family of the Guelph† party, having the significant name of "Wingbearers," and whose coat of arms was an eagle's wing in an azure sky, an expectant mother dreamed that in an open meadow, by a clear fountain under a laurel tree, her child was born, and nurtured on the laurel berries. A few weeks later toward the middle of May under the auspicious sign of the twins,‡ those stars pregnant with virtue and favorable to literature and science, a boy was born to this same family and christened Durante Alighiere [doo-rān'tā à-lē-gē-'ree], "the permanent wingbearer." Durante, or the more familiar name of Dante [dān'tā], was well endowed by birth. He sprang from an honorable family who were Florentines in core and fiber. For generations they had been of the Guelph party, whence

* Special Course for C. L. S. C. Graduates.

†[Gwēlf.] A faction in Italy and Germany, which took its name from a German family. The Guelphs supported the pope. They bitterly opposed the Ghibellines, the party which supported the German emperors.

‡ A constellation in the heavens, also called Gemini, the Latin word for twins. Astrologists studied the positions of the stars at the birth of a child or at the beginning of any enterprise in order to discover its future fate. "The general method of procedure was to draw a horoscope, representing the position of the stars and planets either in the whole heaven or in the eastern horizon. Arbitrary significations were given to different heavenly bodies as they appeared singly or in conjunction, and according to these significations the horoscope [the diagram of the heavens] was interpreted."

came his love of Christians and of liberty.

His father dying when he was young, his mother chose for his teacher, her friend Brunetto Latini, a famous statesman and scholarly poet. Under his direction Dante applied himself to literature and science, became familiar with Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Statius, and all the heroes of pagan Greece and Rome. Later when a youth of sixteen he studied at the universities of Bologna and Padua. He was a skillful draftsman, a great lover of music, and became one of the most learned and cultured men of his times.

Coupled with his zeal for study and research Dante's life was predominated by the greater passion of love. When he was nine years old he met Beatrice Portinari [bē-ä-tris, or bā-ä-tree'-cha por-te-nä'-ree], the child of a neighbor. He says, "She first appeared to me at a festival, dressed in that most noble and honorable of colors, scarlet, and from that moment love ruled my soul." This passion increased with age. Beatrice became his ideal of all that was pure and good. It was this "new life" of love which awoke the poet within him and to her he addressed his sonnets. His love was not returned by Beatrice; she married another at twenty and died at twenty-four. After her death Dante sought consolation in philosophy but he never ceased to mourn, and it was his pure Platonic love for her that elevated his soul, ennobled his life, and lifted him toward God.

During the years of Dante's youth Florence was rapidly increasing in wealth, population, and influence and making rapid strides toward the gorgeous civic life of a century later. Five years before Dante's birth the long peace under the rule of the Guelph party was broken, and from that time Florence was torn asunder by the constant strife between Guelph and Ghibelline, to which were added the personal jealousies, rivalries, and ambitions of the families of her commonwealth. The Ghibellines favored a feudal government by the nobles, while the Guelphs were supporters of the pope and democratic institutions. The two were irreconcilable and Florence was the scene of

incessant strife as one or the other party obtained power for a short time.

Moved by the turbulent condition of his native city, the student and lover becomes a soldier and politician. At the age of twenty-four he distinguishes himself in the battle of Campaldino.* He takes an active part in all public matters and disputations and attains eminence as a statesman. He serves his city in many important embassies and by 1300 has risen to be prior, or first magistrate. Never were party feuds in Florence at a more fierce heat. The magistrates undertook to banish the heads of the rival parties which were known as the Neri and Bianchi.† Dante was entangled in this political strife and, while on an embassy to Rome, his house was burned, his property confiscated and he was banished from the city which he had served so nobly and well, under sentence of being burned alive if he ever entered her gates again.

Dante never returned to Florence. For twenty years he wandered up and down Italy broken in spirit at the injustice of his countrymen. "Alas," he says, "I have gone about like a mendicant showing against my will the wounds with which fortune has smitten me. I have indeed been a vessel without sail and without rudder carried to divers shores by the dry winds that spring out of poverty."

The Bianchi were exiled from Florence at the time Dante was. He was thrown much with them and they were favorable to the Ghibellines, a party that Dante had opposed all his life. He favored the Bianchi, not as a disappointed member of a faction, but as a patriot, a lover of justice and of peace. He says he was neither Guelph nor Ghibelline but a true Italian anxious to reconcile the contending strifes of his city and country.

* A French pope Clement IV., invited Charles of Angou, brother of Louis IX. of France, "to take possession of Naples and drive the imperialists from Italy; and, later, Charles complied with the request of the Florentine Guelphs to assume the lordship of their city. In 1282, however, the wealthier guilds of Florence established a form of government of their own, consisting of members chosen among themselves with the title of priors. Not satisfied with having driven their Ghibelline rivals into banishment, they sent an army to encounter them at Campaldino, where the Ghibellines were defeated with great slaughter."

† [Na'ree and be-an'kee.] The Blacks and Whites. Of these new factions, the Neri were violent Guelphs, and the Bianchi were at first moderate Guelphs and, later, Ghibellines.

He died in July, 1321, at the house of a Guelph in Ravenna.

Interesting as is the history of Dante, the Florentine, the lover, the soldier, the statesman, the exile, more interesting is Dante the poet, and higher than this is Dante the man. A few years after the death of Beatrice and before his exile Dante wrote his first important work, his *Vita Nuova*, or New Life. It is the story of his love told in marvelous sweetness, partly in prose and partly in verse. Here Beatrice is enshrined as a living beauty whose personal charms captivate Dante the worshiper. The work became so well known in Florence that we hear of "blacksmiths singing the sonnets at their work and muleteers while driving their beasts."

The *Convito*, or Banquet, written in 1307 is the history of Dante's manhood. In it Beatrice figures as Philosophy. He says,

"Let it be understood that by my love in this allegory is always understood this study (of Philosophy) which is the application of the mind to that thing of which it is enamored. . . . By love, I mean the study I underwent in order to win the love of this lady. Philosophy is a loving exercise of wisdom, which is mostly exercised toward God, since in Him exists the highest wisdom and the highest love. This love is manifest in the use of wisdom, which use produces wonderful beauties, i. e., contentment in every situation of life, and contempt of those things which others allow to become their masters. The life of my heart, i. e., of my inner man, is wont to be a sweet thought . . . a thought which frequently ascends to God, i. e., I contemplate in thought the kingdom of the blessed."

De Monarchia is a treatise on government and gives his reasons for favoring the Bianchi party and the creed of his exile Ghibellinism. It was written in 1310 to 1313. But the work which has bestowed on Dante immortal fame and is his monument, the poem in which he soars above all competition, is the *Divina Commedia*; though *La Divina* was added to it by men of its era, Dante himself called it simply a comedy. I have no thought of entering into any critical analysis of this great work or its poesy. My only aim is by the simple story of the Divine Comedy and the conditions and circumstances under which it was written to induce some young soul in this twentieth century to read and ponder for himself the great

truths set forth by Dante and as applicable to us to-day as to those of the Medieval Age.

"O Sovran Light, who dost exalt the high,
Above all thoughts that mortal may conceive,

Recall thy semblance to my mental eye;
And let my tongue record the wondrous story,
That I to nations yet unborn may leave
One spark at least of Thy surpassing glory."

This was the prayer Dante offered in Paradise, when permitted to gaze upon Christ. That the prayer was granted is echoed in the experience of every man and woman who is familiar with this great poem of six centuries ago. The Divine Comedy is a vision divided into three parts, Inferno, Purgatorio, Paradiso. Dante is the hero of his own song in this vision, which is supposed to have happened in 1300, when he was thirty-five, shortly after his banishment from Florence. He says :

"In the midway of this our mortal life,
I found me in a gloomy wood, astray,
Gone from the path direct, and e'en to tell
It were no easy task, how savage wild
That forest, how robust and rough its growth,
Which to remember only my dismay.
Renews in bitterness not far from death,
Yet to discourse of what there good befell
All else will I relate discovered there."

Virgil appears to him while in this wood of darkness and intimates that as he cannot serve Florence in his exile by means of politics,—"Thou must needs another way pursue if thou wouldest escape from out that savage wilderness," and suggests that he serve Florence now by way of poesy, a task from which Dante shrinks.

"Bard, thou who art my guide,
Consider well if virtue be in me
Sufficient ere to this high enterprise thou trust
me,
I, if on this voyage then I venture, fear it will
in folly end.
Thou, who art wise, better my meaning
knowest,
Than I can speak."

Virgil encourages him and says that the mission comes from high Heaven. Personifying earthly wisdom, Virgil conducts him through Inferno and Purgatorio, where Beatrice, under the symbol of heavenly wisdom, meets them and guides Dante through Paradiso. Thus for the love he bore Florence and to serve his countrymen, Dante with Virgil descends into Hell and by graphic descriptions depicts the sins in-

dulged in by emperors, kings, popes, statesmen, and citizens, which have tarnished Florence, and expresses his hate of baseness, cowardice, and guilt.

Thus Dante ever expressing his love for Florence descends the nine circles of the inverted cone which make Inferno, each circle showing deeper sins and more dire results, pointing to this and that political and social sin of church and state which had so corrupted Florence and Italy.

In Purgatorio he shows how these sins can be expunged and these evils be put away. He shows the improvement of life and the advantage to the state by the promotion of the "civil arts," of music, sculpture, painting, and literature. This is all attained under the guide of earthly wisdom. Then he passes to Paradiso, where under the higher rule of heavenly wisdom he shows that not alone Florence but all Italy may reach the primitive purity of the early Christian church. This reading is interesting and instructive for its historical facts, the descriptions of social life after the breaking of the feudal system by the crusades, the condition and corruption of the church and the beliefs of the people, for the association of pagan and Christian practices after the long night of the Dark Ages, and for the narration of the political strife between Guelph and Ghibelline, popes and emperors. Thus the first study of the Divine Comedy should be for the political and social history of the world, in this, the early rosy flush of the Renaissance when the Medieval begins to merge into the Modern Period.

Dante did not finish Inferno until about 1314. Purgatorio was completed near 1318, then followed Paradiso, the last cantos of which were not finished until just before his death.

After a historical study of the *Divina Commedia*, one is prepared for it as an allegorical Christian poem; Dante in a letter thus explains the theme :

"The subject of the whole work, taken literally, is the state of the souls after death regarded as fact, for the action deals with this and is about this, but if the work be taken allegorically its subject is man in so far as by merit or demerit in the exercise of free will he is exposed to the rewards or punishments of Justice."

What do we find in such a study of the Divine Comedy, written by one versed in the wisdom of his day, in the history of the past,

and a believer in God and immortality? We see that into the well-worn subject of man and life the Florentine poet in his "Sacred Song" infuses a new soul which throbs with every human passion. Man starts on the journey of life; while wandering in the wood of ignorance and error, he comes to the mountain of virtue or faith whose summit is lighted by the "Sun of Righteousness" and is the abode of the saints, or terrestrial paradise. Man scarce leaves the wilderness of sin and begins the ascent toward righteousness before he is met by three great beasts of prey. Pleasure, in the form of a panther, followed by the lion, Anger, and then

"A she wolf was at his heels, who in her leanness
Seemed full of all wants and many a land
Had made desolate."

This was Avarice. While contending with these foes, Divine Mercy sends Grace to implore science, or human wisdom in the person of Virgil, to come to his help. This he does by leading him through Hell and Purgatory where sin is punished and cleansed. Together the two enter the abyss of sin. All through they find the punishment is exactly measured to the crime and directly determined by it. Just within the entrance and on the outskirts of Hell are the "cowardly neutrals," the fallen angels who were faithful to neither God nor Satan, only to themselves. Here the vacillating, the unthinking, and the inactive in the darkness, without a star of hope, as "a long train of spirits, are following after flags which whirling rapidly no pause obtain," symbolizing the constantly changing opinions of those whose only allegiance to any cause is governed by the thought of personal gain, and in seeking favor with every side win the contempt of all.

They pass then to the second circle of Upper Hell, where the sins of incontinence or lust are punished. Each circle is guarded by a monster typical of the sin therein chastised. They meet in this second circle the carnal sinners, those who have been ruled by the storm of lustful passion and appetites; enwrapt in darkness they are swept around by a ceaseless hurricane. In the third the gluttons and epicures are found prone on the ground, where under a pelting rain, accompanied by hail and snow, they lie terrified by the barking of the monster Cerberus,* emblem of gluttony.

*[Ser'be-rus.] The three-headed dog which guarded the entrance to the infernal regions.

Together, Dante and Virgil proceed from the Hell of incontinence to the three central circles, or the Hell of malice. Down, down, the ever narrowing circles into deeper woe and darkness the two go, talking and conversing with the spirits, obtaining the cause and result of their sins, discoursing together of man and his free will, that man becomes what he desires, and that the penalty of sin is the similitude in the sinner to the vice indulged.

The prodigal and avaricious are met in the fourth circle. Here Plutus, the god of riches, "curs'd wolf," presides. "In their first life these all in mind were so distorted, that they made, according to due measure, of their wealth no use." So here the spirits, constantly moving, casting heavy weights from one to another, are unrecognizable in sin. Here the misers and spendthrifts in the gloom, roll the huge stones from one to another's breast constantly howling,

"Why holdest thou so fast?"
"And why castest thou away?"

In the next round are found the wrathful and the gloomy immersed in the dark Stygian* lake not only punished together but made the instruments of punishing each other.

Flegyas,† the ferryman of the Stygian lake, takes them across to the sixth circle, and they come to the city of Dis, guarded by fiends and the furies. The city is reserved for those of besotted and intellectual folly. Imprisoned in the burning tombs of this city are those guilty of the great sin of malice toward God, the heretics and the infidels. In the historical reading of the Divine Comedy the city of Dis must be considered Florence.

Passing down a chaos of shattered rocks they enter the Hell of fraud, where the signs of bestiality are punished, in the lowest pit of which is Satan himself. The Minotaur‡ guards the seventh circle of Inferno, a symbol of blood revenge which destroys itself by its own violence. In the first division of this seventh circle are found those who have

*Longfellow's translation of the Inferno describes this lake as follows:

"A marsh it makes which hath the name of Styx
This tristful brooklet, when it has descended
Down to the foot of the malign gray shores."

† More commonly spelled Phlegyas. "He was the king of the Lapithae, and burned the temple of Apollo at Delphi for which he was punished in the infernal regions. See reference to him in "Classic Latin Course in English," page 129.

‡ The monster of Crete which had the body of a man and the head of a bull.

sinned against themselves. Here are the tyrants and murderers and all who injure by violence and fraud. Those who injure by violence are centaurs,* who aim their shafts at the spirits of those who have been violent by fraud, when they try to rise above the boiling crimson waves of Phlegethon, the river of blood. In a gloomy wood the suicides are changed into stunted trees and are tormented by the obscene Harpies, † Despair and Misery, who sit on their branches perpetually wailing. In the third division of this seventh circle are the blasphemers against God and those who have been violent against nature and art. They live in a plain of burning sand under a storm of flakes of fire. Dante, in talking here to a tormented but unsubdued blasphemer of God, speaks wonderingly of his indifference and proud scorn and receives this reply, "Such as I was when living, dead such now am I." In this way all those violent against themselves, against others, against God, nature, and art are punished. The eighth circle is called Malebolge ‡ from the ten evil pits it contains. Here are punished fraudulent sinners, seducers, flatterers, simoniacs, || fortune tellers, public thieves, hypocrites, sacrilegious robbers, evil counselors, scandal-mongers, and alchemists.

The punishment is meted out in accordance to the nature of the crime and the effect on the character. Flatterers are immersed in filth, fortune tellers have their heads averted, the public thieves or false counselors suffer in a lake of boiling pitch for the sins which despoiled their souls, the hypocrites wear leaden mantels, the scandal mongers are mutilated, those who have been evil counselors in high places, like the cardinals and popes, who should have had their thoughts turned to God instead of earthward, are turned topsy turvy in circular holes, heads down, their legs only appearing, while from toe to heel flames flicker over the soles of their feet. Dante descends from here to the last chasm to find the traitors, traitors to country, friends, trusts, and benefactors, in a lake of ice typical of the cold-heartedness of treachery, and "that

* Strange mythological creatures, men to the waist while the rest was in the form of a horse.

† In Greek mythology, monsters having the head of a woman and the body of a vulture.

‡ [Má-lá-bol'já]. *Bolgia* is the Italian name for pit.

|| [Sí-mó-ní-ak-s.] Those who practice trafficking in sacred things, so-called from Simon Magus because he wished to purchase the gift of the Holy Ghost.

is the reason the eyes once cruelly tearless are now blind with frozen tears." Here in the lowest point are found Judas Iscariot and Satan, and this completes Inferno, the awful spectacle of a soul completely given up to selfishness or sin, plunged in darkness and without a star of hope.

What a different scene is presented to Dante in the nine circles of Purgatorio! Here under the beneficence of light a soul gives up its selfishness and, cheered by music, art, literature, and the beauties of nature, it painfully but cheerfully and joyously goes through the great task of overcoming the deadly sins of pride, envy, anger, sloth, avarice, gluttony, and lust. The means by which these sins are repented of shows Dante's great conception of the effect of any one of these on human character. The proud in Purgatorio acquire humility under the weight of great stones which bend them toward the ground; in this posture they sit and look upon the white marble walls in which are sculptured the stories of those eminent for humility. The envious have their eyes sewed up with iron thread and listen to invisible spirits recounting examples of charity. Sloth is overcome by haste. Avarice and prodigality are encountered in the fifth circle, bound hand and foot, with eyes fastened upon the earth. The spirits in the daytime meditate upon examples of the virtues they have neglected and at night upon those like themselves. Lust is overcome by fire.

Together, hand in hand, Dante and Virgil climb the steep rugged sides of the mount of Purgatorio, their souls becoming more purified in their ascent and fitted to behold the "Light which lighteth the whole world." Everywhere is song and music. This reaches its height when all the spirits join in singing "Glory to God in the highest," causing the whole mountain to shake at the moment the soul of Statius'* purification is completed and he is fitted for Paradiso.

Arriving at the summit of the mountain Dante enters the forest of terrestrial paradise where Beatrice, descended from Heaven, meets him, and Virgil takes his leave. After reproof from Beatrice because he was entangled by false philosophy after her death, Dante

* A Roman poet who lived in the second century B.C. The reason for the shaking of the mountain is given in the following lines, from Longfellow's version,

"It trembles here, whenever any soul
Feels itself pure, so that it soars and moves
To mount aloft."

weeps many tears of repentance and the struggle for virtue is ended, his soul is cleansed of its selfishness, and he has peace of mind and is ready to enter Paradiso, where the soul is entirely filled with love.

Under the guidance of Beatrice he begins the journey. Paradiso is represented by the planets, or what in Dante's time were considered planets. They proceed first to the Moon, then Mercury, Venus, the Sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn. The constellation of the Gemini is the eighth heaven, whence they pass to the ninth, the empyrean, or the heaven of pure light. Here Dante is vouchsafed a sight of the celestial host and at last he is suffered to gaze for one instant on the supernal glory of God seen as the Central Light, three circles in one,—the Trinity in Unity.

"The glorious vision here my powers o'ercame." Dante could bear the increasing brilliancy of the light as he passed from planet to planet only by first gazing upon Beatrice, who became more and more beautiful as they advanced, and thus he gained strength to behold "The Light which taketh away all the darkness and sin of the world."

He meets in this journey with angels and archangels, principalities and dominions, virtues and powers, then thrones, cherubim and seraphim, he talks with patriarchs, prophets, and saints, with Solomon of charity, with Peter of faith, St. James on hope, and St. John on love. He beholds the flowers and

lilies of Paradise, the stream of life, the sanctified cross studded with costly gems; he gazes on the ladder of gold whose summit is invisible and lost in light, he witnesses the saints in the beauty of holiness as the pure white rose expanding beneath the rays of the Eternal Sun. Everywhere are symbols of the growth, beauty, and splendor of a human soul changed by an infusion of Divine Grace. Do you wonder that Dante exclaims in ecstasy,

"O bliss ineffable! O rapture pure!
O life of love and peace! O wealth that knows
No wish beyond, unsullied and serene!"

Marvelous, wonderful poem of light, it baffles all description! Read, reread, study, and ponder the beauties and truths of this poet and let him widen your view, enlarge your conceptions of God, light, and love, impress you with the darkness and heinousness of sin, the fixedness of the past as shown in Inferno, the opportunities of the present as depicted in the succession of day and night in the Purgatorio, the future possibilities and hope of the soul in the endless day of light as set forth in Paradiso.

Says one of our American poets:

"Ah, from what agonies of heart and brain,
What exultations trampling on despair,
What tenderness, what tears, what hate of
 wrong,
What passionate outcry of a soul in pain,
Uprose this poem of the earth and air,
 This medieval miracle of song."

End of Required Reading for June.

LIFE, FROM GRADUATION.

BY THE "CERA PERDU" PROCESS.

RARE beauty, on its graceful pedestal!
It moves and breathes, the soul of an ideal
That years of ceaseless labor wrought. We feel
A nameless dread, lest the wax image fall
Before the perfect process is complete.
We groan to see the Sculptor smear with clay
 Each line of purpose and of love for Life.
All hardens cold, when real and ideal meet.
 That which was wax, slow softens day by day
And loses, drop by drop, in heat of strife:
Then dull Experience, at the forge and blast,
 Begins with care to fill the hollow mold;
And, when the clay is cracked away at last,
 The finished statue stands revealed in gold.

—Randall Neefus Saunders.

DAPHNE'S CRUISE ON A MAN-OF-WAR.

BY ALETHE LOWBER CRAIG.

Wife of Commander Craig of the United States Navy.

CHAPTER I.

"**I**S Miss Carew beautiful, or is she not? I cannot decide."

This question was thrown at random, by a rather handsome girl, among a cluster of people on the deck of a San Francisco steamer entering the harbor of Yokohama one delicious morning in October of a recent year.

"I am inclined to think not," answered a pretty blue-eyed, fluffy, ordinary little person, who was traveling round the world to complete her education and to add the last touch necessary for a fashionably finished human being.

"Still, she invariably claims attention, and the claim is a stronger one than mere beauty can assert," said a lady whose youth was past, but whose intelligence and refinement made her very interesting. "I think her charm is a sort of high-bred halo which lifts her away from the commonplace."

"I quite agree with you, madame," said a fine-looking man of dignified thirty-five. "I have rather a talent for reading faces, and what I see in hers is not altogether beauty, perhaps, but there is a deep tenderness in the brown, exquisite eyes, and rare loveliness in the lips, small, full, and with an infantile mobility of curve, yet firmly, clearly cut."

"From a bachelor who pretends that his is only a time-hardened old heart that glowing description is somewhat surprising," laughed the girl who had introduced Miss Carew as a subject of conversation.

"Young and lovely is a briefer description, and cannot be disputed: whereas, it is quite useless to attempt to analyze Miss Carew. One might as well attempt to analyze the fragrance of a violet!"

"Another enthusiastic bachelor!" cried a chorus of women's voices.

"Lady Leighton's type is clearly defined, at all events," said a plain, intense girl. "The beauty of the niece might be questioned by an inferior rival;"—at this healthy thrust the handsome girl and the fluffy girl winced perceptibly—"but no one can fail to

see that the aunt is a wealthy English-woman in the full tilt of a globe pilgrimage."

"A two-edged sword is a dull and flabby weapon compared with the tongue of that Vassar maiden," said a young Yale graduate to a classmate beside him.

"How can you be so sure that she is an Englishwoman?" some one inquired of the Vassar specimen. "Sir Philip Leighton may have married an American."

"I judge from the careless, substantial plainness and unbecoming comfortableness of her gown, the intelligence of her face, the cultivated tones of her voice, and the repose of her manner." The answer was given with invincible decision.

"Is *she* afflicted with the Anglomaniac disease? Then even Vassar girls have foibles!" exclaimed the Yale man to his friend, in a *sotto voce* tone. "I am grieved at the discovery. Bear me away, Bob," he said, limply, "before all delusions are ruthlessly snatched from my young and trusting soul."

At a little distance from this chattering group of passengers the two ladies under discussion were talking together.

"I shall be sorry, Daphne, to have you hurry past Yokohama and lose those delightful little trips," said the older one in a consoling way, "but you know that Leighton could not detain a man-of-war."

"Oh, yes, I know that well," said Daphne.

"He could not, even if he would, and if we find the *Shadow* is in port we must go on board at once to make the official cruise."

Then, noting the wistful quiver of Daphne's lips, she added brightly,

"But Captain Dunraven may dread his guests, and linger in the Inland Sea; in that case we can meanwhile follow some of Lieutenant St. Egerton's suggested plans."

Sir Philip Leighton had occupied for many years an important government post in the East. His wife liked their eastern life; the English comfort amid barbaric glitter and the constant gayety of a court circle that still is free from court restraint; but with rest-

less activity she made frequent trips to war which less practiced eyes would have postponed much longer. A fresh interest rippled over the groups on deck, and Lady Leighton and her niece were at once surrounded by congratulating acquaintances.

Daphne Carew had appreciated the pleasure and distinction of such a mode of travel and sightseeing, but the voyage from San Francisco had curbed her impatience apparently.

After all, to a rosebud girl, the glory of a man-of-war centers in the lieutenants, and as fine a specimen of the rank as one could wish to meet had been a fellow-voyager across the Pacific.

"Captain Jackson presents his compliments to Lady Leighton and Miss Carew and announces that H. M. S. *Shadow* is in port."

The merchant "blue-jacket" who brought the message delivered it in an automatic manner, touched his cap respectfully and returned to his post at the anchor chains before Lady Leighton had aroused from her surprise sufficiently to send a return message of thanks.

"Ah! Daphne," she said at last, with evident pleasure in her voice, "Captain Dunraven has sailed bravely and promptly to his doom, has he not?"

Daphne sighed very conspicuously and made a grimace indicating violent disappointment.

"Oh, dear! Do you prefer to be regarded as a horror? Then you are 'a seldom,' as my French dressmaker used to call me when I astonished her with my orders."

"I am sorry—"

"You do not realize yet," Lady Leighton interrupted, "that the honor of having a man-of-war waiting for your arrival will outweigh loads of pleasure."

"Oh, yes, I do," said Daphne, with a smile that made a dazzling change in her expression. "I am sorry to part with a pleasant friend, that is all."

Just beyond a greenly wooded point, Yokohama harbor had come into view—masts, steamers, junks, and sampans in bewildering confusion; but the captain with his glass had made the discovery of the man-of-

The first to reach them after the white ironclad had been sighted was Lieutenant St. Egerton, Royal Navy. He was not a handsome man, but he was thoroughbred through and through. A passing glance at him would have left an impression of a well set-up fellow in rough tweed, with an earnest face through which gleamed the strength of a stout, brave, gallant heart.

He had known before he reached Yokohama, that he should be obliged to wait there at least a week before a steamer would sail for Hong-Kong, where he was ordered to join his ship, and he had made very eager, enterprising plans for the Tokio vicinity during these waiting days, all to include—or else fall into dismal emptiness—Lady Leighton and her niece.

"If Her Majesty's orders had sent me to the *Shadow*, I could be more cheerful at seeing her here."

St. Egerton spoke first to Lady Leighton, then looked at Daphne as he added,

"I can sincerely say, however, that I appreciate—even if I find it hard to forgive—the impatience to receive you on board."

Lady Leighton was engrossed in scanning the nearing shipping through her opera glasses and Daphne assumed the reply to his regrets :

"Oh, never mind!" she said with a brilliant smile. "Perhaps dear Victoria will find you are not of much use on Her Majesty's gun vessel *Beetle* and will allow you to pace the deck of the *Shadow* later on."

At the rather disrespectful inflection of "dear Victoria" a heretical Scotch reticence settled rather darkly over St. Egerton's countenance, and an elaborately casual manner supplanted the tender earnestness which had drooped his head toward Daphne's face a moment before.

She saw that she had driven too near the edge, and with a tact that soothed, without making concessions, she smiled gently and continued,

"If she should change her all-powerful mind in regard to you, I only hope we shall still be on board, that we may give you a welcome when you climb over the side."

Daphne was well aware that to bring a jest to bear, even remotely, upon "Her Majesty" was regarded by St. Egerton as a personal hurt ; she knew that to him his queen was a divinity that should be hedged about with the bravest, most faithful devotion of all her subjects—certainly, those to whom England's greatest interests were intrusted should never fail, in word or deed, to do her honor.

Daphne valued a loyalty that seems to have almost faded from the world like a perfume of sweater, truer days ; but she knew also,—and this had prompted her to be bitter sometimes—that with insular prejudice he considered Englishwomen superior, in every respect to their American cousins.

If he had known that Daphne's father was an American and that she had lived nearly always in America, he might have been more circumspect, during the voyage across the Pacific, in airing his views.

However, he had not happened to learn that her importunate aunt had snatched her from a New York home to skim the Asiatic shores ; and as he had never heard her "guess" or "reckon," as she had never shown a bold independence, as she had a rich, refined, low-pitched voice and the quiet ease of assured social height, he hugged to his British soul the proud belief that the only girl on board worth knowing had grown and budded "under the eaves" of the Court of St. James.

Lady Leighton and her niece had perceived his mistake, and to their whimsical agreement, made in the earliest stage of their acquaintance with him, that he should not be undeceived is due this comedy of international errors, played to an end in the Far East.

CHAPTER II.

GRADUALLY the low, long front of the Grand Hotel, the shrubbery about the residences, the stream of traps and pedestrians on the *bund*, become more distinct, confusion increases, hotel and post-office tugs, and ferrying and marketing sampans approach and surround the mail steamer, reaching her anchorage with a consequential "slowing-down."

From the looming side of the stately *Shadow*, manned by muscular English oarsmen and flying the British colors, darts a white, slender gig, with an officer and a civilian seated in the stern-sheets.

As they reach the foot of the steamer's ladder all other craft give way, and Sir Philip Leighton is the first outsider to set foot on the deck. He is followed by Captain Dunraven of H. M. S. *Shadow*, and soon greetings and introductions are tossing gaily among the little party whose career we are to follow.

In Lady Leighton's opinion the deck of a steamer, the platform of a railway station, a public thoroughfare, is not the place for an outburst of affection or the escape of any strong emotion. Apart from the mere advantage of always having oneself well in hand, she thought it barbarous to expose to the view of a hard, coarse nature anything precious.

While there are persons with natures so delicately strung, that their eyes grow sympathetically dim at witnessing a grief-stricken farewell or a welcome given with the tears that mean sweater and deeper things than smiles, those that look on with rough criticism or cold disdain are more frequently at hand.

But when Sir Philip seized his wife's hands with loving impetuosity, the impromptu affection that broke over her face, like a quick flash of wit in a conversation, would not have done discredit to a demonstrative American.

Only a short, silent pressure, and then he turned to his niece, saying affectionately,

"My Daphne dear, you are looking as sweet as a nut. I am delighted that I am to have your help in looking after Her Majesty's affairs."

"You are certainly a fit subject for congratulations there," said St. Egerton, coming forward and offering his hand.

"Why, St. Egerton, how do you turn up?" asked Sir Philip in blank amazement. "I thought when you finished your cruise here last year the Admiralty intended to send you to the Mediterranean."

"I believe that was the intention until I asked to return here for another three years."

"It is rather a monotonous station, is it not?"

"Yes, but there is good shooting and," after a brief hesitation, "I am glad I came."

"So am I glad, for I am sure you have been very kind to my seagulls here," Sir Philip said, as he touched with a caressing pat Lady Leighton's shoulder and Daphne's head.

"Oh, so very kind, Sir Philip!" Daphne said, with a grateful glance toward St. Egerton that quite cleared his face of its late annoyance.

"I have been telling Miss Carew," said Captain Dunraven to the Leightons, "that you will not give me the pleasure of sharing my quarters with you at once; until my sailing orders are given—and that may be a week hence—you insist upon living ashore. She has not gratified me by any expression of disappointment at the arrangement. I cannot understand that."

He looked very merry however, and not at all mystified, and seizing St. Egerton by the arm, said in the heartiest, most roast-beef, plum-pudding, Old England tones,

"Let me take you ashore, old chap. Of course the 'Grand' puts you up and the hotel tug will take charge of your luggage."

Captain Dunraven and Lieutenant St. Egerton were not so far apart in years as in the navy list, personal opportunities, not admitted into the line of promotion in the American Navy, having placed an official distance between them. As midshipmen they had sailed together, had been arrested and locked up together in Cairo for a boyish street disturbance, together had bravely jumped into a raging sea to rescue a drowning sailor, and they loved each other with the comrade love that is so stanch with Englishmen.

Good-bys are exchanged with the friends of the voyage, Lady Leighton, with a gracious gratitude that few passengers ever have the thoughtfulness to express, thanks the merchant captain for their safe and pleasant voyage, and the gig is "called away."

Though it was but a short pull to the *hatoba*, Daphne's impatience could hardly allow her to wait for the boat hooks to clutch the landing rail before she hopped out among the coolies, Japanese maidens and merchants collected on the wharf. The jinrikisha men crowded around, dragging their little baby vehicles behind them.

Sir Philip called to Daphne, who had become separated from him by the idling throng, to jump into any "'rikisha" she preferred; they all did the same, and, waving farewells to Captain Dunraven, who pushed off from shore toward the *Shadow*, the party dashed rapidly away, single file, four jinrikishas in length, down the *bund* to the Grand Hotel.

"Oh, Debsie!" said Daphne—Lady Leighton's real name was Deborah—as she sank into a chair when she and her aunt had reached the rooms reserved for them opening on a wide veranda overlooking the harbor, "I am sure I ought to have felt reproached and pitiful and miserable to be drawn by a human man instead of an animal horse."

"Well, did you not?"

"I am ashamed to say, I forgot all that, because my jinrikisha coolie had such an inviting manner, and seemed so genuinely delighted to show me how rapid and altogether charming a jinrikisha ride can be."

Daphne rose and walked restlessly to the window. Her ride to the hotel had been altogether too short.

"Yes, dear," said Lady Leighton, from the inner region of her bedroom, where she was unpacking her traveling bag and arranging combs and brushes on the bureau, "I have never known a jinrikisha coolie to hang back or show any sulkiness."

"But he must be tired sometimes," said Daphne pityingly.

"If he is tired he shows it only by laughingly mopping his trickling face with his big blue cotton handkerchief while hissing and bowing his little apology for having so stupidly caused you a trifling delay."

"Poor thing!"

"I never get into a jinrikisha and see my coolie horse whirl me away with friendly animation, without an exhilarated, holiday sensation," Lady Leighton said, coming back to their parlor, having accomplished her small unpacking. Daphne's bedroom adjoined the parlor on the other side, but she had been too excited to inspect it—she had not even taken off her hat.

"I wish there was no such function as luncheon to-day," she said almost impatiently, "and we could start out again."

"What a cruel wish!"

Daphne seized Lady Leighton by both arms from behind and wheeled her round to the window.

"Oh, do look at the row of those ridiculous little equipages just across the street, the steeds sitting on the shafts, smoking dwarf pipes and bringing into active service their sky-blue handkerchiefs! So far," she exclaimed with great enthusiasm, "I think the jinrikisha coolie the most charming feature of Japan."

Luncheon would be charming enough for

me at the present time," dryly remarked Lady Leighton. "Let us go into the corridor to look for the 'rest of us.'"

Daphne turned away from her fascinating window very reluctantly.

"They have probably become absorbed in the struggle of arranging for our few days here on a *multum-in-parvo* plan," she said, as they passed down the hall, "and have forgotten all about us."

"What a very heartless suggestion! Ah, here they are coming up the stairs," cried Lady Leighton, triumphantly.

"Sir Philip, have the goodness to take your wife in to luncheon as quick as possible, as quick as lightning—she is starving," ranted Daphne, tragically.

"A niece of mine must not allow herself to mention such a commonplace repast as a 'luncheon' while she is in Asia. From this time forth we 'tiffin,'" said Lady Leighton, severely.

"I suppose so," Daphne consented, meekly. "But I never shall say it without thinking of a friend of mamma's, who spent three months in Japan and clung to 'tiffin' for the rest of her life."

"You might have forgotten that she had traveled except for her 'tiffins,'" said Sir Philip, with a discerning smile.

"I doubt if you find your first tiffin very comfortable," said St. Egerton, when they had nearly reached the dining room. "The tables almost joggle each other to-day. However, a San Francisco steamer goes out this afternoon which will leave the dining room comparatively empty, until some other arrives. Yokohama hotels are full and empty with frequent alternations."

A tall Swiss *maitre d'hôtel* stood near the dining room doors to usher guests to the tables, where little gnomes, with crumpled countenances, and dark blue, skin-tight trouser legs merged into slender, sharp-pointed, silent shoes, waited to serve.

"Will somebody be good enough to tell me whether I am in a Paris hotel or a bound copy of *St. Nicholas?*" Daphne asked, after they were seated close to a broad window looking into a large, grass-carpeted court. "The majestic creature in black who deigned to seat us suggests a Paris restaurant, but the leering brownies skipping all over the place transport me to quite a different region."

"Please stop talking nonsense, Daphne, and fortify yourself with curry. Leighton

tells me we must make a round of teas to-day. He promised to waive ceremony with these friends of ours, as, in our limited days, we might not otherwise see them."

"I will try to eat my curry, but please don't ask me to eat those dried bits of Bombay duck," Daphne pleaded, her face puckered into fearful disgust.

"You really must learn to take all the curry combinations; although, I must admit, Bombay duck is rather a formidable beginning," said Lady Leighton, laughing sympathetically.

"See how bravely epicurean I can be, Deb-sie."

Lady Leighton looked across the table and saw her beloved niece holding her nose tightly pinched between the thumb and finger of the left hand while she nibbled Bombay duck held in the right hand.

"Don't choke, Deb-sie dear, I shall soon be a curry expert."

The advice might have been needed had this little by-play lasted more than a moment. Fortunately, Sir Philip and St. Egerton were engaged in an earnest discussion, so that Lady Leighton was the only witness.

"Evidently those gentlemen at the next table are fond of curry. They are absolutely gloating over theirs. Is it the approved curry fashion to shovel at it with dessert spoon and fork?"

"Don't let them hear you, child," said Sir Philip, in consternation. "They are English army officers on leave from India service; they would consider a day without curry a day lost."

"Your tone has a ring of sympathy that tells a tale. I see," said Daphne, looking into Sir Philip's face with a resigned air, "I shall have to eat all the odorous combinations that go to make up the gum and substance of a proper curry."

Tiffin over, as they passed out of the dining room Daphne said to St. Egerton, who walked beside her,

"You are not going to the teas with us, are you?"

"My promise to do so was given with Sir Philip's," he replied, rather stiffly.

"Are you not afraid to go? You are almost sure to meet some of those 'pert, noisy American women' you consider so decidedly second-rate. You know they manage to get everywhere, even into the sacred seclusion of English homes."

Did it, for an instant, occur to St. Egerton that Daphne could be pert—a highborn, high-bred English girl? Assuredly not. Still, such very high spirits and such a constant determination to throw everything into a ridiculous light showed a new phase of her character less pleasing to his Scotch reserve. But he could not help laughing as he answered,

" You are quite alarming. But if your prediction comes to pass, just stand by me, please, and I will prove to you that one English-woman can make me blind and deaf to a score of Americans."

CHAPTER III.

EVENING had come, dinner was over, and the Leightons were lounging in the rattan easy chairs that are such an attractive necessity in eastern houses. St. Egerton was with them.

Their private drawing room was not at all smart or splendid, as it would have been in a Chicago or New York hotel. Instead, it had just that unobtrusive touch of time, of newness worn off, that gives an impression of comfort.

Daphne was still enthusiastic upon the subject of the jinrikisha coolie. She maintained that besides being good-tempered he must be clever as well, to follow so incoherent a directory as Yokohama furnishes.

A large city numbered in the order of the erection of the buildings, as is the case with the Foreign Settlement of Yokohama, instead of in rows or streets, is a bewilderment to any but "the oldest inhabitant."

To be told that you can buy your hat at No. 75 and your shoes at No. 76 sounds expeditious, but there is disappointment in the discovery that half a mile's distance—or more—of turns and angles must be made between Nos. 75 and 76.

This very singular freak of fashion extends to the residences on "The Bluff." To be set down in the middle of the main avenue when you have asked to be taken to No. 1, and to be carried to the extreme end of it when you mention No. 2 is rather surprising to a newcomer.

To make a straightforward entrance into the grounds of *A* and then expect to enter an adjoining place to find your friends of *A½* is an entire mistake; you are much more likely to enter a maze of little leafy lanes, and find the bungalow of your search clinging to the side of the hill in a new region.

"I trust we have finished with Yokohama

teas," groaned Daphne, from the depths of her long Hong-Kong chair. I was very glad to get out of the drawing rooms and into my jinrikisha. You do not like Americans, Mr. St. Egerton, but you surely must make an exception in favor of the pretty young wife of an American naval officer who called on Mrs. Merton while we were there. She was so bright, so sparkling."

" Was she? To me she seemed bold and rustic, rather a loud nymph, in fact."

" I think you are really too severe, Mr. St. Egerton."

" Did you notice her hat?" inquired St. Egerton, significantly.

" I cannot deny," said Daphne, gravely, "that the sidewise slant of her sailor hat was rather staggering."

" A sailor hat worn straight is sensible and refined, but a sailor hat worn on the side becomes rowdyish at once."

" I know it, but I think I have never before heard the idea expressed by a man. Where did you acquire your keen observation, Mr. St. Egerton?"

" You are chaffing me now, Miss Carew."

" Don't look so hurt about it," said Daphne, turning upon him a radiant smile. " I apologize, and return to the pretty American. I believe she gave her hat its tip-over and assumed a racketing manner only when she caught the cold stare of those critical daughters of Britannia, Mrs. Langton and Mrs. Solly-Jones. They looked upon her arrival with such evident objection, they aroused her American spirit of mischievous disregard."

" In such a case as this I cannot consider 'mischievous disregard' a very desirable trait," St. Egerton said coldly.

" I admired it in her," said Daphne, waxing warm in defense. " I was strongly tempted to tilt my own hat on one side, twist my shoulders from side to side as I walked, and give shrieks of mirth, just as she did."

St. Egerton gazed at Daphne in a sort of stupefied amazement.

" I assure you," she continued, with undiminished nerve, " that when the American beauty took her departure, with three very desirable English naval officers in her wake, the faces of Mrs. Langton and Mrs. Solly-Jones were worth studying. Their dismay was gigantic."

Mrs. Langton and Mrs. Solly-Jones had surrounded themselves in Yokohama with a

wall of exclusiveness which they intended to be quite insurmountable to any but titled English people and other distinguished foreigners. Americans they excluded entirely—that is, American women—as having too much charm and too little ancestry. Their own existence previous to their present wealth and social pinnacle they fondly imagined to be lost in the dim impressions of a rapidly shifting population which moves on and disappears like a dissolving view.

But there were still resident in Yokohama some persons with memories reaching back to the time when Mr. Langton made his entrance into Japan as a steamer steward, and when his wife cooked dinners for others, much less elaborate than those she now presided over in her own elegantly appointed residence.

As for Mrs. Solly-Jones, she had a more interesting claim to distinction, in that she had all but lost her character on several occasions. Having saved it just sufficiently, however, to remain within the very elastic circles of fashionable Yokohama, she now wore an air of stern and forbidding morality.

Daphne had seen the mask of Scotch reticence drop over St. Egerton's face when she confessed her dangerous temptations to assume American styles, but, still undaunted, she pursued the American subject.

"I am sorry you dislike Americans, Mr. St. Egerton. I rather like them."

"I do not dislike them," protested St. Egerton. "On the contrary, I think some American women are a very jolly sort to meet and know, but I could never marry an American, as so many of our fellows do."

"Have you ever been asked to marry one?" said Daphne, in a voice muffled with suppressed laughter.

"I beg pardon?"

"Oh, it was not worth saying once. I certainly dare not repeat it. You were speaking of American women—"

"I always think of them as having more cleverness than soul. Will you forgive me for saying that you convey to me sometimes a fleeting suggestion of American traits? Of course, only faintly."

"I hope 'only faintly,'" said Daphne, averting her head to hide a smile.

"Most assuredly," said he with energy. "You know you have that faith that is woman's sweetest the world over—a belief in soul."

"I did once say to you—I remember it—that I thought a large soul quite as effective for a woman as a large intellect, and better in many ways, but I did not know that sentiment to be the exclusive possession of Englishwomen."

"I did not intend—"

"Would it be too shockingly suggestive of America to say that I have come to the conclusion that a large intellect is far more convenient and comfortable for a woman than a large soul?"

"Daphne!" called Lady Leighton from the veranda, where she and Sir Philip had strolled for a conjugal gossip, "there is a house on fire near here. Come out and see a Japanese fire company."

Daphne bounded through the open French window, eagerly ready for a new Japanese sight. She was more deliberately followed by St. Egerton, who sauntered up and down the veranda, his thoughts still dwelling upon American intellect and English soul.

The streets were white with moonlight, the flames of the fire were sending bright glares down the *bund*, but beautiful little lanterns were bobbing everywhere, notwithstanding. Evidently, the Japanese have no proverb that corresponds to our expression of condensed absurdity—"Carrying coals to Newcastle." Each fireman carried his lantern, different from ordinary lanterns in that it was swung upon a long pole and resembled an invalid firefly in the dazzlement of the blazing buildings.

To take a lantern to a conflagration must be somewhat embarrassing to a professional fireman, and it is needless to say that the fire ran a comparatively unmolested course. A woman and child were burnt to death, and the destruction of property was disastrously large,—but no lanterns were lost.

When there is not any fire to combat, Japanese firemen can do wondrous deeds, with their ladders especially. They have an annual parade of acrobatic feats, which is intended to impress the inhabitants with great confidence—in popular language, this might be best termed a "ladder recital."

Possibly, Japanese firemen might be a success if buildings would be obliging enough to take fire during the day, but by night, when lanterns are *de rigueur*, woe betide!

The October night comes softly on, lanterns vanish, the rockets from an American man-of-war, signaling the flagship in the offing,

flash their message, on the veranda "Good-night, sleep well," is tenderly whispered, and Daphne's first day in the Land of Sunrise has ended.

CHAPTER IV.

DURING the week that the Leightons waited ashore for the *Shadow's* sailing orders, their life went on with a regularity of sightseeing and excursion that might have become wearisome had it been prolonged indefinitely. They visited those gloomy bronze idols that look down at themselves in perpetual complacency. They climbed the steep narrow street of the little Bay Island of Enoshima, lingering in the booths and shops, filled with curious spoils of the sea. They wandered in the parks of Tokio, and drank an infusion of salted cherry blossoms to refresh themselves after mounting the flight of stone steps to get the magnificent view of the bay, the Hakone Mountains, and the picturesque, far distant Awa.

But their most satisfactory effort, except that Sir Philip was not able to accompany them, was an energetic trip to Nikko, "The Beautiful," spending at Utsinomiya, *en route*, a night at a Japanese inn of famous native elegance. The sleeping apartments were of extreme Japanese refinement, bounded on all sides by sliding partitions, and containing no furniture whatever,—indeed, they contained nothing but a bronze lotus blossom in a bronze jar.

Lady Leighton and Daphne were discouraged at such a total absence of everything, and seemed hardly consoled when St. Egerton said,

"This is a room of exquisite refinement. Imagine yourselves members of a Daimio household, and remember that, according to Buddhist ideas, the purified soul in the Buddhist Paradise rests and meditates upon a lotus."

"I am sure I should rest and meditate much more sweetly if I could have less lotus and more washbowl and pitcher."

St. Egerton smiled at Daphne's disconsolate wish and said reassuringly,

"You will forget all these vexations when the morning comes, I hope. I want you to be perfectly happy at perfectly beautiful Nikko."

Daphne was repentant at once and said quickly and gratefully,

"You have already made the journey a

delight to us, Mr. St. Egerton; has he not, Debsie?"

"He has indeed, in its smallest circumstances even," Lady Leighton heartily responded.

St. Egerton's face flushed with pleasure.

"I did not intend," he said, "to bring down on my bashful head such a shower of pleasant speeches. I must change the subject before my face gets too glowing a color. Shall we go into the garden? It is full of skillful landscape effects; islands, grottoes, ponds, streams, and arched bridges."

"We have looked at it from the little upper balcony," said Lady Leighton, "and Daphne has been wishing to walk about it, to assure herself it is real and not a toy. But it is such a Lilliputian domain I am afraid there is not room for many giants at once."

So Daphne and St. Egerton strolled together beyond the polished floors and dainty matting into the caressing fragrance of the queer little garden. The early evening was growing dim, but on one face shone "the light that never was on sea or land."

When arrangements for night were made and the sleeping mats were brought in at the bed hour, and Lady Leighton and Daphne were settling themselves to repose in Japanese fashion in the room of the lotus blossom, which they shared together, Daphne said, with timid hesitation,

"Debsie, I wish you would be more kind to Mr. St. Egerton."

"More kind!" repeated Lady Leighton, in astonishment. "When have I been unkind? You are mysterious, Daphne."

"I will tell you what I mean. I hope you will not be vexed with me. You know he is so kind, and takes such a lot of trouble to make everything pleasant for us, and to tell us those pretty legends, yet you—you do so discourage him sometimes," she stammered.

"Will you kindly make your meaning a trifle—just a trifle—clearer?" Lady Leighton asked with intensely meek encouragement, as Daphne still hesitated.

"Yes, I'll try again. It was really a good deal of bother to him to arrange for our day at Kamakura, and when we reached there and he was telling you that, although it is now a commonplace village, it had once been a large city; that it is one of the 'cock-pits' of Japan, the scene of battles where streams of blood have flowed,—"

"And many other facts of that nature," interpolated Lady Leighton.

"Instead of sympathizing with his enthusiasm for Japan and its rich remains of art and history, you told him that such bygone greatness did not interest you in the least; that you would far rather know something of the prospect in regard to a satisfactory, civilized luncheon."

Daphne had snuggled herself between her mats spread on the floor on one side of the room, while, on the opposite side, Lady Leighton was shaking hers, with a vague hope of making them more luxurious. Failing in that, she turned out the light of the primitive little kerosene lamp and said, as if it were easier to be penitent in the darkness,

"I suppose I was hungry by that time. Hungry people are apt to be captious."

If she thought the subject was exhausted, it was a mistake. Daphne, too, found the darkness a help, and returned to the charge.

"Again at Kamakura, when he had persuaded the guide to show us the swords that belonged to the Shōguns, the scabbards elaborately wrought with the gold chrysanthemum, the mikado's crest; the bows and arrows heavily embossed with gold and silver storks, once the property of Iymitsu, the third Shōgun,—you said they were exquisitely valuable and therefore worth looking at, but you did not care whether they belonged to the first Shōgun, or the third, or, indeed, to any Shōgun at all. Oh, Debsie! you must have been in a *famishing* condition then."

"You seem to have forgotten, Daphne, that *you* have sometimes failed to show appreciative credulity. I will recall an instance for *your* benefit. On the Island of Enoshima, when we reached the temple of Benten, you asked, with an air of eager longing for information, 'Who was Benten?' and St. Egerton replied, delighted at your interest, 'She is the patron saint of Enoshima, a sort of feminine St. Patrick, worshiped with particular unction as the mistress, tamer, and banisher of the dragons that once ravaged the surrounding marshes.' Have you any recollection of your behavior on that occasion?"

"None whatever. I hope I was not hungry and cross," Daphne cried, with dramatic energy.

"You were extremely skeptical, which was just as disagreeable to 'kind' Mr. St.

Egerton. You said to him, 'I wish you could show us some other representation of Benten. The very mild, motherly aspect of this one is hardly compatible with such a valorous reputation.' That must have been somewhat discouraging, and your crime is greater than mine, because I was only hungry, while you were intentionally provoking."

"I am not going to be provoking any more. Good-night, dear Debsie Leighton."

"If you become too, too gentle and meek and good I shall become alarmed. However, I think that danger is not so imminent that I need lie awake over it to-night. Good-night, dear Daphne Carew."

St. Egerton was right. All vexations were forgotten when the bright morning came. The jinrikisha ride through the avenue of venerable cryptomeria trees which meet in an arch so very high above their heads; the ancient, lordly avenue, ending at the sacred red lacquer bridge which spans the gorge over a rushing, tumbling river; and just beyond, the broad, shallow, mossy stone steps, leading through the dim green gloaming of forest trees to the marvelous shrines on the mountain heights of Nikko,—all this was beautiful beyond words.

CHAPTER V.

Now the *Shadow's* sailing orders have come, and good-bys are relentlessly drawing near. On their last evening in Yokohama, St. Egerton and Daphne stood at the veranda railing, watching the glimmering lights of the fleets, junks, and fishing sampans lying near the shore, and compared the sweetness, sadness, and grace of the farewells of different countries.

To him the coming farewell could have only a rueful tone in any tongue, but Daphne showed such eager anticipation of her cruise there was, apparently, no thought of him or sympathy for his desolate regrets. Not that he looked desolate: his eyes always turned upon her with a brightening glance of admiring regard, and his blithe heartiness of manner did not fail.

A Scotchman's sleeve is not often appropriated to the exhibition of a Scotchman's heart; but Daphne knew, with tender intuition, that he had become dearly interested in her, and a twinge of apprehension pricked her mind as she thought of the unyielding fiber of his grim Scotch conscience being confronted, at some future time, with her

deception. It had seemed just a jolly little joke at first, but it had assumed unthought-of proportions.

And St. Egerton knew that she was to him the one woman in all the world with whom it would be a delight to float across the smooth, sunny lagoons of life, or to shelter with his love through its cruel typhoons.

She roused from uneasy reveries to hear St. Egerton saying,

"I think the softest, most musical farewell of any language is the Japanese, *Sayonara*. Do not say that to me to-morrow, for it seems the saddest one of all. Let me have *Auf Wiedersehen* with its ray of hope."

"Why should it seem sad?" Daphne said, trying to speak lightly. "I cannot associate a sentiment of sadness with the Japanese people. I believe they have buried their souls in the lotus and 'live, but never think.'"

She looked so very lovely as she stood in the faint light, one arm clasping the slender pillar and a strange, half-tender look upon her face. St. Egerton, with folded arms, leaning back against the railing, watched her with admiration as he said,

"To show you how sad *Sayonara* may be, I will tell you a story as I heard it from a friend who was present at the execution of a military criminal—if you care to hear it."

"I should like to hear it," Daphne said, gently, as she turned away from the harbor lights and looked up into his face. "Please begin."

"I will tell it in the words of my friend as nearly as I can. As the poor fellow knelt, pinioned over the executioner's block, he spoke a few words of farewell to his countrymen. Then with one last, lingering, longing look at them and at the surrounding hills of his beautiful and beloved land, for which, out of a mad, mistaken sense of patriotism, he was about to die, he shouted *Sayonara!* The assembled multitudes shouted back *Sayonara!* And before the soft echoes had died away, the keen two-handed sword had done its work, and the wretch had passed into eternity."

"Your friend told the story very touchingly, Mr. St. Egerton," Daphne said, with a pathetic vibration in her voice, but with an effort toward a smile, as she looked into his steadfast eyes and held out to him for a moment's grasp both her hands. "Let me say *Sayonara* just for to-night, but I,

too, shall want 'a ray of hope' to-morrow."

For one dazed, delicious instant St. Egerton was silent and then, alone.

CHAPTER VI.

THE morning of departure has come. On board the *Shadow* good-bys are being said, friends from shore and from other ships are wishing *bon voyage* to Captain Dunraven and his guests. Captain Wilton, of H. M. S. *Lapwing*, has invited St. Egerton to return to shore with him and, having no reason for lingering himself, and with no suspicion that his friend would be very happy to linger, he is the first to end his adieus.

St. Egerton's moments are numbered, but he snatches one away from precious, flying time to say in a low voice, charged with annoyance,

"I don't understand your beastly hurry, Wilton."

Either from a lack of sympathy or from a lack of hearing Captain Wilton gave no reprieve. So St. Egerton expressed to Sir Philip and Lady Leighton the pleasure it had given him to be with them in Japan and his regrets that the parting had come so soon.

Then, with a swift, impetuous step, he crossed the deck to Daphne. She stood near Captain Dunraven, who considerately moved away as St. Egerton advanced.

"I have come to tell you good-by," he said. "I find it is a very sad word in any language. But for my sake, throw in it all the hope you can, won't you?"

She looked straight into his yearning face and said, with sweet sincerity,

"I wish you were going with us, I shall miss you very, very much. I am sure no one else will be so kind as you have been and I 'hope,' as earnestly as you can wish, that we may meet again."

Yet, in the fresh activity of embarking, the novelty of the coming days, and the vivacity of her anticipation, Daphne's *Auf Wiedersehen* lacked the wistfulness that had given to St. Egerton his twinkle of happiness the night before. To him the world had given nothing better than the hours he had spent with her, in which she had amused and baffled him with her sudden transitions from a pathos, glowing with tenderness, to a nimble-witted drollery, almost beyond his slow Scotch appreciation.

"Call away the *Lapwing's* gig," is the

order shouted along the deck of the *Shadow* and taken up by the boatswain's whistle.

The white boat with her crew in dark blue jumpers resting on their oars at a short distance from the ship, pulled swiftly alongside, sharply and skillfully rounded to by the coxswain, close to the accommodation ladder. Captain Wilton stepped in, seated himself in the stern sheets with St. Egerton beside him, took the tiller ropes, gave the curt orders, "Shove off," "Give way," and the gig glided over the little waves to the *hatoba*.

Possibly Daphne might have watched the boat that held so devoted a friend fade into distance if her attention had not been demanded by the American admiral.

This dignitary hated an Englishman with the deep sincerity of bitterness that an Englishman deals out to a Frenchman. His manner was situated, so to speak, almost too far from the equator; but, as Daphne had liked him when she met him in Yokohama, and as he had known Sir Philip under rather genial circumstances at Tokio legations, he did his official leave-taking courtesy with tolerable grace.

"You are to have the most enchanting journey a woman ever had, Miss Carew. Take my congratulations that you will ride out at anchor your nights in the Inland Sea, and so have all its beauties by daylight."

"Yes, I realize that I am to have privileges far beyond the usual globe-trotter. But that has its bad side too, for Captain Dunraven's ship hospitalities will spoil all ordinary, hereafter travel for me."

"That is *his* privilege. I am inclined to envy him."

The admiral hadn't it on his conscience that his prejudices had ever embittered him against an Englishwoman, that is, a charming Englishwoman.

"I hope," he continued, "you will transfer your flag to the *Missouri* if we meet in Chinese waters, and let me show you how kindly American tars will treat you."

"Oh, thank you, Admiral!" Daphne replied, with a beaming look. "If the opportunity will only obligingly come, I will gladly 'sail the seas over' with you."

Then the admiral's barge came to the ladder, sideboys were piped, the admiral and the English captain followed by the admiral's aid and the *Shadow's* first lieutenant passed down the deck, and there remained

now only an American commander standing by to say adieu. He had known some of the officers of the *Shadow* in South America in years past, and he expresses, with western voluminousness of manner, the polite hope that he may meet them some time in the United States, where he expects to be as soon after his relief arrives as the home-going steamer will carry him.

Daphne contrasts the delicate elegance of the American commander's dress and appearance with the somewhat careless ease, indifference, and age of the uniforms of the English officers; and looking over the ship's side into his sea equipage awaiting him, she notices the beauty of his boatcloth and cushions compared with the rather aggressive plainness of the English boats.

The last boat has shoved off, the *Shadow* moves, the pathetic strains of "Auld Lang Syne"—played for the *Shadow's* departure—floating over the air from the American flagship grow fainter with distance, and Yokohama fades from sight.

Daphne had heard once before the tender tune of "Auld Lang Syne" similarly played, when she watched from the windows of the Grand Hotel the departure of a division of the English fleet. Nine immense white men-of-war leaving the harbor, one after another falling into line with perfect grace and precision, "to sail beyond the sunset," was a sight not easily forgotten. She did then feel almost ashamed of being an American. Nine ships moving together—and those only a small part of the English squadron in Asiatic waters—while the wealthy, powerful United States was represented by four forlorn specimens of antiquated naval architecture.

It is not surprising that American admirals should lose in the East the sweetness of their dispositions. Korea always suspected of being on the verge of an outbreak, the American minister there shaking in his official shoes, consequently one ship obliged to lie in the port of the Korean capital; Chinese soldiers on a loot and American missionaries pleading for a gunboat at Chefoo; American consulate on the Yangtse River burned by rioters and American lives in danger; a threatened repetition of the Tientsin massacre and an actual necessity for a gunboat throughout the winter there; American interests continually demanding American ships in Japan; and, for all this,

a fleet of four or five to draw upon. For many years the chief representative of the United States squadron in Yokohama was a side-wheel, ferry-boat sort of affair, derivatively called by the Japanese, "the admiral's *jinrikisha*."

Daphne's enthusiastic ideas of the pleasure of a man-of-war cruise received a cold dash at the outset. Having regarded the *Shadow* as a large, distinguished yacht, where she had but to follow her own sweet will, on the deck and elsewhere, her petted delusion was rudely shaken by a brusque request from Captain Dunraven that she would dispense with her parasol while in port. She thought him a very disagreeable officer and wished herself the guest of the American admiral instead, feeling confident that no American officer would discipline a lady.

She was quite mistaken there, but, reluctantly admitting the incongruity of a bright parasol on the deck of a fighting vessel, she obediently folded it and blinked through her leave-takings.

The arrangement of the cabins also was unyachty. The captain's after-cabin, with a guest-room adjoining, in the extreme stern, was comfortably fitted up. Had it not been for the gun tracks crossing the floor—or rather the deck—and for the guns peering out of their ports while their bigness backed into the cabin, the air of these quarters would have been very homelike. There were easy chairs, an upright piano, and an array of valuable Japanese porcelains and ivories, collected for the galleries and corner cupboards of the old manor house in Devonshire, when the cruise should be over.

Captain Dunraven was a lover of ivory carvings. Not altogether, he said, for the rich mellow color or the skill of the artisan, but because when he looked at them his thoughts roamed far away to an African jungle with the moonlight streaming through it and an elephant's tusks gleaming in the shimmering distance.

In the captain's cabin monkeys hung and dangled everywhere; monkeys painted by famous dead-and-gone artists on *kakamono* now softly dim with age; monkeys carved in ivory, clinging to suspended ropes; besides, there was a live monkey on board, the pet of the crew. This imp was regularly dressed in the uniform of the day, white jumpers, or blue, as the weather demanded.

In order to reach the after-cabin one passed through another large cabin used as a dining-room; this, also, "cluttered up some," as Mary E. Wilkins would say, with two large guns. On one side were the stateroom and small cabin assigned to Lady Leighton and her niece—the ones usually occupied by the captain as a bedroom and secluded library. For the greater convenience of his lady guests, Captain Dunraven had taken possession of the guest stateroom of the ship, while Sir Philip had received and accepted an invitation from the wardroom, to the extent of quarters.

With exquisite taste and London facilities, Mrs. Dunraven had fitted up her husband's quarters before he sailed from England. They were painted in white and gold, with hangings of yellow satin. There were silver equipments for the writing table; on the bulkheads—the partition walls—family pictures, framed in silver hearts and enamelled English ensigns, and a pair of silver oars hooked on a shield of blue velvet (a boat-race prize); mementoes and gifts from members of the Royal Family, presented after courtesies received on board; books everywhere—in every respect Captain Dunraven's quarters were daintily comfortable.

When Lady Leighton and Daphne had settled their few belongings, their largest trunks and unnecessary luggage having been stowed away in some far down region, they left the cabin and climbed the little ladder to the poop deck, where parasols and lounging chairs were no longer prohibited, since sea and sky could pass no criticisms.

Sailors were on the spars and rigging, officers were giving orders in what seemed to Daphne a very *choppy* manner, and the Leightons were left for a short time the sole possessors of the poop deck.

Just before eight bells were struck for noon, the first lieutenant, a tall blond "gentleman sailor" with a broad sweet-tempered countenance, who had assumed the nautical education of Miss Carew, came up the ladder with an easy, stalwart jump, spy glass under his arm, and invited her to go with him to see the men "take their grog."

She turned a perplexed glance toward Lady Leighton, doubtful of being permitted such a high form of entertainment, for grog-shops had not heretofore come in her way; but receiving a complacent, pushing nod from the guardian of her cruising destiny, who had

disposed herself cozily beside the mizzen mast, with an attractive novel, she followed her guide down the ladder.

Near the main mast was a large, tall oak tub, bound with a wide brass hoop, shining bright of course, as is every bit of brass on board a man-of-war, on which was engraved in large letters reaching round the circle, "God save the Queen."

The sailors were coming in groups, fine British fellows to drink the queen's health in a good quality of old rum. There were nearly three hundred of them, and the allowance only a wee swallow for each one. The novelty of seeing a lovely girl presiding at this function gave them an abashed air, but it pleased them too, and they responded to her look of smiling interest with a hearty salute.

After the men had ambled away to their dinner Lieutenant Morrison and Daphne strolled up and down the quarter-deck among the guns and coils of rope. He was explaining to her the custom of the grog ration.

"We believe," he said, "that with the daily certainty of a little sip on board, and that of a mellow quality, the sailors are less likely to frequent low drink-shops when they have liberty ashore."

"Has not the 'grog ration' been abolished in the American navy with tolerable success?" Daphne hazarded. "I think I have heard that in their service there are no more drunken sailors now than there used to be with their 'certain little sip on board.'"

"Perhaps the Americans were influenced by a motive greater than the temperance question. It may have been the consideration of one less appropriation for an economical Congress to make." It was Lieutenant Morrison that made this random, disparaging suggestion.

"When taking high moral ground will save appropriating money for other people than himself," answered Daphne, demurely, "I have understood that you may trust a congressman to soar to any height, but you do him injustice now."

"How are you so well-informed in regard to 'congressmen,' Miss Carew?" asked Lieutenant Morrison, taken by surprise.

"I heard an American naval officer discussing this very subject with some of your officers in Yokohama," she answered, with a slight blush, "and I am almost sure he said that the cost of the rum ration had been added to Jacky's food ration."

"You have quite disarmed me."

"Have I? Then I have performed an argumentative feat. I am proud and delighted. Now won't you add to my success," Daphne said with a laughing twinkle in her eyes, "by admitting that an insular attachment to effete customs is the shortest method of accounting for your old 'grog ration'?"

"I see you are chaffing me, but I think I can convince you——"

"You need not try, Mr. Morrison. Certainly if good Queen Victoria can encircle the grog-tub with her approval I cannot presume to question it."

Lieutenant Morrison glanced at her with an admiring look as he said, "I could not—I should not like to think of you among 'women reformers.'"

"I have no wish or ability to be placed in that category. If nature had really contemplated an heroic turn for me, mamma would have intercepted it. She keeps what we call her 'Old English' fondness for *fireside* women, and if I ever wander into the realm of emancipated ideas I am recalled with a reproachful 'You are wandering from the fireside, Daphne dear.'"

"I agree with your mother. I prefer 'fireside women.'"

"Oh, Mr. Morrison, do look at that junk with the poetical ruffled sails coming so near us! Is there any danger of our running it down?"

"These junks are constantly crossing our bows, and we have to keep a sharp lookout. In some cases they are trying to be struck for the clear gain of the indemnification. But they are beautiful, these old junks, are they not? They are built on such exquisite lines. I am sorry that they are passing away and will not be replaced."

"It is a pity indeed," said Daphne regretfully, as she looked over the water at the ocher sails skimming before the breeze. "I suppose the Japan that Miss Bird wrote about will soon be 'advanced' beyond recognition."

"Then you have read Miss Bird's experiences in Japan?" Lieutenant Morrison inquired, as his eyes turned away from the shining sea to look into his companion's animated face.

"Yes, I have read that book, and others of hers. If I had not read them before, I should have done so between San Francisco and Yokohama."

"Why are you so sure of that?"

"Because they were the prevailing Pacific literature. One or another of them was always flopping open on vacated steamer chairs or transoms. To read them seemed to be the one preparation for the East considered essential by the novice in globe-trotting." And then Daphne added quickly, "But I am not fond of Miss Bird."

"She is rather an inaccurate writer," Lieutenant Morrison said, as if trying to find an excuse for this audacity.

"Is she?" Daphne asked in an astonished tone. "Still, that does not take away my admiration for her exploring courage. I only wish she would not be so incessantly tiresome with her discomforts; her beds tumbling down, her mosquito bites inflaming, or her breakfasts being too late." Daphne crinkled her face into a disgusted little grimace.

"I think so too," Lieutenant Morrison responded, with a laugh gurgling with sympathy. "If people will trot all over the world, into the most out-of-the-way places, I think they should not do a lot of grumbling. Even unique mishaps are not always interesting to readers."

A turn in their pacing promenade brought them near the cabin door which stood invitingly open, though guarded by a scarlet-coated orderly, and Daphne, considerately remembering that the executive officer might have other cares more important than enlightening the mind of a land-lubber girl, thanked him for her stroll and vanished within the seclusion that jolly old *Pinafore* has made forever famous.

Lieutenant Morrison had none of the prejudice against Americans that was considered by Daphne the flaw in St. Egerton's character. On the contrary, he had once known, at Bermuda, a Boston girl so charming she had inspired him with a determination to marry an American. The Boston "blessing" was already appropriated, but he was reserving his love and devotion until fate should be kind enough to "bring all things round to him who waits."

He rapidly became a true admirer of Daphne Carew, not so much for her beauty as for the sweetness of her womanhood, which made her beauty seem really intended for domestic use; but he was in no danger—so he thought—of being other than a calm admirer of any English girl.

Luncheon was served in the cabin at one

o'clock, by sturdy marines who seemed to shove into a distant past the dining room goblins of the Yokohama hotel.

The Leightons found, besides Lieutenant Morrison, two junior lieutenants from the wardroom invited to meet them; one of them a son of a lord of the admiralty, the other a descendant of a long line of naval grandfathers, one of whom had fought with Nelson at Trafalgar.

Captain Dunraven was an enthusiast on the subject of Lord Nelson. Nelson was his worshiped hero, Nelson's book of despatches was his Bible, and it was a pleasure to him to have on board even so remote a suggestion of Nelson as this black-eyed junior. Lady Leighton was aware of Captain Dunraven's adoration and had warned her niece that, if she wished to recompense him for his hospitality, to be respectfully sympathetic whenever he should mention his pet subject would go very far toward doing so.

She obediently intended to sympathize with him, but with three interesting lieutenants standing by to give her their attention, it was stupid to have to listen to Lord Nelson's exploits told in detail. Therefore, when the captain appealed to her to picture to herself what the world would have been if Nelson had never lived, she looked into his face with the steady innocence of a cherub and told him—as if she had guessed successfully a very difficult riddle—

"I suppose in that case it would never have occurred to English naval officers to do their duty."

Lady Leighton broke the gasp of silence that followed this bit of effrontery by mentioning the deliciousness of the *pâté de foie gras*, although she said it was with a degree of bashfulness that she confessed that the diseased liver of a goose was not to her the height of delectability.

The information given her by Captain Dunraven, that the one she was eating had been "indisposed" to the extent of weighing four pounds, did not strike her with the delight that was intended, but it diverted them all for the moment from Daphne's *diablerie*, the point most desired just then.

Unexpected diversions follow. A midshipman enters, bringing reports from the officer of the deck to the captain. A storm threatens, evidences of it are felt in the cabin. Lady Leighton feels excellent reasons for wishing that she had not eaten *pâté de foie gras*, even

for the laudable sake of shielding the flippancy of her niece.

The reports are brought more frequently and become more serious. The pleasant luncheon comes to an untimely end, Lady Leighton and Daphne mark out a rapid course to their cabins, where stewards and sailors have already been expeditiously at work, packing away pictures and bric-a-brac in the little lockers built under transoms, under berths, and in every odd corner; securely lashing bookcases, chairs, and tables; ripping up rugs and carpets; and, altogether, desolating the charming apartments that will spring into beauty again when a quiet anchorage is reached.

The captain gets into his storm paraphernalia, hurriedly expresses the infeasible though courteous hope that his guests will make themselves comfortable, and goes out upon the busy deck to meet, with days and nights of ceaseless vigilance, the dangers and horrors of a raging typhoon.

CHAPTER VII.

A BEAUTIFUL morning was shining when the weatherbeaten *Shadow* entered the harbor of Kobe. This port is charmingly situated. A level strip of plain on the seashore, covered with the foreign settlement and Japanese business quarter, extends to the foot of fir-covered mountains which rise behind it, a dark, rich background. They are dotted with bungalows, and hold in their recesses, within easy walking distance from the town, waterfalls and ravines of rare, wild beauty, while the heights are covered with famous shrines and temples.

The *Shadow* came into this welcome shelter on the mikado's birthday, the most brilliant holiday of the year. All the men-of-war in the harbor were "dressed" in honor of the emperor, bright signal flags flying from masts and rigging. Many of the ships were "dressed rainbow"; for this, a line is passed from the bow to the trucks of the masts, down again to the stern, fringed from end to end with these flags of various colors. H. M. S. *Shadow* also hoisted her signals of international respect, tricing up at the instant of letting go the anchor.

When a man-of-war drops anchor in port the cabin of the commanding officer becomes a vortex of activity. There are official visits to be received immediately from other men-of-war, and later from the governor, consuls,

and other prominent people ashore; there are frequent interviews with his own officers, and no end of papers to be examined and signed, for all the transactions of the ship's business affairs must pass the scrutiny of the commanding officer.

Outside, as well, is a busy scene. Bum-boat sampans, loaded with fresh meats and vegetables, crowd up to the ship's ladder; sampans bringing curio merchants and their wares; sampans empty, lingering near hoping to take passengers ashore. All these are allowed only on the port side of the ship—the starboard ladder is reserved for the "quality."

Daphne was loitering on the upper deck watching the commotion below.

"Sir Philip," she said, as her uncle came up the little ladder to join her, "do you know I have not yet been in a sampan? It is very elegant and delightful to do one's sea promenading in man-of-war boats, but I should very much like the novelty of a ride in one of those fascinating little hooded boats."

"You shall have one at once, my dear," he said, with affectionate alacrity. "I intended to go ashore this morning to engage jinrikishas for our special service while we are in Kobe, and you can help me to select them."

"Are we to be here many days?"

"For a fortnight at least, Captain Dunraven tells me."

"I wonder if Debsie will go with us? I will go in and ask her."

Daphne turned to go down the ladder.

"I will go. You wait for me here. I should prefer not to have you pass through the captain's cabin just now. There are so many official visits going on and it is so unusual for women to be passenger guests on board a cruising ship you might cause an interruption."

Sir Philip tossed overboard his half-smoked cigar, went down the ladder and disappeared in the cabin. He soon returned.

"My lady is too comfortable to be disturbed," he said. "Her cabin has been restored to its original beautiful condition, and she says she would rather recover her sleep, 'carried away' by the typhoon than do anything else. So you and I will skip away together."

"Are we to start at once? I am quite ready. Fortunately, my gloves are in my jacket pocket."

"Yes, at once. I have asked the quartermaster of the watch to call a sampan alongside."

Already it had waddled to the starboard ladder, very rapidly propelled with strength and skill by the muscular coolie that wielded its one scull, and Sir Philip and Daphne started for the shore.

At the *hatoba*, drawn up in a dignified line, they found an array of *jinrikishas* and coolies quite superior to any to be seen elsewhere in the East, wearing a dark blue uniform, whole, clean, and comfortable. Tattered, shabby coolies do drag *jinrikishas* in Kobe, but there is a class of thoroughbreds, governed and regulated by the city council of the Foreign Concession, who are kept in a well-groomed condition.

Daphne looked over the liveried band, all pressing eagerly forward to secure these attractive looking customers, with the quick discernment one soon acquires in taking a *jinrikisha*.

"Be deliberate in making your selection, Daphne. Remember that it is for a permanent arrangement."

Sir Philip said this by way of warning, seeing her tender heart was touched by the pathetic patience expressed in the face of one of the applicants.

"I am going to order a double one," he continued, "to be at the landing every morning hereafter, with a seat wide enough for two persons."

"For you and Debsie?" cried Daphne.

Sir Philip laughed at her horrified countenance.

"I am not going to impose two substantial persons on one poor coolie, my dear child," he said. "We shall be drawn by two men tandem with a third one, a 'pusher,' behind. I can get the double one only by special order in advance. I shall take one of these this morning."

"I have decided upon this one," Daphne said, with her hand on the wheel of the one drawn by the bent little coolie with the pinched face.

"But that man appears so much less robust than the others. I think you would better take a stronger one," Sir Philip suggested.

"That is the reason I want him," Daphne pleaded. "He seems to say with his eyes, 'I wish you might be my light load.' I am not a baby, it is true, but if I do not take him he may have to carry some great, big globe trotter."

"Do you insist? Very well. Fate has

been kind to him to-day in giving him, for a passenger, a merciful girl."

They started off gaily, Sir Philip and Daphne glad to be rid for awhile of the ship that had been the scene of their late misery. Her *jinrikisha* went ahead, according to the invariable custom of having one gentleman of the party in the rear, where he can keep a direct lookout upon the little procession, and see that no mistakes—of route, for instance—are made.

They clattered down the *bund*, past the English Club and the Cricket Grounds; past the tea-firing godowns, where the fragrance of the heated tea floated far beyond the high, jealous walls; through the street of the curio shops, where graceful vases in blue and white porcelain peeped from behind wooden gratings, where lacquer and bronze were set forth conspicuously, and where "old Satsuma" lurked behind gilded sliding closet doors, carefully bagged in very venerable brocade to draw from unwary purses fabulous numbers of *yen*. Having no aim or destination of their own, they allowed the *jinrikihikis* to be "philosophers and guides," knowing that their pride would surely select some pretty vicinity.

After the spin through the principal streets of the city, they crossed the bridge that divides abruptly the business portion of the native town from the sparsely settled suburbs, and followed the track of a dry river bed. The roadway, under an arch of gnarled old trees, was so broad, smooth, and beautiful, Daphne and Sir Philip felt that they could not be hurried over it.

They called "*Mate! mate!*!" This sounded very much as if they were trying to attract the attention of some girl named Mattie, but it was only the Japanese *'rikihiki* "whoa," which stopped their steeds that they might get out and walk.

The coolies gave a grin of encouragement to this brief linguistic attempt, dropped the little carriage shafts, obsequiously hissing, "Heh! heh!" and followed after, mopping their foreheads and talking sociably together as they pulled their empty cabs, discussing, doubtless, the lucky barbarians privileged to wander over their incomparable land.

The river road was almost deserted, no one to be seen but an occasional laborer with dripping slush cans swinging from bamboo shoulder poles.

"This reminds me of the beautiful river

drive from Vienna to Schönbrunn Palace," Sir Philip told Daphne, as they strolled among the shadows that the branches threw across their pathway. "I knew the Vienna drive when the world was young to me and romance was vivid."

Daphne's thoughts were of St. Egerton. This was the first little jaunt that she had taken in Japan without him, and she missed him. Not heeding the glamour that seemed to have colored Sir Philip's Vienna recollections, she asked abruptly,

"Is Mr. St. Egerton ever a very stern man, Sir Philip?"

"I do not know him well enough, personally, to tell you that. All Scotchmen can be stern sometimes, I fancy, and if they reach that perch, it is difficult to coax them down again."

"You know the St. Egerton family, do you not?"

"Very well. They are charming people; they have one of the loveliest places in the north of Scotland but are more to be envied for their long, unclouded ancestry. And I know enough of John St. Egerton to feel sure that, in all the world, there is no better fellow."

"I am so sorry that I did not tell him when he first expressed his views of American women that I am an American. It was shabby in me to accept the confidence of his opinions. It was obtaining them under false pretenses."

Her remorseful tone touched Sir Philip, and he answered, lightly,

"You have not committed a very great wickedness, dear heart."

"It was not a very huge deceit, was it?" she asked, wistfully. "But it has involved me in a lot of bother. I am constantly finding myself in little boxes on account of it," she said, with a laugh breaking through the suspicious moisture in her eyes.

"Why not explain it, and be rid of all this embarrassment?"

"I should feel so stupid and foolish to explain the whole story at this late hour, it will have to go on as it is. Besides," there was a delicate alteration in her tone, "as I cannot now give an explanation to Mr. St. Egerton, to whom it is most due, I would rather not have it mentioned to any one."

"Don't let it trouble you, Daphne dear. You are not likely to meet him again."

Her disappointed glance showed Sir Philip that his effort at consolation was a distinct bungle.

"He thought he should be at Hong-Kong with us this winter," she said. "If he is, I shall be very courageous, and tell him at once that I am a soulless, heartless, shallow American—but I think I should rather not look at him when I tell him."

She sighed as she pictured to herself the glum gloom that would hide the light of his countenance when he heard her confession.

Their conversation was interrupted by the 'rikihikis, who seemed bent on some project. After a few words with them in Japanese, Sir Philip translated their wishes to Daphne.

"They want you to see the prettiest temple in Kobe," he said. "It is high up on the side of a mountain which rises steeply from the edge of the town, and we shall have to climb on foot to reach it; do you care to try it?"

"Oh, yes, Sir Philip!" she said, her face lighting up with eagerness. "We shall seem to be in Tokio again."

"You must not expect a Tokio temple, you would be disappointed. Suygama is not grand in an artificial way. There are no majestic portals, or colossal gods, or even the theater, archery galleries, and shops which amused you so much at Asakusa. Still, it is very lovely in an untamed way and there is one attractive teahouse in the grounds. I think you will like it, even if it does not transport you to Tokio."

They motioned for the 'rikishas; the coolies smiled, bowed, hissed "Heh! heh!" lowered the shafts until their passengers were seated, and whirled them away to the foot of the mountain where they alighted.

To reach the temple they made a long though gradual, easy ascent by a wide pathway of stone steps, under an arch of toreii and forest trees. Nearly two hundred red toreii were placed at frequent stages across the pathway that wound up the mountain, leaving the town that was never distant, quite hidden from sight. Until they reached the broad plateau on which the temple was built, and from which they had a superb view of the city and harbor, they seemed to be in the depth of an immense forest.

The view this day was especially beautiful, the ships were so gay with bunting; the fifteen men-of-war in the harbor, also many merchant vessels decorated.

"I should like to stay here for hours," Daphne said looking dreamily over the quaint bungalows in the town, the white, smooth

roads winding down the hills with *jinrikishas* scampering over them, and, in the farther distance, the majestic ships in the beautiful harbor.

"We have indulged in nearly half an hour of silent reveries," Sir Philip said in surprise, as he looked at his watch. "I have been thinking of old years gone away, dear, and you, I suppose, of happy years to come."

"Oh, no!" she said,—"but of happy days gone away."

"Do you see the red pennant hoisted on the *Shadow*?" he continued more brightly, as if pulling himself together. "It shows that the crew are at dinner. That alone should remind me that noon has come and that the captain's luncheon is drawing near."

"You remind me that I am hungry," said Daphne, rising energetically from the wooden bench, placed to command the most favorable view. "I am constantly forgetting it in Japan. Let us saunter down the beautiful pathway under the *toreii*, and then get back to your good English mutton chops as soon as possible."

At the foot of the hillside their "coachmen" met them with the ever welcoming smile and "Heh!" They arranged themselves on the little narrow seats, gave the order, "*Hatoba!*" dashed away at breakneck speed to the boat landing, and calling a sampan made a wobbly return to the *Shadow*.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE captain, executive officer, and the officer of the deck had come to the ladder on the report of the quartermaster, "Sir Philip is returning to the ship, sir," to receive him with the ceremony due to his rank. He stepped first on the deck, to take the cream of the official attention which was his alone, leaving Daphne to follow. One of the lieutenants had gone down the ladder to her assistance in getting out of the sampan, so she was not ignored or neglected. Nature had not intended her to be overlooked in the world; but had she been totally uninteresting, the courtesy of a naval officer on the deck of his ship would never have failed her.

She went immediately to Lady Leighton to give vent to her enthusiasm over her morning's excursion. She found her aunt sitting disconsolately among an array of evening gowns, fans, and slippers.

"You will have to go to the ball in piece-meal, you poor dear," she began as soon as

Daphne entered the room. "I described the wrong box to the sailors, and the one they have brought up has not a complete toilet of yours in it; you will have to wear the bodice of one, the skirt of another, and shoes, gloves, and fan at random. Besides, the typhoon rolled over our luggage on the lower deck and salt water does not beautify tulle and velvet, does it?"

She dejectedly shook in corroborative display a sapphire velvet gown, its rich beauty disfigured with little damp creases, but she did not pause for a reply.

"However, since the typhoon was considerate enough not to roll over us," she continued with increasing animation, "we must not complain. The waist of your pink satin gown has come to light, and worn with this skirt of white satin-spotted lace it will not be shabby at all, although you will undoubtedly be credited with a lack of taste. It is such a pity, when you have exquisite costumes in other trunks. But I will not ask to have 'Jacky' bring up to-day into the cabin from those mysterious depths another one of our boxes. I will give no one a chance to say that women are a bother on board ship."

Daphne made several efforts to ask "What ball?" but until Lady Leighton's breath was exhausted, they all were fruitless.

"I wonder why Leighton has not told you," she explained, surprised at this lack of information. "We had the invitation early this morning. He should have remembered that, though Japanese balls are an old story to him they are not so to you."

"Leighton" had been remembering during all that morning an older story to him than Japanese balls; a sweet old story of Vienna, and a drive to Schönbrunn.

"This is the governor's ball," Lady Leighton exclaimed, "given in honor of the mikado's birthday."

"Oh, never mind, Debsie dear. My 'piece-meal' costume will pass well enough with the Japanese, they will think it a late foreign fashion."

"The Japanese might not know the difference if you wore your gown upside down, or inside out, but all the prominent foreigners of Kobe will be there, and officers from all the men-of-war in the harbor."

Lady Leighton's discouraged tone—for, although she had an Englishwoman's disregard for a traveling costume, she had an

THE TRAMP PROBLEM.

Englishwoman's ceremonious fastidiousness for evening toilet—might have depressed a spirit less vain than Daphne's. But she soon infected her aunt with her light-hearted indifference to their ruffled plumage.

"I see you have found my favorite heirloom," she said, cheerfully. "I am very proud of that long, broad Valenciennes scarf, yellow with precious years. It is one mamma had when she was a girl. Worn as a sash, it will hide the metaphorical gulf between waist and skirt, and you will find me quite presentable in a handsome-is-as-handsome-does costume." And Daphne threw

her arms around her aunt's neck and kissed away the worried frown from her forehead.

"You are a very satisfactory sort of niece," Lady Leighton said smiling, her comfort somewhat restored. "I hear the steward announcing luncheon. We will go and drown our cares in the chicken broth."

"Do, please, excuse me to Captain Dunraven, and ask him to send me tea and toast, will you? I am so tired, more tired than hungry I find, and I want—more than anything else—to slip into a dressing gown, curl myself cozily into my berth, and drowse away my share of the typhoon."

(To be concluded.)

THE TRAMP PROBLEM.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL LANE LOOMIS.

THE tramp is a historic figure. His name is indeed new, the word tramp with its present signification has been in general use only a few years, but the man himself with all his essential traits,—the selfsame idle, impudent, unclean, lawless, aimless wanderer, under the various titles of sturdy beggar, bandit, vagrant, and vagabond, has constantly held his place in European society ever since the Middle Ages. In periods of distress he has been wont to appear in numbers so great and threatening that the severest measures have been adopted for his repression. It will be remembered, for example, that in the early days of Elizabeth the magistrates of Somersetshire captured one hundred such offenders at a time and forthwith proceeded to hang fifty, complaining bitterly because they were forced to await the assizes "before they could enjoy the spectacle of the fifty others hanging beside them."

From the midst of the dark pestilential and hunger bitten days of the fourteenth century William Langland in the "Vision of Piers the Plowman" has given us a picture of the tramp of the times which, with slight modification, would well fit his modern counterpart.

"Filling their bags and stomachs by lies, sitting at night over a hot fire while they untie their legs, which have been bound up in the daytime, and lying at ease roasting themselves over the coals and turning their

back to the heat,—drinking gallantly and deep, after which they draw to bed and arise when they are in the humor. Then they roam abroad and keep a sharp outlook where they may soonest get a breakfast or a rasher of bacon or money or victuals or sometimes both,—a loaf or a half loaf or a thick piece of cheese which they carry to their own cabin, and contrive to live in idleness and ease by the labors of other men."*

The tramps of this country constitute a class by themselves with well recognized traits, habits, and pursuits. They have not yet attained so high a degree of organization as their cousins, the beggars of Paris, who hold regular weekly meetings, have their routes mapped out for them by a standing committee, and even publish, twice a week, an organ of their own, *Le Journal des Mendiants*; but the American tramps are thorough-going professionals with fixed customs, regulations, routes, and rendezvous. They even have their own vernacular, a rude and mutilated English. In tramp language a member of the profession is not known as a tramp but a "hobo," or a "bum"; police are "screws"; the poorhouse, "pogus"; the prison, "the pen"; liquor drinking is "rushing the growler," etc.

The number of these vagabonds in the whole country is reckoned to be from forty to sixty thousand, of whom the great ma-

* Quoted by J. R. Turner. "A History of Vagrants," etc. London, 1887.

jority are natives. The Irish are the most numerous among the foreigners; next to them are the Germans; of French, Italians, and other Europeans there are very few.

They are nearly all men between the ages of twenty and forty. A few boys are found among them, and occasionally a woman of the lowest type. They are not illiterate. Those who know them intimately affirm that they nearly all can read and write. As a class they are drunken and vicious. Many of them are criminals and a great majority have been inmates of prisons and reformatory institutions.

The leading characteristic of the tramp is homelessness. He will style himself "Chicago Slim" or "Baltimore Bill" but he belongs nowhere in particular, has no folks and no possessions except the rags he wears and the whisky bottle that gurgles in his pocket. Even a family name he eschews and goes by some rough nickname. A fugitive and a vagabond he wanders aimlessly through the land. He sleeps in sheds and outhouses, in barns and deserted dwellings, beneath haystacks and in camps in the woods or beside the track, warmed by heaps of blazing railway ties. When cold, rough weather approaches he comes to town. You will find him in the casual wards at the police stations, in the almshouses, in the county jails, and especially in the low dives and lodging houses. He counts it good luck to be stricken with sickness in early winter and it is said to be common among them to court disease of the vilest sort at this time of year, because it assures one of comfortable quarters in the paupers' hospital for a month or two.

Of a piece with the tramp's wandering disposition is his fondness for railway travel. Although he never pays his fare, your thoroughgoing tramp has ridden thousands of miles by rail and knows all the trunk lines of the country and most of the minor routes. His usual mode of conveyance is the freight train, where he rides comfortably in an empty box car, or a trifle less comfortably on the bumpers between two cars. The brakemen are rarely unfriendly. When the tramps are in large enough gangs they often intimidate the train's crew and ride as they please. Another way to travel is on the trucks beneath the passenger coaches. This mode of locomotion is swift, but it is arduous and is apt to be a trifle too dusty even for a

tramp. As a rule, not being pressed for time, he prefers the freight.

The tramp is exceedingly fond of the railway and rarely leaves it. Its water tanks are his register on which, upon arriving at a town, he hastens to enroll his name, searching among those that have been inscribed before his own for the names of cronies and companions.

The other great characteristic of the tramp is his aversion to work. He is able-bodied and idle. He is idle on principle. He will not work unless he is compelled to do so by prison discipline. He is always searching for employment, but can never find it. There are certain half-breeds who will engage in special kinds of labor, such as harvesting and hop-picking in the season, but it is characteristic of the full-blooded tramp that he hates nothing, not even cleanliness itself, so much as honest toil, and he will go any length to avoid it.

Here is the distinction between the tramp and other vagrants—among whom there are multitudes of honest laborers wandering about in search of work, eager for employment and worthy of sympathy and assistance.

Producing nothing himself this parasite preys on other men. He gets his living in three ways: by stealing, by availing himself of public provisions for the needy, and by begging. Upon occasion he plays the part of highwayman or burglarizes lonely dwellings, but this is rare. His thieving is oftener that of a *dilettante*, confined to such small matters as a shirt from the line, a brace of chickens from the roost, or a handful of potatoes from the field. His main reliance is on public charity and begging, and he well knows how to make the most of these two resources.

The community has a variety of provisions in its jails, almshouses, poor farms, and hospitals for the pauper and the criminal. With all these arrangements the tramp makes it his business to be perfectly familiar. He knows the diet of the various almshouses, he knows which are the most comfortable jails, he can tell you where the prisoners are forced to work and where they are only locked up for the night and are suffered to sit together about the stove and entertain one another with stories all the day. He knows the towns that would better be avoided, and those that will permit him

to pursue his craft without hindrance.

He is equally well acquainted with private philanthropy. The land is full of kind-hearted folk who would not turn a hungry dog away from their doors. He can always count upon such people for plenty of food and for an occasional cast-off garment. No tramp that knows his business need ever go hungry in this country. It is said that these pilgrims are at some pains to make one another familiar with the resources of the land through which they travel, that they have, indeed, a way of indicating by chalk marks on posts and fences the nature of their reception in the various houses they have visited, a scheme that the Chicago *Tribune* has heartlessly betrayed in the following paragraph.

"In the language of tramps, the letter 'H.' on the gate post means that the residents will give the caller a *handful* of grub, 'S.' that he will get a *seat* at the table, 'S. M.' that he will get a *square meal*, and 'G. B.' that he will get the *grand bounce*."^{*}

But the tramp has other appetites than that for food, which require cash for their gratification. His favorite way of securing this is by begging for the price of a night's lodging. Just at nightfall when there is no danger of your setting him at work, he comes and asks for employment. When you say that you cannot employ him he begins to beg for money. He is weary and footsore, has walked all the way from ——, has just come out from the hospital, and has no place to go; he has ten cents, will you not give him another dime to pay for a bed?

"Show me your ten cents," said a friend of the writer the other day upon hearing this familiar story. It was instantly produced. My friend without hesitation took it up from the dirty palm, pocketed it, and handed back a bit of cardboard in return.

"What's this?" said the astonished tramp.

"That," said my friend, "is a ticket to a lodging house where you will get a nice bath and a good clean bed and you will have a chance to saw wood to pay for your breakfast."

The tramp turned away with speechless indignation.

But they do not, as a rule, expect to receive much money from private houses.

*Quoted in Bartlett's "Dictionary of Americanisms."

The street is their favorite hunting ground and the experts among them know ways of begging that are quite irresistible.

A rascal of this sort will await his victim on a good street, in the evening, just as people are going to and from places of amusement. He will with care select a man who is the escort of a lady that does not appear to be his wife, and stealing up beside him will speak in some such wise as this, "Good evening, Gentleman. Say, can't you give me a job? I'll work cheap. I'm willing to do anything. I'll put in a ton of coal for ten cents." As the gentleman does not happen to have a ton of coal in his vest pocket he is compelled to decline this liberal proposal. But the tramp will not be put off. He shuffles along beside the victim and continues in a voice low, confidential, and tearful, yet perfectly audible to the lady, "Say, Mister, couldn't you help me with a few pennies? I ain't had no work for six months, and I ain't had nothing to eat to-day and I ain't got nowhere to go to to-night."

If this appeal fails to reach the victim's pocket, the lady may be counted on to come to the rescue.

"Why, Mr. Sinclair!" she exclaims reproachfully. "Do give the poor fellow something. I would, I'm sure, if I had my purse with me."

Who can withstand such an attack? Thus the rogue lines his pockets with honest men's dimes and secures enough in an eveninging for a protracted spree.

The tramp has a passion for getting something for nothing. They say at the rooms of the Charity Organization Society in New York they have repeatedly known men to walk from Chatham Square to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth St. and back, a distance of fourteen miles, for the sake of receiving from a benevolent lady a free ticket for the seven miles' ride to Newark.

There are varieties of station and occupation among these vagabonds. The "train-jumper" is the aristocrat. The "pike bum," who travels afoot "because he has not the nerve to jump a train," is held in less esteem. One class devotes its attention exclusively to cities; another, known among themselves as the "religious bums," makes mission halls and gospel temperance meetings its specialty. A man of this class plays the continual rôle of penitent, inquirer, and convert; he begs with the aid of a dirty little

New Testament. He is much petted by good people and often lives handsomely for months together at their expense.

Still another class preys upon clergymen, who are all familiar with the mild, apologetic manners of the impostor who is a member of Dr. Blank's church in Philadelphia. He has unfortunately lost his pocket-book while in this city and is without money, but he has intimate friends in a neighboring town who will help him. If you will kindly advance the price of a ticket to that point he will take pleasure in repaying you by return mail.

Finally there is a submerged and degraded human being, known as the "Gray Cat," who begs of and preys upon the tramps themselves.

The chief cause of all this miserable vagabondage is the saloon. Nothing is more potent to destroy and prevent habits of thrift and industry, nothing will more surely foster one's natural indolence, shiftlessness, and fondness for a roving life and more swiftly develop and inflame his evil passions. But even the saloon would not be able to manufacture the army of tramps were it not aided and abetted by the faulty legislation and the foolish private charity that make a vagrant's life possible among us.

Industrial causes also have no small part in the making of the tramp. The closing of mines and factories certainly sets adrift multitudes of laborers not a few of whom wander about the country in search of employment. Is it not highly probable that many of the intemperate and irresolute among these wanderers, having repeatedly failed to find the work for which they are seeking, finally give over the search and recruit the ranks of professional vagabonds?

The tramp's life has charms for him. There is excitement in jumping the trains, in dodging the police, in roving from city to city. He takes a scientific interest in his business of living without labor; and begging as he begs is a fine art. We cannot suppose that he enjoys the frequent exposure and occasional hunger that fall to his lot, but are there not drawbacks in every calling? These are far less irksome than honest toil would be. As for rags and squalor, these no doubt look worse to us than they feel to him. Some doctors say that it would be better for us all if our shoes had holes in them. Even the vermin, at the

thought of which we shudder, are not so bad when one gets used to them. Dr. Hamlin assures us that nature has a way of throwing up defenses against the Crimean lice themselves.

The presence with us of these vagabonds is an evil of no slight dimensions. They are not merely drones nourished by the toil of honest men, but they are, to use Plato's word, "drones with stings," possessed of positive power to harm society. They are occasionally guilty of the gravest crimes. Barns and dwellings have repeatedly been burned by them in revenge because they were denied the food for which they asked; women have been assaulted on lonely roads, aged people have been attacked and murdered in solitary farmhouses, and, especially when inflamed by liquor, other outrageous offenses have been committed. These crimes, although infrequent, have occurred often enough to fill the land with the terror of the tramp and to spoil with ceaseless disquieting fears many a gentle country woman's peace.

The political influence of the tramp, so far as it goes, is of course thoroughly evil. His vote is a commodity which he well knows how to market. Professor McCook tells of one man who convinced him that he had voted as many as eight times in New York City upon a single election day, receiving sixteen dollars for it.

The idle, wandering life of the vagabond is an evil example, and a pernicious influence in the community. There are always some who are already sufficiently degraded by drink to be affected by it. That this poisonous influence is real and not imaginary is shown by the fact that the tramp army draws its greatest number of recruits from the class of men with which it is in most frequent contact, to wit, the railroad brakemen.

The tramp imposes unjust burdens on the taxpayer. We put a premium on idleness when we compel the industrious citizen to pay for the food, lodgings, and hospital care of the idle vagabond.

The tramp is a heartless robber of the poor. What he gets from the well-to-do in the way of cold victuals, dimes, and cast-off clothing is not missed. But with humble people it is different. The poor are always kind to the poor. They will deny themselves severely for the sake of helping one who appears to be in need and they are not quick to detect impostors. A clever beggar will fleece them without pity. This is well illustrated by an

English tramp's account of how he conducted what he styled a "bereavement lurk." The rascal hired of their parents three little children, dressed them in clean pinafors, placarded with the single pathetic word "MOTHERLESS," and stood them in a row beside himself amid the flaring torches of a great crowded Saturday night market in Manchester, where the poor do their trading. "We did nothing," says he, "but stand still, and did not speak except to answer questions which were mainly as to how long the mother had been dead, but at twelve o'clock, besides a shilling's worth of rum and sweets for the children, I had received one pound eight shillings odd."

The impostor makes the lot of genuine poverty doubly hard. To ask for help is to become an object of suspicion. The least deserving beg loudest and most piteously; the worthy poor shrink back, preferring to suffer and starve in silence rather than be counted with shameless mendicants.

Even the well-to-doo not escape injury from the solicitation of the beggar. Every good man has a natural inclination to help a fellow-creature who is, or seems to be, in need. If, when you are asked, you give, knowing that nine tenths of the beggars are impostors, you are disturbed by the reflection that you have probably wasted your money and have at the same time encouraged a vagabond in his evil life, but if, on the other hand, you refuse to give, you are afterwards haunted by the fear that you may have turned away in his need a hungry fellow-man. Perhaps if the truth were known, the most baneful of all the rascal's evil influences would prove to be in the way of hardening decent people's hearts and drying up the fountains of their compassion.

But if the tramp is an enemy to society he is a worse one to himself. It would be hard to tell how one could put himself in a place more degrading, more open to every base and destructive influence, and farther beyond the reach of everything that is redemptive, helpful, and uplifting. It is the nethermost cesspool of life in which he wallows. That he may be plucked out and saved is not impossible, but so long as he lies there his case is hopeless.

The tramp should not be suffered to pursue his way. His mode of life is pernicious to the state, to all classes of its inhabitants, and most of all to himself. He ought to be suppressed.

Our great mistake in dealing with him hitherto has been that we have usually classed him with unfortunates, whereas he should have been classed and dealt with as a criminal; for this able-bodied idler living on the toil of honest men is really no other than a thief. It is nature's law that if a man will not work neither shall he eat; but we have stepped in, interfered with nature's penalty, and fed this arrant loafer. As private citizens we have fed him at our back door, as members of the state we have paid to have him lodged and fed in our public institutions. Nature enacts that if a man be profligate he must suffer therefor disease and death; but we pick up this wretched rake from the midst of his diseases and nurse him back to health at the expense of the upright and sober and then we send him out to repeat his folly.

Nature's laws may seem stern but she is more merciful than we, who through our interference with her just penalties encourage idleness, foster profligacy, and increase the misery of the world. God does not forgive men until they have repented.

Vagrancy might be suppressed if we would set earnestly about it. In some parts of the country it is already suppressed. It is said that there are many towns scattered over the land, but especially in the South, where a tramp dare not show his face, for if he should, the citizens would drive him out with clubs and switches. He has a name for experiences of this sort: "timber-lessons," he calls them, and he studiously avoids those regions where they are included in the curriculum.

The thing that the tramp most hates to do is the one thing that the tramp should be resolutely compelled to do—that is to work. No able-bodied man should be suffered to live without engaging in useful labor.

In dealing with these offenders a good beginning is made by the municipal lodging houses of Boston, which have served as models for many similar institutions, both private and public, elsewhere.

A vagrant committed by an officer or coming of his own accord to one of these institutions is compelled to take a thorough bath, and his clothes are taken from him, wrapped in a bundle, labeled, and deposited for the night in a "crematory," where they are exposed to a degree of heat which destroys all vermin and disease germs. In the meanwhile the man is provided with a clean night-shirt and a pair of slippers, and is given a

clean bed. The next morning his purified garments are restored to him and he is compelled to saw wood enough to pay for the bed and his breakfast.

A worthy man welcomes this opportunity but a tramp fights shy of it, and prefers an outhouse or the filthy casual wards of the police stations. Vagrants should be compelled to go to a place of this sort whether they wish or not.

Our laws against vagrancy and mendicancy need careful revision and strict enforcement. Instead of being left unmolested, thrust over into the next town, or committed to jail for a brief period (from ten to ninety days), vagrants should be sent to places of detention where they are compelled to be clean, restrained from drunkenness and other vices, and subjected to the discipline of regular daily labor for an indefinite period, or until they give evidence of having overcome their inveterate idleness. They should then be released with the prospect of immediate re-arrest and confinement in the event of their return to their former life. In a place of this sort they might be successfully reached by moral and religious influences and those who showed an inclination to reform could be encouraged.

Such an institution would, however, be of little value if upon his discharge the man should find the community still willing to feed and clothe him gratis, and the opportunities for the old wandering life all open as before.

That the suppression of vagrancy by means of earnest and scientific treatment is not visionary, is conclusively shown in the successful labor colonies of Holland and Germany.

In Holland there are colonies of two kinds. The first is a voluntary colony. A tract of 5,000 acres is divided into six large model farms and 224 small holdings, accommodations for about 1,700 people. A poor person applying for relief is placed on one of the model farms until he has learned the business, after which he may be transferred to one of the small holdings as a free farmer. This colony is controlled by a private society with state aid.

The other is a penal colony directed by the

state. It receives, after a short term in jail, all persons convicted of vagrancy and mendicancy, against which the laws are very strict. The colony is remote from the railway and although it is not fenced in, the men are uniformed and guarded. It is not thought necessary, however, to make escape very difficult, for the fugitives that continue in the Netherlands are easily rearrested and brought back, while as for those that flee the country and betake themselves to America, the Dutch do not grieve over their departure.

Each laborer receives besides the necessities of life, a small stipend for his work, one third of which is kept until his discharge. The colony is not self-supporting, but it costs the state only a fraction of the sum that would be required for the maintenance of the same number of persons in jails and almshouses.

The labor colonies of Germany, of which there are no fewer than twenty-two in various parts of the empire, have been founded and are directed by private charity, their originator being that distinguished and saintly philanthropist, Pastor von Bodelschwingh.

"They are temporary refuges, where a man who, through the tramp habit, has lost the power of continuous industry, may voluntarily betake himself, and be made over into a steady workman."

They have been severely criticised on the ground that they are resorted to by discharged convicts, that their people stay for but short periods, that there are many repeaters, and that comparatively few of their "graduates" take up regular occupations.

But when it is remembered with what a desperate class of patients they have to deal, it is surely no bad showing that as many as twenty per cent of the men are permanently restored to soberness and industry. They are certainly a movement in the right direction for they have been extremely effective in the suppression of vagrancy, and are, notwithstanding their failings, reckoned so satisfactory that the distinguished German philanthropist, Count Bernstorff, could affirm at Chicago last summer, "As for the problem of the tramp, it has found a solution in the successful colonies of Wilhelmsdorf and elsewhere."



"On the horse with dusky pinions."

By Paul Thumann.

THE POEMS OF HEINRICH HEINE.

BY DAVID H. WHEELER, D.D., LL.D.

HEINE is usually ranked third in the list of great German poets, and in a world's list for the first half of the nineteenth century, his rank would not be much lower. Born in 1797 and dying in 1856, he spent the last twenty-five years of his life in Paris, married there, and there produced nearly half of his poems. He produced a considerable amount of prose which would have easily escaped remembrance if he had not achieved distinction as a poet. His poetry

is not marked by wisdom or correct judgment or any other intellectual quality except wit; but it is strongly marked by poetic quality and feeling. He is therefore just a poet and nothing more, and he is a lyrical poet—only a singer.

It is worth while to bear these things in mind; because the wisdom of Tennyson and the philosophical penetration of Browning, and the propriety of thought to be noted in both these English lyrists, are not to be ex-

pected of Heine. Both Englishmen reasoned soundly and lived in a world they understood. Heine knew how to sing with wonderful sweetness and power; but he knew nothing else in any just measure and proportion. For the most part his songs are short and embody in each case an emotional aspect of something momentarily present to his mind or a burst of bitter feeling caused by some personal antipathy.

Heine is the poet of the natural man. Love is only a passion to him, and deliriums of fondling and kissing are his favorite emblems of it. The highest moral reaches of his song are in his references to his mother, the only person we can be sure that he tenderly and constantly loved; and though we cannot doubt this affection, yet he shocks us by the prosaic veracity of his picture:

"And when I reached
my mother at last,
She was well-nigh
frightened with gladness,
She cried, 'My darling
child,' and clasped
Her hands together
with madness.
'My darling child, full
thirteen years
Have passed since our
last meeting:
You surely are hungry;
tell me now
What you'll take in the
way of eating.'"

This is correct, no doubt, accurate to a line; but one thinks of Cowper's poem on the picture of his mother, and doubts again whether Heine had any depth of human feeling of the nobler sort.

What then is the charm of his verse? Its musical quality. It sings of itself. It sets all Germans to singing it and they are still singing it—not to express the strong and lasting feelings of the heart but simply to warble forth its melodic beauty. It charms us as bird notes do, though they mean nothing to us. There is a subsidiary charm in Heine and to the reader of his poetry this charm adds to

the sense of a seductive music in his lines—the charm of an effective imagination which succeeds through the very narrowness of the poet. He sees but one thing at a time, but he sees that in so intense a light that it glows into a picture under the stroke of his line. No other poet since Homer has such power to create pictures. The artist who illustrates him finds a picture in every stanza. There is nothing like it—this abundance of distinct pictures—in any other modern poet.

As a type of these pictures, let the reader look at the illustration of this quatrain:

"On the foot-stool sits the maiden,
On my knee her arm reposes;
Eyes are like two stars all azure,
Mouth is like the purple rose."

There is no detail of situation; no burden of complex emotions. There are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of such pictures in Heine's songs. One cannot help seeing them. "The Two Grenadiers" is a poem of the author's youth. He was but sixteen when he wrote it, and it promised more than the future harvest produced; for here we have the high emotion of soldiers devoted to Napoleon, and hearing, just when they have reached the frontier, after captivity in Russia, of the capture of their beloved emperor:

"Then both the grenadiers wept full sore
At hearing the terrible story;
And one of them said :
'Alas, once more
My wounds are bleeding and gory.'"

This little poem of thirty-six lines works out effectively a strong emotion. But as a rule, Heine seemed to take an impish delight in anticlimax when he dealt with strong feeling.

Another very marked exception to his cynicism furnishes us a better picture. It is taken from "The Pilgrimage to Kenlaar."



"Then both the grenadiers wept full sore."
By Paul Thumann.

The whole poem is raised to an unusual elevation. The picture shows the Madonna touching the sick heart of the boy whose beloved Gretchen is dead:

"She bent herself over the sick one,
Her hand, with action light,
Upon his heart placed softly,
Smiled sweetly and vanished from sight."

The touch cures the peasant boy of his heart malady. His mother, seeing in vision this visit of the Queen of Heaven, runs to the sickroom and
"Her son was lying before her,
And dead her son he lay."

The poem is Heine's best tribute to the strength of an honest affection. The peasant had loved so well that death alone could cure him. These poems belong to the youth of Heine. As he grew into middle life, cynicism took possession of him as expressed in the poem beginning "My darling, we sat together." His women and his men love and are faithless.

"With sails all black my ship sails on
Far over the raging sea;
Thou knowest full well how sad am I
And yet tormentest me.
Thy heart is faithless as the wind
And flutters ceaselessly;
With sails all black my ship sails on
Far over the raging sea."

The English reader must not expect to find the music of Heine's lines in the English version. Their melody vanishes in any attempt to translate them. This is of course a general rule for all translations of poetry, but Heine suffers more than other poets because the music of his German lines is the chief merit of his songs.

Still dealing with the earlier work of our poet, we get a sweetly human picture in "Two children, little and gay."

"The chests within our courtyard
With paper we nicely lined,

And in them lived together,
In a dwelling quite to our mind.
The aged cat of our neighbor
Came oft to visit us there;
We made her our bows and our curtsies,
And plenty of compliments fair.
For her health we used to inquire
In language friendly and soft;
Since then we have asked the same question,
Of many old cats full oft."

The last line is a sharp pleasantry, the first stage of the journey which bore our poet into the realm of the bitter and unforgivable satire of his later poetry.

Another perfect poem

and a really mystical one not marred by any bitterness—though the theme is bitter enough, is one of the "visions" of his "youthful sorrows." In dreams, a maiden fair successively appears to the sleeper as washing his shroud, felling an oak for his coffin, and digging his grave. The picture shows the fair chopper felling the tree. (See frontispiece.)

Heine had more dreams than other poets. And they are somber and even bloody dreams, and later these dreams harbored some unclean images. He tells in tripping verse the first part of the legend of Tannhäuser, but when the penitent knight returns from Rome to tell the story of his journey back from seeking pardon, he turns, as if the story of penitence and forgiveness found no lodgment in his brain, to local satire running through a dozen stanzas like the following :

"And when on Mount St. Gothard I stood,
Below me snored Germany loudly;
Beneath the mild sway of thirty-six kings
It slumbered calmly and proudly,"



"On the footstool sits the maiden."

By Paul Thumann.

and leaves the miraculous ending of the old legend unsung.

But let us turn back again into the poet's earlier life. Once more from his "Pictures of Travel" is selected an illustration:

"From the billows the mermaid arises
And seats herself near me on shore;
The veil which her figure disguises
Her snow-white bosom peeps o'er."

Many critics think that "Atta Troll" is Heine's greatest poem. He gave it a second title "A Summer Night's Dream." Under the form of a dream, with a dancing bear for hero, the poet constructs a general satire on most things human, much of it woven into historical and legendary stories. It is written in trochaic measure and contains some of his most musical lines. The adventures and opinions of Atta Troll, the dancing bear—the bear alternately acting as hero and as reporter—furnish a convenient disguise for the satire which ranges over all modern society. For example: From a balcony, Juliet sees the bear dancing; she is a Parisian Juliet, and the comment upon her runs:

"Juliet has not in her bosom
Any feelings: French
by nation,
Outwardly she lives;
her outside
Is delightful and en-
chanting."

Herodias, the wife of King Herod, is introduced and the legend of her love for John the Baptist is expounded in rollicking fashion, like this:

"Sore she wept and
lost her senses
And she died of Love's delirium.
Love's delirium! Pleonasm!
Love must always be delirium!"

Here, too, we have another picture—of the fabled horse on whose dusky pinions the lovers ride to the ocean of romance. The fable of the Fey Abunde, charming descrip-

tions of mountain scenery, Proserpine, Diana, and other noble characters and themes are used to give a mock dignity to the life history of a dancing bear, whose last pangs are preluded by the flight of his wife to gay and dissolute Paris. There is a cunning satire all through this poem; but here as everywhere the genius of Heine is a genius of melody; though he rarely thinks nobly, he always sings divinely, and the exquisite measures slip into the soul of the reader and make him forget that there is really not much under the exquisite music. Like his Juliet, the "outside is delightful and enchanting."

The mocking spirit of Heine is most at home in his poems of Germany and in Romancero. In the former the wit is sometimes coarse and vulgar. In the latter, it often rises into grotesque dignity. Commenting upon the Bavarian king's collection of heroic German statues, he sings:

"But Luther, the block-head, amongst them all
Has no place in this proud mausoleum;
The whale 'mongst the fishes is often left out
In a natural history museum."

Picking up for satire a pair of Polish knights suffering in the holy cause of patriotism in Paris, he gibes at them:

"Living just as much as
dying
For one's fatherland is
sweet."

And
"Neither e'er betrayed
the other,
Both were faithful
friends and true,

Notwithstanding that they Poles were,
Born and bred in Poland, too."

The latest poems, written when the author had become a helpless invalid—his fate during the last eight years of his life—are if possible more perfect in versification and the satire is more delicate. In the "Young



"Two children, little and gay."
By Paul Thumann.

Cat's Club for Poetry and Music," we probably have a jest at the expense of "Young Germany," and "Young France"—youths much talked about and much given to talking about themselves during the last years of the poet's life. Of this Cat Club, gathered for artistic purposes on the house roof, he sings :

"The young cat feels
More earnest with inspiration,
The frivolous generation of old
Is extinct, and a new-born yearning,
A pussy-springtime of poetry
In art and in life they're learning."
He is thrusting with cold steel at the contented classes, when he makes the ass say : "However clever may be the machines
Made by man with his senses besotted,
The Ass as his portion will always have
Some means of existence allotted.
Its Asses will Heaven, I'm sure, ne'er desert."

The following two poems are full of a nameless charm. The first is called "The Language of the Stars."

"Never moving, never changing,
Stand the great stars in the skies,
Gazing lonely on each other
With their sad and loving eyes.

"And they speak throughout the ages
Language strangely rich and grand;
Not a man of all the sages
Can that language understand.

"Only I have learned that language,
Mastered mood and tense and case,

And the grammar I made use of
Was my own beloved's face."

The second is named "The Heart's Secret."

"Could the tiny tender flowers
Know the anguish of my heart,
They would weep their tears in showers,
Tears of comfort for the smart.

"Could the nightingales discover
Half my sorrow, half my wrong,
They would soothe the wearied lover
With a sweeter burst of song.

"Could the golden planets know it,
They would pity me my grief,
Stepping down from heaven to show it,
Whispering words of sweet relief.

"Ah ! they know not how I'm laden,
Only one can know my pain,—
Only she, the cruel maiden,
She that broke my heart in twain."

I have emphasized Heine's charm as a poet. For posterity this is his claim upon attention. To his own generation, this German Voltaire was interesting for the matter of his poetry only less than for its perfect manner.

His wit, his satire, his rollicking freedom, clothed him with attractiveness. It did not, however, make him friends and did alienate the affection of many who admired him and would have loved him if he had let them.

The following extract from his "Pictures of Travel" gives an idea of his prose style. It describes home life in the mining regions of the Hartz Mountains :

"Quiet and monotonous as the life of these people appears, it is nevertheless a true living life. The aged, palsied woman who sat by the stove,



"She bent herself over the sick one."

By Paul Thumann.

over against the large cupboard, may have sat there a quarter of a century, and her thoughts and feelings have doubtless grown into every corner of this stove and into every rude carving of this cupboard. And the stove and the cupboard live, for a human being has infused into them a portion of its own soul.

"It was this life of contemplation—of immediate perceptions—that gave birth to the German *Märchen*, the peculiarity of which consists in this,—that not only animals and plants, but also objects apparently destitute of life, speak and act. To the thoughtful and simple people, in the quiet, contented privacy of their lowly cottages on mountain or in forest, the inward life of such objects revealed itself; they acquired an indelible and consistent character, a charming mixture of fantastic humor and thoroughly human dispositions.

"So we see them in the *Märchen*, in which the wildest wonders are told in the easy matter-of-course style of daily occurrences: needles and pins come out of the tailor's shed and lose themselves in the dark; straws and bits of charcoal try to cross the brook and are cast away; the shovel and the broom stand upon the step and quarrel and fight; the questioned looking-glass shows the face of the prettiest girl, and drops of blood begin to speak mysterious fearful words of anxious pity. From the same cause is our life in childhood so infinitely significant: at that age everything is of importance to us; we hear everything, see everything, and all our impressions are vivid; whereas at a later age we do everything with design, and we lose in depth what we gain in extension of impressions.

"Now, we are grown-up gentlemen and ladies; we frequently change our dwelling; the house-maid daily clears everything away, and alters at her will the position of the furniture, which has little interest for us, as it is either new, or it belongs to-day to John, to-morrow to Peter; our very clothes are strangers; we hardly know how many buttons there are on the coat upon our back; we change our clothes as often as possible, so that not one of them remains connected with our inward or outward history; scarcely can we recollect the appearance of that brown waistcoat which once brought so much ridicule upon us, and upon whose broad stripes the dear hand of our beloved rested so kindly.

"The old woman by the stove, over against the cupboard, wore a flowered petticoat of faded stuff, the wedding garment of her mother. Her great-grandson, a fair-haired, bright-eyed boy, dressed as a miner, sat at her feet and counted the flowers on her petticoat; and she has most likely told him many a grave and pretty story about this petticoat, which the boy will not soon forget, which will float before his fancy when, as a full-grown man,

is at his dark and solitary work under ground and which he will perhaps tell when the dear old grandmother has been long dead, and he, a silver-haired, feeble old man, sits in the midst of his grandchildren, near the stove, over against the great cupboard."

Our poet was born a Jew, became a Lutheran and then a skeptic. His will declared his return to faith though it forbade any religious services over his grave. His



"From the billows the mermaid arises."

By Paul Thumann.

verse contains a good deal of frivolous mocking at matters of faith—for which slips of the pen he asked pardon in his last testament. He had neither deep convictions nor strong affections. He had more quarrels than Pope with other authors, and could hardly keep his satirical fingers off anything human and venerable. He resisted the current of democratic feeling which swept so strongly over Europe in his time and found satisfaction in that shadow of a king called Louis Philippe—who paid him, very privately, a pension of one thousand dollars a

year. But, whether it were ingratitude or contempt, Heine did not pay for his pension with any poetic eulogy of his benefactor.

The one delightfully human thing in his life is that, during all his eight years of painful illness, he would not let his mother know of his sickness, but regularly wrote to her as though he were well, explaining the hand of a stranger in the letters by a fiction of a trifling accident to his own hand. He would not allow the dear mother's heart to be pained by a knowledge of his actual sufferings. *That canonizes him.*



"My darling, we sat together."

By Paul Thumann.

WHAT MAKES A FRIEND (ORTHODOX)?*

BY JAMES WOOD.

If one were asked "What makes a tree?" the answer might state the parts of the plant and their functions, or it might include due reference to the seed germ and to the conditions of soil and air, moisture, light, and heat that developed the active principles in the seed until a perfect specimen of its kind was produced. So we may answer the inquiry as to "What makes a Friend?" either objectively or subjectively; the one stating the facts of belief and the acceptance of doctrines that are held by the denomination; and the other showing the development of the principles of this faith in the character and life of the person who practices them.

Considered objectively, the facts that make a Friend are the acceptance of the faith and doctrines of the Christian religion in the first place, and, in the second place, a conviction of the truth of the distinguishing views of the Gospel upon which the denomination is separately organized. With Friends, a person is or is not a Christian according to his individual relation to the person, Jesus Christ. It is not enough that we regard Him as a great teacher and a character of wonderful purity and benevolence. Liberal Jews bear that testimony to Him. It is not enough that we regard Him as a great prophet, marvelously inspired of God, and the worker of miracles. Mohammedans so believe in Him. No one can claim that these views give any right to the name of Christian, even in the sense in which we speak of men as Gladstonians or Bismarckians, for these men follow their leaders, as well as believe in them as wise and great. We hold that something more than this is necessary,—that we must believe in Him as what the Scriptures in their entirety state that He was and is, and that He is the Savior of the world; and in addition to this, we must each one have faith in Him as our individual Savior.

Friends have never indulged in speculative theology. They have ever recognized that

* This article belongs to a series on the various religious denominations begun in the July, 1893, number of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*. The denominations treated thus far are the Congregational, Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Jewish, Lutheran, Episcopalian, Catholic, Unitarian, Friend (Hicksite), and Disciple.

"secret things belong unto the Lord our God; but those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children forever." To attempt to explore beyond the horizon boundary of divine revelation always leads to confusion.

Briefly summarized, Friends hold that the Holy Scriptures were given by inspiration of God, that therefore their teachings rest upon the authority of God Himself, and that there can be no appeal from them to any other authority whatsoever. The Scriptures are the only divinely authorized record of the doctrines which we are bound as Christians to accept and the moral principles which are to regulate our actions. They are, therefore, our rule of faith and practice.

We believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth and of all things visible and invisible; and in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord, by whom He created all things; and in the Holy Ghost, who proceedeth from the Father and the Son; and that these three, the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, are one in the eternal Godhead.

We believe in the deity and the manhood of the Lord Jesus Christ, that He was conceived of the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary and that He was the Messiah so long promised of God. We believe that His willing sacrifice upon the cross at Calvary was the one propitiation and atonement for the sins of the whole world; that He rose from the grave and ascended into heaven and is the one Mediator between God and man, our Advocate with the Father, our High-Priest forever, the Shepherd and Bishop of souls, the Head over all things to His church, the King who reigns in righteousness, the Prince of Peace, and that by Him the world shall be judged.

We believe that the Holy Spirit, in the unity of the Eternal Godhead, is one with the Father and the Son. Coming in the name and in the authority of the risen and ascended Savior, the Holy Spirit is the most precious pledge of His continued love and care. He dwells in the hearts of believers, He opens to them the truths of the Gospel as set forth in the Holy Scriptures, and, as they exercise

faith, He gives them ability to resist temptation, and guides, sanctifies, comforts, and supports them. His light must ever be distinguished both from the conscience which He illumines and from the natural faculty of reason which, when unsubjected to His holy influences, is, in the things of God, but foolishness.

We believe that man was created in the image of God and capable of holding communion with Him, that, through unbelief and disobedience, he fell from this blessed estate into one of sin and estrangement from God, that he is reconciled to God, and his sins are forgiven through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, "whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood," that, because of this faith, the Holy Spirit is given and the believer is born again into the Kingdom of God, that the Holy Spirit abides with the believer, takes of the things of Christ and shows them unto him, and as he exercises faith, clothes him with Christ's righteousness, sanctifies him, and enables him to live in conformity with the will of God.

While the early Friends put forth no official declaration of faith, assuming that the fundamental doctrines of Christianity were accepted as a matter of course, yet George Fox, the founder of the Society, did issue such a declaration to the governor of Barbadoes in answer to false charges, and in this declaration is to be found a concise and explicit statement of doctrinal belief. In it there is a very full testimony to the person and offices of Jesus Christ, as the following extract will illustrate: "This Jesus, who was the foundation of the holy prophets and apostles, is our foundation; and we believe there is no other foundation to be laid but that which is laid, even Christ Jesus; who tasted death for every man, shed His blood for all men, is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only but also for the sins of the whole world."

The various Yearly Meetings have also, from time to time, put forth their declarations, the most authoritative, since that of George Fox, being the one issued by the conference held in Richmond, Ind., in 1887, in which all the Yearly Meetings in the world were represented by official delegates, except that of Philadelphia, whose representatives were not officially appointed.

The first distinguishing doctrine particularly emphasized by Friends was that Christ

is indeed the "Light of the World," the "true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Coming by the Holy Spirit, He enters the heart of every man and convicts the world of sin, of righteousness, and of the judgment to come. Without this light entering the natural darkness of the human heart man would never know his need of a Savior. In pleading with souls George Fox was emphatic in declaring that this light is a "witness for the truth in the hearts of those who hear the Gospel." This light has come to the poor heathen who sit in such abject darkness but that darkness comprehends it not until the Gospel comes to them to be witnessed unto.

When the light that has brought conviction for sin and the sense of the need of a Savior has enabled anyone to "behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world," "the Lamb of Calvary," "the Word made flesh," "the Savior divine," then Christ the light of the World comes by His blessed Spirit to abide in the heart of the believer according to His words, "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you." Then He becomes the Comforter, the Indwelling Spirit, the Light within, the Seed of the Kingdom of God, which, like a grain of mustard seed, may develop in the good ground of an honest and pure heart, into all the gracious and glorious purposes of God. This is the new and spiritual birth and the entrance into Christ's spiritual kingdom. Then the outward written word and the inward spiritual Word become the double and agreeing witness to the truth of God.

The quaint terminology of the seventeenth century may sometimes be misleading in our day, but here we have the meaning of "Light" and "Witness," "Seed" and "Word" so often used by early Friends.

The coming of the Holy Spirit to rule in the surrendered heart is that baptism of the Holy Ghost which is administered by the Lord Jesus Christ Himself, and by Him alone, and it is the great seal of Sonship with God. By this one truth all distinctive Quakerism is to be interpreted.

Filled with the realization of the indwelling of the Divine Presence with the soul, there follows the consciousness of a nearness of touch and a closeness of relationship that is beyond the powers of human description. By no possibility can any human being come between a believing soul and the High Priest

of his salvation. This was prophesied to Israel on coming out of Egypt, "Ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests, and a holy nation," and was declared as having come to pass in the Book of Revelation—"He hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father." The doctrine of the high-priesthood of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the priesthood of all believers, who offer spiritual sacrifices and have free access to God through Him, without the intervention of any human instrumentality whatsoever, lies next to the corner stone of distinctive Quakerism.

As there is nowhere in the New Testament any recognition of classes or orders in the church, no division of believers into clergy and laity, no mention of any profession having any peculiar privileges or special authority, so Friends have never recognized any such. All are redeemed by the same precious blood, all have the gift of the same Holy Spirit, all are kings and priests unto God. With this positive belief in the priesthood of believers there necessarily follows a rejection of sacerdotalism in every form and in all of its various degrees.

Very manifestly, these positions must control the practice of public worship; for while "the first covenant had ordinances of divine service and a worldly sanctuary," the new covenant, in striking contrast thereto, has only the fundamental declaration, "the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth." The promise of Christ to be with those met in His name, the immediate and perceptible influence of the Holy Spirit in the heart of every consecrated believer, and a willingness on the part of the worshipers to obey the intimations of the Divine will, determine the character of public worship. All prostrate their spirits before their King, ready to hear and obey His call. This has to begin in silence, as otherwise it cannot be complete prostration. This silence continues so long as the Master of the assembly may determine and this silence is broken by whomsoever He may select, and the service is such as He may command, whether it is prayer, exhortation, or singing His praise, or reading or expounding the Scriptures. This idea of worship is the simplest and grandest ever practiced since the gatherings of the early church, and it is believed to be nearly identical with that observed for two or more centuries after the church's establishment.

This idea admits of no formal prearrange-

ment of services, nor of placing their conduct in the hands of any individual. Worship does not depend upon the presence of any particular man or of any class or order of men, but upon the presence of Christ alone. This is the only body among organized churches in existence that has maintained the possibility of congregational worship without human leadership. Congregations are never called by the name of a man. Throughout the Old and New Covenants the congregation is always the congregation of the Lord.

The diversity of spiritual gifts, clearly taught in the Scriptures, has ever been recognized by Friends, and all the members have been, and ever should be, encouraged to faithfulness in the exercise of such gifts as the Master has entrusted to them. When it becomes evident that a gift in the ministry has been conferred by the Head of the Church upon any member, such gift is officially acknowledged by the organization. Such acknowledgment bears no relation whatever to so-called "ordination" and confers no special powers or authority. As spiritual gifts are conferred without human distinctions, Friends have ever recognized that there is neither male nor female in Christ Jesus, and the church makes no distinction in religious privileges, duties, or services because of sex.

The reality of the gift and indwelling of the Holy Spirit has made the Friends affirmative and very positive and emphatic on the doctrine of baptism. No branch of the Christian church has ever held it more strongly. It admits of no question and tolerates no substitutes or compromises with material symbols. "The one effectual baptism of the Christian dispensation is that of Christ, who baptizes His people with the Holy Ghost." So also with the doctrine of the communion; Friends have been equally positive and emphatic upon it. It, too, is real. It admits of no types, for these were all fulfilled in Christ. Now we have the reality of the fellowship of our crucified Lord and of the spiritual partaking of His body and blood by faith.

To this baptism and to this communion, and to these alone, Friends believe that the commands of the New Testament refer, according to the declaration of our blessed Lord Himself: "It is the spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing; the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life."

To consider our question subjectively it must be remembered that Friends have ever held that the historic part of Christianity produces its fruitage only when the Kingdom of Christ is established in the soul, with the living King abiding and reigning there, and therefore the results of a true faith must be shown in the Christian life, and that a faith without works may be false or dead.

In the first place we should note that Friends have been very strict in reference to the commands and teachings of Christ. Their steadfast opposition to war and oaths was not based so much upon moral and philanthropic grounds as upon the commands and teachings of their Lord. Their work for liberating slaves and ameliorating the condition of prisoners and unfortunates everywhere was based upon their being brothers and sisters for whom Christ died and whose hearts were intended to be the temples of the Living God.

A life dominated by the influences and principles we have described develops a deep spiritual perception and a keen insight to men's characters and purposes, and a sound judgment in scriptural teaching and in religious things, thoroughly believing, as George Fox declared, "that whatsoever any do, pretending to the Spirit, which is con-

trary to the Scriptures must be accounted and reckoned a delusion of the devil."

Living with the conscious presence of "Christ within" and with the spiritual ear of the soul trained to keen attention to the "still small voice," develops a character in which the fruits of the Spirit, love, joy, peace, must richly abound,—love to God and love to man, joy in the Holy Ghost, that peace which passeth all understanding; and such a life, sanctified in habitual communion with the Master, molds the character into closer and closer conformity to the perfect example He gave us while here among men, until the atmosphere of heaven seems to surround His disciples here. These holy influences, working in sanctified lives, produce the same blessed results in Christians of every name, and Quakers with all others rejoice that they are not limited to the narrow bounds of any sect.

That these graces of the Spirit are not more often seen in the lives of Friends is a sad evidence of a want of faithfulness on our part, and in no wise impeaches the perfect provisions of God's mercy and grace in Jesus Christ, nor the correctness of those spiritual views of the Gospel upon which our branch of the church is separately organized.

RUSSIAN TERRORISTS.

BY EUGÈNE-MELCHOIR DE VOGÜÉ.

Translated for "The Chautauquan" from the French "Revue Des Deux Mondes."

THE anarchistic violences of the present carry my mind back to the happenings of twelve or fifteen years ago. Those who lived in St. Petersburg between 1878 and 1882 must now experience impressions like those caused by witnessing an old play brought out amid new surroundings and on a new stage. All that can be observed to-day in the revolutionary movements in Paris I observed in Russian society at the close of the reign of Alexander II., and Parisian conversation now reproduces with the fidelity of a phonograph that heard then in St. Petersburg.

Is there then less difference than is generally believed between the acts, the men, the circumstances, which produced there and are producing here effects so similar?

In order to place before the reader this question I will transcribe some notes taken

fifteen years ago during the great trial of the Nihilists. Western Europe knew very little of the details of those tragic times. The Russian press was silent by command. Besides the judges and the accused there was no other public except a small number of high functionaries who spoke little of what they saw and heard. A special favor permitted me to assist at two of the trials, that of October, 1880, called the trial of the sixteen, and that of March, 1881, which condemned the murderers of Alexander II. The memory of those sad events was so cruel to Russia that it would have been most unseemly to revive it by a publication during the years which closely followed. That time has passed; those unhappy events have entered into history. It may be useful to review the case in order to have a point of comparison whence to draw lessons for the present.

A secret party began to cause uneasiness in Russia at the close of the Turkish war. It terrorized the empire from 1879 to 1882. Its blows grew more bold and more frequent.

They were aimed especially at the chiefs of police and the governors of the large cities. Prince Krapotkine and General Mézentzef were killed and similar attempts were made against General Drenteln and Loris-Mélikof.

Soon all of the attempts were concentrated upon the person of the czar. On April 14, 1879, a clerk of finance, Soloviev, fired several shots at him. From this time pistol and revolver were replaced by dynamite and other explosive substances. On December 1 of this same year a mine was exploded under the train on which it was mistakenly supposed the emperor was entering Moscow. Less than three months later there was an explosion under the Winter Palace, just as the czar and the imperial family were about to enter the dining room; ten persons were killed and forty-five wounded, all either soldiers or attendants.

To these attempts popular imagination added the creations of its perpetual nightmare. Ukases succeeded one another, instituting a stage of siege, or of courts martial, changing constantly the officers of the kingdom, and extending their discretionary powers. After summary judgment the few criminals caught were executed, but there was no success in discovering the relations existing between these men and the supposed organization. The police force was not prepared for this struggle with shadows. Its efforts to discover and circumvent the enemy were ineffectual up to the day when the detailed avowals of one of the conspirators, the Jew Goldenberg, lifted at last one corner of the veil.

This deposition of Goldenberg was the thread which permitted the tracing of the labyrinth; it served as a precedent upon which to base the proceedings in subsequent trials, first of which was the trial of the sixteen [“among whom were the supposed authors of the explosions in the Winter Palace and under the railway at Moscow”], which occurred in October, 1880, and continued through six whole days, during which I was a constant attendant. My impressions during that time I will present here in the form in which I then wrote them out.

On the first morning of the trial I took

myself to the courthouse. My card of admission was minutely examined by several officials and I was at last admitted.

Soon after the Nihilists were brought in, three women and thirteen men. Their faces were emaciated and of a sickly pallor from the dampness of the prison cells which reach under the Neva River. Some of the faces impressed me at once by the character stamped on them; a feverish light burned in the eyes, the features were calm, rigid.

At the moment when they were introduced a ray of joy illuminated all of the sad faces. They met one another again there after long months of solitary confinement; a profound emotion visibly shook them all. The companions embraced each other and warmly grasped hands. They took their assigned places directly opposite the high functionaries of Russian society. The contrast between these two groups of persons was most striking.

The judges, modest officers, disappeared almost as supernumeraries. I saw there in the space of a few square meters the staff officers of two armies, that of attack and that of social defense. On the one side a few outlaws with poor means, ridiculously out of proportion to the task which they had undertaken, but resolute, fierce, implacable. On the other side the chief leaders of this great empire, impressive in their uniforms, empowered to direct the forces of the nation. But the great distinguishing point between the two was this: the best of these powerful men were moved, as people generally are, by the thought of their personal interest; the unfortunate ones opposed, had discarded all personal interest. The contrast made a terrible force, one which could almost equalize the chances in this otherwise disproportionate struggle.

The president of the tribunal put to each prisoner the usual questions. The youngest was twenty-two years old, the oldest thirty. Two were of Polish extraction; two others called themselves Israelites. Some responded to the question as to their religious belief, that they were atheists or revolutionary socialists. Except a locksmith and a printer none of them seemed to have any regular profession. Some had passed through the university.

The first day was entirely devoted to reading the act of accusation. The authority for this was the deposition of the Jew Golden-

berg. It is a capital document for the study of the revolutionary movement. This Goldenberg was arrested in November, 1879, at the station of Elizabethgrad, where he was found carrying a valise filled with dynamite. Some time later it was reported that he had hanged himself in his cell. Those whom he had betrayed and some others suspected that he had been allowed to go to Siberia or even to escape to America. Whatever may have caused his mysterious disappearance, this individual had made full confessions regarding the assassination of Prince Krapotkine, consummated by himself, regarding his participation in the regicidal attempts of April 2 and November 19, and regarding the organization of the party of which he was one of the chiefs. He had named all of his accomplices and had designated the part taken by each.

Goldenberg, who in this writing shows himself to be a man of great intelligence, declares that he has lived and will die in the socialist faith, but that, convinced of the futility of the efforts then attempted to help the Russian people, he wishes to save the country from the murderous acts planned against those in power. Desiring to arrest the vain spilling of blood and trusting to the clemency of General Loris-Melikof, he has decided to reveal the secrets and the men of his party in the hope that the government will renounce retaliation and that Russia will finally be able peacefully to accomplish its evolution into a better social state. "I devote myself for all," he adds, "hoping that I shall be the last victim of these sad events. If it should prove otherwise, know that every drop of blood shed by my brothers will be paid by the blood of their executioners."

By the recital of his facts Goldenberg made the world acquainted with the formations and the metamorphoses of the revolutionary party. He then related that at a meeting of six persons including Goldenberg and Kviatkovsky it was decided to make the attempt on the life of the czar which was carried out in April, 1879, by Solovief. The lot had fallen upon this young man; he had been provided with a revolver and a capsule of poison; he had obeyed. At Lipetz the struggle against the government by means of explosives had been decreed. The first application of this program was a triple effort upon the imperial train in November of the

same year, which failed all around. The mine at Moscow had been entrusted to Chiriaef and Hartman, who had occupied for several weeks a house near the road.

Goldenberg having been arrested at the end of November, his deposition of course ended at that time. The accusation following this time was largely based upon conjecture. However the explosion at the Winter Palace was sufficiently clear. It was effected by a certain Chaltourine, who had entered the service of the imperial house as a carpenter under an assumed name; and found opportunity to load a stove with dynamite. He disappeared after the catastrophe and left no trace of himself. The prosecution then proceeded to affairs of smaller importance, clandestine printing, armed resistance, and distribution of subsidies. One of the accused, Drigo, was named as the holder of a large fortune left to the party by the revolutionary Lissogoub recently executed at Odessa.

The questioning of the prisoners began in the afternoon and was continued all the next day. Kviatkovsky and Chiriaef, under the gravest charges, responded clearly. Their personality stood out in strong relief from the rest of the group. The first was a young man of an intelligent face and having the general appearance of a well-to-do business employee. He expressed himself in good terms without boasting or weakness. He acknowledged with some restrictions his participation in the regicidal attempts. Chiriaef produced more of a sensation. He had a large head and regular features firm and fine. He gave his replies in a loud tone, without an attempt at evasion. He had attempted the life of the emperor, had worked with Hartman to accomplish it. Zundélévitch, a Jew, responded with ambiguity concerning his accusation of having participated in the directing committee. Tichinof and Okladsky, the two charged with laying the mine at Alexandrovo, gave still another note; they were bravadoes of a bad type.

The rest to a greater or less degree denied the charges made against them. They gave themselves up as secondary agents, ignorant of the general direction. The little Goulich, a district physician, related with curious details how he had been enrolled in this sect. His testimony was valuable as showing the method of propaganda pursued. Two of the women confessed resolutely to helping in the printing office. The third said she be-

longed to the party but denied being in the printing office.

Three days were then taken up by the testimony of witnesses, and the pleadings. The accused maintained throughout the respective attitudes which characterized them at the beginning. They unitedly insisted that they were not men of blood, but that they were forced into the positions taken by them by the necessity of the law of retaliation.

The public prosecutor made his speech to the court. He demanded capital punishment. On the morning of the sixth day of the trial, the accused spoke for the last time. The three leaders limited themselves to affirmations which can be summed up in this declaration by Kviatkovsky : " We recognize facts. We do not recognize ourselves as guilty any more than are you who accuse us. You and we belong to two worlds of different ideas between which the fatality of historical circumstances leaves no chance for any compromise. We forewarn you that your decision will have an incalculable import. It depends upon you to put an end to the struggle of which the world is weary. According to your verdict we and our brothers still at liberty shall resume with joy the legal work for the triumph of our ideas, or the evil will be exasperated and our successors will take up reluctantly the terrible arms dropped from our hands."

The jury withdrew ; their deliberation lasted thirteen hours. They returned an hour after midnight reporting a verdict which condemned to death the five leading men, the others to compulsory labor for a term of years or for life, and the three women to deportation to Siberia. The convicts, who had heard the verdict without uttering a word, without the quivering of a muscle on their pale faces, bade one another a smiling adieu. They remained that night just as they had been at the beginning and as they continued through the whole six days, motionless and congealed in their fixed idea.

We went out from that trial with the clearest ideas regarding that hitherto vague phantom, the party of the Terrorists. There was existing in Russia a dangerous secret society. We knew then its true aim and character. All the romantic suppositions must fall before such evidence. Every name worthy of attention sustained the decision. If the war furiously foretold by the Terrorists should find a few secret supporters the great mass of

the Russian people cannot be affected by the revolutionary socialist theories. A danger henceforth so well known must be considered as half conquered.

SUCH were the rather optimistic conclusions which I drew at the close of the trial. Time has not shattered them ; but we have had to pass since then a period of anguish which has shown us that the roots of the evil were deeper and farther reaching, and that its power to strike blows was greater than we then supposed.

On March 12, 1881, I received, according to custom, an invitation to witness the parade of the mounted guard, to which the czar convoked us each Sunday. I have kept the paper, which reads as follows :

" To-morrow, Sunday, March 13, there will take place the parade of the mounted guard at one o'clock."

On the return, along the Catherine Canal, a bomb was exploded which damaged the carriage of the czar and wounded two men of his escort. As he descended from his carriage a second projectile exploded breaking both of his legs and injuring him internally. Two hours later, from the Winter Palace where an anxious crowd was waiting, we saw the imperial flag float at half mast.

The trial of the regicides at which also I assisted, opened April 7. Four men and two women were held for the crime. The trial lasted three days. The guilty ones, from twenty to thirty years of age, presented the accustomed varieties. The political declarations of the leaders did not differ from those which were heard during the former trial. The woman Pérovskaya was superior to the men in the *sang froid* of her attitude and the clearness of her answers. Well born, the daughter of a general, she was the soul of all their plots. The jury after one night of deliberation brought in a sentence of capital punishment for all the accused. This time it was the doubtful light of dawn which shone upon the adieux, always smiling, always impassive, of the indomitable creatures who three days later expiated their crime with their lives.

The trial of February 9, and of March 28, 1893, brought before the court several of the regicides who had escaped. One after another Terrorists and their recruits fell into the hands of the police, and terrorism properly so-called had exhausted itself.

The conclusion I would draw from this review of facts can be easily divined. These formidable shocks did not result in any great overthrow. Russia did not become "the land of nihilists." The fever passed without killing the patient. Behold a reason for assurance to those who believe that France is on the eve of destruction because anarchists here are playing in their turn with bombs.

This review contains also a lesson for theorists too sure of their theories. Fifteen years ago France looked in pity on barbarous Russia. How often we said that such phenomena would be impossible in any country but Russia, that they would be inconceivable among us. This monstrous malady was imputable only to an absolute régime; republics were secure against it. We forgot that no system of government can protect men against the worst follies, which does not afford normal employment for their intellectual forces. The late attempts in Paris, if they reveal less method and more absurdity than those in St. Petersburg, show the same audacity, the same fanaticism, the same scorn of life. Then, too, the contagion here is also spreading now among the more intelligent and cultivated classes.

Fifteen years ago the Russians sought the causes and the remedies of the evil, just as the French are now doing. Then certain ones said, "We should soon be rid of all the trouble if we could be placed under the conditions of French life." I do not know whether any in France have yet advanced the inverse of this statement. The same trouble breaking out under such opposite conditions proves that the causes

are difficult to discern. There is at least one concerning which all agree. I read in one of the papers not long since, "In Russia the excessive development of university study has produced nihilism; could the same condition exist in France without any relation to the same frightful malady whose first symptoms we are beginning to perceive, the symptoms of anarchy?" Yes, but the remedy? Who would dare to close this reservoir of study whence all are thirsting to drink, and which it has been our highest honor to open as wide as possible for all?

In order to close it, it would be necessary to banish from speech such words as "instruction" and "intellectual development" and to substitute for them the vocabulary of physiology, of hygiene; it would be necessary to recognize that civilization had destroyed all equilibrium in the human animal, developing cerebral activity to the detriment of muscular activity; it would be necessary to remake man into "a good animal" in the sense in which Herbert Spencer meant. But prejudice is too strong for this; if there is no other remedy our race is condemned to encephalopathy, a fever of the brain.

Renan, who spoke so laughingly of his own infection with this disease, and who wished to place Caliban, evidently more seriously infected, at the disposal of some superior chemists, forgot to write an appendix to his "Future of Science." Caliban in his turn is now passing through a brain fever. He has himself become quite a passable chemist, and the first care of the monster is to reform by picrate gunpowder a world in which Caliban is unhappy.

THE ELECTROMAGNETIC THEORY OF LIGHT.

BY PROFESSOR JOHN TROWBRIDGE, SC. D.

Of Harvard University.

THE electromagnetic theory of light assumes that light and heat, as well as all electrical phenomena, are transformations of electrical waves which reach the earth from the sun. This is the most important generalization in natural philosophy of the present century and it is occupying the attention of the ablest philosophers. Its author, James Clerk Maxwell, died less than fifty; and the general reader will find his life, published by his literary executors, one of the most interesting biographies ever written. A picture is presented of a simple, modest, reverential genius, whose mental powers were so great that the greatest intellects in the world are now wrestling with the problem he presented to them, and whose book on electricity is still the final authority on the subject.

The electromagnetic theory of light, I have said, supposes that the energy of the sun reaches us by a wave motion; and it will be interesting in the first place, to gain some idea of wave motion and of its magnitude under different conditions. We are all familiar with the waves of the sea, and we have a general idea of their power. We perceive that they pass under boats, merely lifting the boats up and down and in general, apart from considerations of peculiar conformations of the shore, do not urge the boats forward in the line they are advancing. These waves may be termed plane waves. They are propagated along the plane of the sea. By exploding, however, a charge of dynamite in the deep sea, waves can be sent out from a center which will be propagated approximately in all directions and therefore may be termed spherical waves.

A lighted candle is a center of disturbance and sends out waves in the ether. The velocity and height of the waves of the sea can be readily measured, certainly in an approximate manner. The methods, however, of measuring the length of the light and heat waves emitted by the candle are not so evident.

It will suffice for the object of the present article, which deals merely with a broad generalization, that there are at least two extremely accurate methods of measuring the length of light and heat waves, and it has been found, for instance, that the length of the wave of red light is approximately

$\frac{1}{39,000}$ of an inch in length, that of yellow light $\frac{1}{40,000}$, and that of violet $\frac{1}{50,000}$. Waves of greater length than $\frac{1}{30,000}$ of an inch in length cease to affect the eye and manifest their effect by what we term radiant heat. The longest wave of radiant heat that has been measured is $\frac{1}{2,000}$ of an inch. The shortest wave of sound that has been measured is perhaps one inch long. There is therefore a great gap between the wave of red light and the wave of the highest note which the ear can perceive.

There is no physical basis for a very common idea that the impressions of sound and color are closely connected. Martial music may seem red to some persons. If it does, the connection is due to some collation of ideas which are independent of the physical relation of wave lengths. The longest wave of sound that we can measure is about sixteen feet, and the shortest wave, as I have said, is about an inch.

Four years ago this was the extent of our knowledge of the size of waves which impress our senses. A young German physicist by the name of Hertz, a former assistant of Helmholtz, and one deeply read in Maxwell's great book on electricity, set himself to obtain some experimental evidence of the wave motion of electromagnetism. The task was a difficult one; for there was no apparent periodic wave motion, like that of yellow light for instance, which could be submitted to examination. Finally Hertz was led to reflect that electric sparks under certain conditions oscillate to and fro in a periodic manner. This had been shown by Joseph Henry, who obtained powerful enough induction due to a single electric spark to magnetize steel needles at a distance of 30 feet beneath, with the floors and ceilings intervening; and in reviewing this experiment Henry remarked, "It may be further inferred that the diffusion of motion in this case is almost comparable with that of a spark from a flint and steel in the case of light."

Henry proved conclusively that an electric spark from a Leyden jar, in general, is made up of a number of oscillations which constitute a wave motion, or surging to and fro along the wire connecting the inside of a Leyden jar with its outside. If this is so, then we ought to be able to tune neighboring conductors electrically—so that they will respond to the vibrations in the exciting circuit.

But how can we electrically tune one circuit with another? It is easy to tune two tuning forks so that if one is excited the neighboring fork will respond by sympathetic vibrations. One tuning fork will excite another across a room if the two are in perfect tune. In playing any musical instrument one often sets neighboring objects into sympathetic vibrations, which attract our attention and seem curious but comparatively unimportant. When we study them, however, we find that a great amount of energy can be made manifest. A substantial structure can be dangerously shaken by exciting sympathetic vibrations in it. When Joseph Henry produced a spark in a circuit of wire entirely disconnected from the circuit through which he sent a spark, he probably produced sympathetic electrical vibrations.

The method of doing this to-day is clearly understood; and in connection with what I have said of the energy displayed in sympa-

thetic vibrations, it is interesting to note that the energy of radiation of one of Joseph Henry's oscillating electric sparks has been calculated and from this we can form some idea of the energy displayed in the sympathetic sparks. It has been calculated that the average oscillating spark which produces the sympathetic vibrations in neighboring electrical circuits is giving out work in electromagnetic radiations or waves equal to about 22 horse power for $\frac{1.5}{100,000,000}$ of a second. This corresponds roughly at a distance of 36 feet from the oscillating spark to the intensity of the solar radiation at the surface of the earth.

The experiment of Hertz with parabolic mirrors is perhaps the one which is most suggestive to the general reader. A light placed at the focus of a parabolic mirror serves on a locomotive to send forth a beam of light a great distance along the railroad track; for its rays are sent forth in a bundle, each ray being parallel to any other. If they were divergent rays it is evident that their effect would not reach any distance along the track. They would diverge in all directions. A parabolic mirror therefore with a light at the focus, which is a point a short distance from the apex of the mirror or the part of the mirror which rounds the most, is most serviceable as a search light in transmitting a beam of light a long distance.

One can also use a parabolic mirror to transmit a wave of sound a great distance. Instead of a light which is giving forth waves in the ether and which are sent out from the focus of the mirror, place a tuning fork or an organ pipe at the focus of a large mirror. It will be found that the sound can be sent a great distance along a line which extends from the focus of the mirror, a line for instance, parallel to a railroad track and passing through the focus of the reflector on the engine. Waves of heat can also be used. A hot cannon ball placed at the focus will send forth long waves of heat which can be detected two hundred feet from the hot ball. It is desirable however in the use of parabolic mirrors if we wish an intense effect at any point—to use a second parabolic mirror to receive the waves sent out from the focus of one of the mirrors and to concentrate them at the focus of the second mirror. The two mirrors then become transmitters and receivers, and they can replace each other in these functions.

Since we know that light is some form of

wave motion, that radiant heat is also a form of wave motion only differing from light in having longer wave lengths—or longer distances from the crest of one wave to the crest of another—which is a wave length—and since we know also that sound is propagated by a wave motion, and that parabolic mirrors are serviceable in reflecting these waves of light, heat, and sound, and in collecting them at the focus of another mirror, it is logical to suppose that if electrical oscillations can be similarly reflected and collected that these oscillations exist in the ether in the form of waves.

Hertz, therefore, produced at the focus of one large parabolic mirror an electrical spark which he knew from the experiments of Joseph Henry was an oscillatory one—sending forth impulses; the interval between such impulses being about a millionth of a second. On placing a suitable little electric circuit at the focus of a distant similar parabolic mirror—he obtained also an electric spark in this circuit. The electromagnetic waves sent out from the focus of the first parabolic mirror traveled, so to speak, in a bundle of parallel rays to the second parabolic mirror and were reflected to the focus of the latter, where they excited in a little electric circuit oscillations similar to those sent forth.

Now it does not seem impossible that some day by a similar arrangement of mirrors that we shall be able to communicate between ships at sea in a fog and ascertain the direction in which steamships are advancing. I do not consider this an improbable suggestion. We can already detect an electric wave two hundred feet from the source of its propagation. It passes through brick walls, ceilings, and partitions of all material except metal, unimpeded apparently. If we had suitable photographic plates we could photograph a person through a brick wall—by means of electromagnetic waves.

Another very suggestive experiment, due, I believe, to Mr. Croft, illustrates the possibilities of the use of electromagnetic waves, in signaling between points without a wire. If a vessel containing filings of brass be connected with a battery and a delicate galvanometer, no current can be passed through the brass filings unless they are subjected to pressure, on account of their not being in electrical contact from the films of air which surround the individual particles.

If, however, an electric spark of the oscil-

latory nature be produced at some distance from the vessel containing the brass filings, the needle of the galvanometer immediately swings and indicates the existence of an electric current. This current is produced by oscillatory sparks between the brass filings which are in tune with the spark which produces them, and the current from the battery passes through the conducting path produced by these sparks. Here also is a method of signaling through a fog. Suppose that the vessel of brass filings is placed at the focus of one parabolic mirror and that an electric spark is produced at the focus of another. By turning the parabolic mirror and the brass filings about an axis after the manner of a search light, one could possibly ascertain the direction in which a steamer is advancing. This method is certainly suggestive, but not yet practical.

It is interesting to notice that in this experiment also we are dealing with electromagnetic waves, which have been propagated through the ether of space from the spark to the brass filings.

This experiment leads us to imagine that some day we shall be able to follow more intimately the disturbances on the surface of the sun, and when this is accomplished we may be able to extend our researches to the more distant stars.

It may be asked what is the practical advantage of studying electromagnetic waves in the ether of space. Certainly if we could by their means signal through a fog there would be great practical advantages in their employment. If we turn also to the subject of the transmission of speech under the ocean or over long distances, above the earth or in conduits in the earth, we are confronted with disturbing effects of what is called electromagnetic and electrostatic induction. These forms of induction are wave motions in the ether; and these waves can doubtless be reflected and refracted just as light waves can. If a wire were luminous, we could reflect its light away from another wire by a suitable arrangement of mirrors. Is it not possible that some means will be devised of totally reflecting electromagnetic effects from a wire which we wish to protect from the disturbing effects of induction?

The reader may ask, What evidence have we that electromagnetic waves can be reflected and refracted? Hertz arranged his

parabolic mirrors in such a manner that the bundle of rays from one parabolic mirror was reflected from a large metallic surface to the second parabolic mirror and he obtained at the focus of this second mirror a spark similar to that at the focus of the first mirror. This experiment showed clearly the phenomena of reflection. He also placed a large prism of pitch in the path of the bundle of rays coming from the transmitting mirror and found that he could refract the electrical waves to the receiving mirror. These experiments have been repeated and verified by various observers. Lord Kelvin, in a preface to an English edition of Hertz's work on electric waves, says of one of Hertz's papers in that volume, "I cannot refer to this paper without expressing the admiration and delight with which I see the words 'rectilinear propagation,' 'polarization,' 'reflection,' 'refraction' appearing in it as subtitles."

In the beginning of this paper I expressed my opinion that the electromagnetic theory of light is the greatest generalization of this century in physical science. It stands side by side with the doctrine of the conservation of energy. It is intellectually however, it seems to me, a grander achievement to connect together such apparently diverse manifestations as light, heat, electricity, and magnetism, and to explain their methods of working than to arrive at the idea of the equivalence between heat and motion.

I find that the general reader, outside of the domain of physics, has very little knowledge of the great men in that subject, and to many the name of James Clerk Maxwell may be a new one. I do not believe he ever wrote a popular treatise and I am sure that he never gave a popular lecture. He belonged to that Scotch nation from which so many eminent philosophers have proceeded. The Anglo-Saxon can claim to have originated all the great physical hypotheses: the doctrine of gravitation, the undulatory theory of light, the conservation of energy, and the electromagnetic theory of light.

The following reply given by Professor Galileo Ferrari, the Italian physicist, to a young lady who asked what electricity is, is expressive of the comprehensive nature of Maxwell's great generalization:

"Maxwell has demonstrated that luminiferous vibrations can be nothing else than

COXEY'S COMMONWEAL ARMY.

periodic variations in electromagnetic forces: Hertz in proving by experiment that electromagnetic oscillations are propagated like light has given an experimental basis to the theory of Maxwell. The latter gave birth to the idea that the luminiferous ether and the seat of electric and magnetic forces are one and the same thing. This being established I can now, my dear young lady, reply to the question that you put to me: What is electricity?

"It is not only the formidable agent which now and then shatters and tears the atmosphere, terrifying you with the crash of its thunder; but it is also the life-giving agent which sends from heaven to earth, with light and heat, the magic of colors and the breath of life. It is that which makes your heart beat to the palpitations of the outside world, it is that which has the power to transmit to your soul the enchantment of a look and the grace of a smile."

COXEY'S COMMONWEAL ARMY.

BY SHIRLEY PLUMER AUSTIN.

AN unusually deep Ohio mudhole was an important factor in the inception of the "On to Washington" crusade which has attracted the attention of the country for several months past. An encounter with this now historic mudhole, some three years ago, fixed most firmly in the mind of Jacob Sechler Coxey the crying need of good roads.

Coxey lived near Massillon, Ohio, was a quarry owner and fancy stock breeder, and through his business acumen had secured a comfortable fortune. In politics he was a Greenback-Populist and for years had been desirous of reforming the existing system of government, which, in his judgment, is responsible for all the misery and wretchedness of the period. Not until the engulfing mudhole came forcibly into his life did the would-be reformer make any definite step toward the solution of the question.

Shortly after being extracted from the yawning puddle Coxey completed the draft of a bill that provided for the issue by the federal government of \$500,000,000 in treasury notes to be expended solely in the construction of good roads throughout the country, each state to receive an appropriation *pro rata* with its road mileage and to employ only American labor at wages fixed in the bill.

At the cost of much time and a goodly share of his fortune the reformer vainly endeavored to secure recognition for his political panacea. His neighbors dubbed him "crank" and his wife secured a divorce partly on the grounds of his craze. A new wife was secured and the jeering neighbors ignored.

Not till the fall of 1893 was his heart gladdened by the slightest hope of success. At that time while at a Populist convention at Chicago, Coxey met the flower of American demagogism—Carl Browne, a lifelong labor agitator with leanings toward anarchy, who claims to hail from Calistoga, California.

Since the close of the war Browne has been more or less prominent in all the labor movements of the Pacific Coast. He affects the cowboy style of dress to the extent of a disgustingly filthy leather suit set off by high boots and sombrero. Early and proper educational training might have made of Browne a man of more than ordinary ability, for he is a thinker of some force and possessed of a fair degree of intelligence.

The chance meeting between Browne and Coxey ripened at once into a warm friendship which paved the way for an interchange of confidences. Browne disclosed to the Massillon man that for years he had been trying to organize the unemployed and march them by easy stages to Washington, there to demand relief of a "money enslaved Congress." Through lack of funds he had never been successful. Coxey in turn unfolded his cherished wish and was at once made the proposition by the Californian that they pool issues and with Chicago as the seat of operations, begin immediate preparations.

Coxey returned home to consider Browne's proposition and Browne proceeded to make himself prominent in the Chicago Lake Front meetings. The incendiary nature of his speeches here caused his expulsion from Chicago by the mayor of the city, but he succeeded in returning to the city, where in

the rôle of an assistant to an Indian patent medicine vender he preached his revolutionary doctrines.

In November Coxey decided that in deference to himself Massillon would be the most appropriate seat of operations for the movement that was to revolutionize the government. Browne was informed to this effect and on request at once appeared at Massillon. During the interim Coxey's revolving brain produced a second measure which he was confident, if incorporated along with the good roads measure into the nation's statute books, would bring peace and prosperity to all and place his name along with that of Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln.

This provided that all states, counties, and municipal corporations could issue bonds without interest for a practically unlimited amount, which upon request should be accepted by the federal government and treasury notes given in exchange up to the limit of the issue, less one per cent for cost of printing. The principal was to be reducible at the rate of four per cent per year and the treasury notes were to be utilized for public improvements.

The following plan of campaign was soon decided upon by the reformers. The Coxey bills were to be introduced into Congress the following March, and to insure and hasten their passage "a petition with boots on" was to start from Massillon Easter Sunday and by overland marches reach Washington May 1 and hold a monster mass meeting on the Capitol steps at noon. Not till January 23 of the present year were these plans made known to the world. Their announcement reached the public ear through the enterprise of a local editor and the public attention was secured by the entire novelty of the scheme and the business reputation of Mr. Coxey.

The most striking feature of the movement was the religious coloring which was sup-

plied by Browne, who among his many accomplishments claims to be the originator and high priest of the doctrine of natural theosophy. This great truth was flashed upon him while watching by the deathbed of his wife in California. It was revealed to him that he possessed a large amount of the reincarnated portion of Christ's soul. His exposition of the theory runs thus:

"Reincarnation is according to all the laws of nature. Every human being is physically but a collection of gases and salts, which at death, according to the laws of nature, return to nature's reservoirs. Science has proved all this and by the very same sort of reasoning we shall have to admit that

the soul, upon death, returns to the soul reservoir. This reservoir is like a huge caldron and the released soul entering it is mixed up with the souls of all the preceding generations. At the birth of a human being into the world this reservoir is tapped and soul sufficient for the newborn is drawn off and placed in the babe. This new soul is made up of parts of all the other souls in the reservoir and sometimes has the bad predominating and sometimes the good. Every person has a bit of the reincarnated soul of Christ."

Browne discovered in Coxey an exceptionally large portion of Christ's soul and announced that when the industrial procession was massed at Washington May 1, all the portions of Christ's reincarnated soul would be brought together in effective unity, "before which, hell, not to mention 'the subservient tools of Wall street' (Congress), could not stand."

Coxey's religious views did not prevent his ready conversion to Browne's abortive theosophy. He does not claim any supernatural wisdom as Browne does, but modestly poses as the living representative of Christ because Browne says so.



"General" J. S. Coxey.

From the first, Coxey appeared to be hypnotized by Browne, and as the Californian gained daily more and more influence over him, the reincarnated theory was forced more into prominence till it fairly overshadowed the political feature of the crusade. Throughout the march the men were constantly reminded of the fact by the generous display of symbolic banners and inscriptions and the designation of every contribution to the army as a "miracle" by Coxey. The column was called the Commonweal of Christ and its distinctive banner was adorned with a head of Christ, painted to resemble Carl Browne.

The people of Massillon were disgusted with the blasphemous utterances of the reformers and ridiculed the whole movement. The prospect of the town being made a *rendezvous* for the scum of the country caused much uneasiness and eagerly was the day longed for when Coxey and his followers should leave.

The flood of literature sent out by the reformers was enormous. The Commonweal's printing bill was over \$2,000 up to the time of departure from Massillon. That every mail brought scores of letters from practical jokers, containing liberal promises of aid and marchers; that misspelt checks for enormous sums, written in red ink and bearing prominent business men's names, were regularly received, deposited in good faith by the sanguine Coxey and as regularly returned, protested; that the farce was given a serious turn by the introduction of Coxey's bills into the Senate, March 19, by Senator Peffer of Kansas; that as Easter Sunday approached financial troubles threatened to engulf Coxey and his movement; that promised supplies and recruits failed to appear and the bubble seemed about to burst, and then, on Easter Sunday Coxey left Massillon at the head of less than one hundred followers; the march overland to Washington with its varying incident and the spread of the commonweal craze,—has all been set forth at length in the daily press.

No words can describe the tough character of the overwhelming majority of the first members of the Commonweal. They were the worst specimens of the worst types of the American tramp. They had enlisted, attracted by the adventure the movement promised, with the prospect of three regular meals a day and no work required. After the

first day they began to drop out and by the end of the first week nearly all had disappeared from the ranks. Their old life was preferable to tramping ten or fifteen miles a day over frightful roads in severe weather and being half starved. Peter the Hermit's rabble eight hundred years previous were saints compared to these, and most fortunate was General Coxey in having severe weather, bad roads, and a lean commissary.

The places of the deserters were rapidly filled and from then on the predominating element in the army was the "tramp by force of circumstances, not choice." These were men who had been out of employment for some time, and were forced "to take the road." Many of them showed membership cards of reputable labor organizations and the majority claimed to be anxious to secure work. They were dirty, ragged, and the lowest order of the American workingman, only slightly removed from the ordinary tramp. Their motive for joining seemed to be the hope that the movement might better their condition and at any rate "it was more fun than doing nothing and having to pay for it."

The few recruits out of this class were a heterogeneous collection of *bona fide* workingmen, cranks, and would-be museum freaks, with the workingmen in the minority.

The personnel of the army underwent constant change. The desertions evenly balanced the enlistments so that the "war footing" was kept at about 250 continually. Before the Cumberland Mountains were crossed fully 2,000 names had been enrolled on the recruiting books, yet the climb was made with a little over 200 men, only 9 of whom had marched from Massillon.

The food question was a burning one with the Commonweal from the start. Notwithstanding the large quantities of provisions donated along the march, the men rarely had what under any construction could be called a square meal. The choicest products of the farm, dairy, and bakery donated by kind-hearted citizens rarely got beyond the headquarters tent, in which was the headquarters mess, composed of some of the higher officers, the teamsters, and a select circle of favorites. The usual diet of the rank and file was a chunk of bread and a cup of stuff called, out of respect to the kettle it was boiled in, coffee. To this was sometimes added a small piece of fat pork, head cheese, or bologna,

and a couple of potatoes once a day. There was seldom enough of everything to go around. Quite frequently the midday meal was dispensed with. Only when the citizens provided a meal for the army and were on hand to see to its distribution, were the men sure of getting enough to eat. The march over the mountains was made on hard-tack and bacon. The whereabouts of the carloads of provisions contributed along the route through Ohio and Pennsylvania remained a mystery throughout the march. Men who had undergone all the hardships of the long marches over bottomless roads in awful weather without a murmur, left the army on account of the wretched food. Those who stayed could appease their hunger only by the most persistent begging from door to door in the towns passed through.

The order preserved by the ragged marchers from the start was excellent. Carl Browne saw in this the spirit of the reincarnated Christ abroad in the army, but to mere mortals it appeared to be due to the military organization of the Commonweal and to the strict discipline enforced by the next in rank to Browne, the Chicago Indian medicine vender, who gained much notoriety as "the Great Unknown."

In the organization of the Army of Peace, the unit was the group, composed of five men including the group marshal. Twenty groups formed a commune, five of which constituted a community. A canton was formed by two communities. Each division had its marshal, who was responsible for the men under his charge. The group marshal drew rations for his four men and was supposed to have a constant eye upon them, both on the march

and in camp. There was no color line drawn in the army, the only requirement for membership being American citizenship. Each crusader was decorated with an oblong bit of muslin stamped with a rude design, bearing his group and commune number.

On the march a good line was kept and little or no straggling from ranks was noticeable. The marches averaged fifteen miles a day and

were made at the rate of about three miles per hour. A lone bagpiper and the army's bugler furnished music for the marchers in a spasmodic fashion. The men for the most part tramped along in silence seemingly intent only on reaching the next stopping place. The American flag waved at the head of the procession and directly behind it came a group of horsemen, among them Carl Browne and Jesse, Coxey's wild young son, mounted on blooded horses from the Coxey stock farm. In a phaeton behind the horsemen rode General Coxey, and at the head of the men came the Great Unknown mounted on a superb hackney from Coxey's farm. The men were formed into five communes of about forty-five men, each with a color bearer to each commune. Between each commune



"Marshal" Carl Browne.

was a commissary or baggage wagon, which was assisted over bad places in the road by the commune behind it. All the wagons, teams, and riding horses came from Coxey's farm and represented a considerable amount of money. The stock suffered greatly from the march and Coxey's loss in damaged horse-flesh was no small item.

The day's march usually began about 10:30 a.m., and the destination was reached toward evening. The camp was usually pitched in

a vacant town lot and was the center of attraction for the entire population for the time being. A circle was formed by the men to keep the crowd back while the small circus tent used for sleeping quarters was being pitched and the wagons put in place. Picket lines were formed and in a short time the Commonweal was "at home" to visitors and any desirous of enlisting. About supper time the members of the "flying squadron," some fifty strong, who preferred rapid transit by freight trains to walking, would appear to get rations and after spending the night and partaking of breakfast would slip out of the camp and on to the next town to repeat the performance.

The marchers as a rule remained in camp after supper, but large squads spread over the town in search of food and drink money. The tired men would spend the night on the cold wet ground under the leaky tent or were packed in a close, poorly ventilated hall or in a stable or old ramshackle, all ventilation. Guards were posted about the camp and were relieved every two hours.

Though the men were nearly all hard drinkers and at every opportunity got intoxicated, yet little or no depredation was done by the members of the army. As with the traveling circus the thieving was mostly traceable to the hangers-on.

Coxey, Browne, and Smith, together with some of the lesser lights, always were quartered at the best hotels along the route, and never ate or slept in the camp. At every stopping place a meeting was held, with the two reformers as the only speakers. Coxey would give a brief and lucid explanation of his proposed bills and the good effect their passage would have on all, and the remainder of the three hours would be occupied by Browne in a disjointed tirade against the government in general and the existing financial system in particular. He illustrated his harangue by cartoons drawn offhand which gave proof of his profession—house and sign painting—dropped on his entrance into the ranks of the country's demagogues. At every meeting a collection was taken from the highly amused audience, to defray the expenses of the march.

In the reception accorded to the Commonweal along the entire route the element of enthusiasm was conspicuous for its total absence. Many places received the crusaders in anything but a friendly manner. In

nearly every town passed through there had been a greatly increased sale of locks, bolts, and firearms.

The entrance of the army into a town took the place of the annual circus parade and lined the streets with a jeering crowd curious to see the much talked of Coxey army. As the ragged, starved looking men filed through the streets expressions of pity could be heard from the tender-hearted in the crowd. But the property owners and people with sensibilities hardened by experience with the world expressed themselves in very emphatic terms on the outrage of bringing "such a gang of tramps" into the community.

The army's advent would bring all the rabid Populists and hoary Greenbackers from their retreats. Days previous to the appearance of the army they would canvass the town for supplies and make all provisions for the army's welfare while in their town. Yet only a few of these men were met who were in entire sympathy with Coxey and his movement. The theosophical feature was largely accountable for this. From a certain feeling of responsibility for the entertainment of the army by reason of their political faith and from humanitarian motives alone many of these men bent all their energies toward providing for the army's welfare while in their town.

Many of the most active of these men gave up all hope of any direct good being accomplished, after seeing the men. At the town where the Commonweal received the most enthusiastic reception on the entire route, the president of the local Coxey Club resigned in disgust after seeing the army's make-up.

This band of several hundred ragged wanderers with not a dozen representative American workingmen among them, led by a hypnotized dreamer and a scheming demagogue, may be the pebble of revolution which, thrown into the lake of national peace, will cause commotion to the farthest corner. From all sides come reports of the idle and discontented moving in bands toward the nation's capital. If the waters are disturbed by the dropping of the pebble, underneath their ruffled surface is the deep calm stream of American manhood and common sense which will remain unchanged while the wavelets of unrest and revolution break themselves upon the rugged shores of law and order.

"HE KNOWETH THE WAY THAT WE TAKE."

BY EMILY BUGBEE JOHNSON.

O Heart, we will no longer question,
 You and I,
Of all the strange perplexing things that lie
 About our destiny,

Saying, Alas ! we tarried here too long
 To grasp our fate,
And there we failed in patient hope to wait,
 The opening of a gate

That would have led to greener pastures
 Where cool rivers flowed,
And golden sands upon their margin glowed,
 And smooth the road,

Winding away among the sheltering trees,
 Where perfumed breeze
Swept in from distant seas,
 With song of peace.

We might have shunned this pain,
 For seeming gain;
Once being lost, came never back again
 Through sun or rain.

Nay, Heart, but let us make,
 Our refuge here,
He knoweth the way we take,
 Through smile or tear,
In sunbright ways,
 Or deserts lone and drear.

In His unerring hand,
 He holds the plan,
Which His Omnicience scanned,
 Ere we began,
This way or that to trend,
 Toward the end.

Here resting let us make
 Nor moan nor cry,
Though all the world go by,
 Hushing all passionate pain
 Because of the unattained,
For His most blessed sake,
 Who knoweth the way we take.

Woman's Council Table.

THE GIRL GRADUATE AT HOME.

BY HELEN MARSHALL NORTH.

ONE of the most trying periods in the life of any girl who has been away from home to school or college is the time which follows her homecoming. These days are the more difficult, perhaps, because no one realizes her peculiar trials. She has enjoyed the midsummer vacation with its freedom from care about prospective essays or examinations, and now every one thinks she should be very happy to stay at home and be a comfort to her family. But, as a rule, she is not precisely happy in these months following her graduation.

Some of her troubles are of her own making, some are made for her by others, and not a few spring naturally from her new position. She is a devoted daughter and a conscientious Christian girl and wishes to be a joy and crown to her home, but, with the best possible intentions, she is neither, and she suffers agonies in the consciousness of her failures.

But there need not be so many failures. Be a little more charitable to yourself, young graduate, and very much more charitable to others and your place in the home circle is sure to become a happy and useful one. You have been living for four years under a systematic domestic *régime* by which every arrangement was made subservient to your student needs and convenience. Breakfast hours, study hours, retiring hours for the entire household, were all provided for and you have learned to love the systematic division of time which made the accomplishment of many duties possible. It certainly is a shock to come home and find that Brother Tom does not come down to breakfast until the meal is half over and that Sister Sue lingers so long over her dressing that she must hasten away to school with no proper time for eating. Even father and mother are strangely lax in their habits as compared with the college girls. It is all very exasperating and our girl considers it her Heaven-ordained mission to regulate matters according to the college standard. But, alas, Tom is irreverent, Sue impudent perhaps, and even father and mother, with

whom she talks quite calmly, give her no encouragement. She is sure that no life can be worth while that is spent in this hap-hazard way and feels miserably discouraged over her failure.

Now it is undoubtedly true that Tom and Sue would accomplish more in the world and lay healthier physical foundations if they were more regular in their habits; but few of us change our ways of living in response to dictatorial sermons. Little by little, example, suggestion, gentle and kind appreciation, may bring about the desired changes in brother and sister, but flat opposition to their established ways simply throws them off the track and arouses all their disagreeable feelings. Home will probably never run in the same regular grooves as did the college life and, since the same objects are not to be accomplished therein, perhaps this is not desirable.

Then again, the home atmosphere is not at all to the taste of our scholarly girl. She has lived in the midst of the great works of art, science, and literature and the thoughts of the great ones of earth have been constantly presented to her, and her companions shared her interest in these matters, to a degree. At home, no one cares particularly for Greek plays, psychological research, or the masters of painting. They are all sincerely glad that the eldest daughter of the house has a fine education; mother was well-educated for her time and father is a college graduate, but domestic and business problems have presented themselves so imperatively to the heads of the family that they have pushed more intellectual aspirations into the background.

The girl must realize that she may never again live in just such an atmosphere as she enjoyed at college and also that it is not best, all things considered, that she should. The college life was intended as a preparation for better living. It is really a far higher and holier thing to soothe a grieving little baby whose woes are, to itself, real and absorbing; to help mother with the mending and so give her leisure for a needed recreation; gently to guide little Sue into paths of high

Woman's Council Table.

THE SIBERIAN LEPERS' FRIEND.

339

thinking, relieve an overburdened father, and present an example of sincere, Christ-like living to noisy, impressionable Tom, than it is to write the most elegant French essay or calculate the orbit of a comet, when one's sphere is, for the time, bounded by the seemingly narrow but really very broad horizon of home. The home is divinely ordained, and our girl must not forget this truth.

It is quite possible that the sort of man that Tom is to be in the great world, is dependent on the college-bred sister to a great degree, and it is even more probable that Sister Sue's pliant nature is largely to be molded by the older sister. Here then, without going outside to look up needy objects, are two lives which our girl may blessedly influence or criminally neglect. Father and mother have been so long plodding on in their own old-fashioned way, rather acceptably to the community it must be confessed, that it may be just as well to let them finish their days in peace.

If the college education has not developed self-control, courtesy for the opinions of others, toleration, a spirit of helpfulness, and an honest desire to do one's best in any surroundings, it has failed of its highest mission. No doubt it has taught just these good things to our girl, but she needs a little time to adjust herself to her environment.

The question of going out into the world as a bread-winner, when bread-winning is not a necessity, is a many-sided question. The girl to whom self-support is an imperative necessity is not forced to consider this problem ; her only question is, How may she

most readily secure a good position? In some respects, the wide-awake girl who has a father's purse to depend upon is less fortunate than her poorer sister. She wishes to air her newly made wings in an intellectual flight but is not sure that it is right to leave the family nest. If she is really necessary to the conduct or comfort of the home, she must not question her lot. A home is a precious possession. The days may be even now on the way when she will be written fatherless and motherless, and long, with bitter tears, for the safe haven. Give the years cheerfully then, if their service be needed.

But if no urgent claim presses, the college girl is happy in taking up that profession or employment to which her tastes call her, with the inspiring ambition perhaps of some day giving aid to the home friends as it may be needed.

The question of bread-winning is so much easier for the college-bred girl to solve, than for her uneducated sister. Her powers are trained for use, and even in a manual employment she is much more likely to succeed, with a trained mind guiding her fingers. Far more numerous, also, are the employments open to the college girl than to her sister whose advantages have been fewer, and far more satisfying are those occupations which demand just the capital which the college girl has been accumulating.

She is not yet old enough to realize it, but the college girl is living in good years and has much for which to be thankful in her opportunities and in the demand for the best and highest that God has given her.

THE SIBERIAN LEPERS' FRIEND.

BY FANNIE C. WILLIAMS.

THE Talmud reads, "These four are accounted as dead ; the blind, the leper, the poor, and the childless."

About two years ago, a curious cavalcade might have been seen pushing its way, slowly and with much difficulty, through the densely thick forests of Northeastern Siberia. The number consisted first, of twenty-nine sturdy peasants from Yakutsk, strong sons of the soil, accustomed to delve among the dark undergrowth of this dreary and tangled waste.

Some of these acted as guides, for there was no path ; and at places it is black as night, where sunshine never penetrates, and only those familiar with its mazes can ever emerge from these desolate wilds. Some were busy cutting off branches for the easier passage of the procession of horses following. They clipped off overhanging boughs, chopped a path through huge tree trunks, and were occupied in searching for new openings in the thicket, where beast and rider might pass un-

Woman's Council Table.

340

THE SIBERIAN LEOPERS' FRIEND.

harmed. Others were lifting up stumbling horses, encouraging weary ones, extricating those who were helplessly struggling in the wet marshes, and urging the weaker animals who had sunken in the bogs up to their bellies, to make one more desperate effort. Still others of the men were on the alert, gun in hand, watching warily for bears, which were constantly ready to attack the party by day or night. Strapped on some of the horses' backs were tents and camping paraphernalia with cooking utensils.

In the midst of this guard of hardy peasants rode two other persons, side by side; an official interpreter, and a slight, delicate woman, who was in reality the leader, the reason, and the wherefore of this pilgrimage. Sitting astride the horse, enveloped in a great wide-sleeved coat with huge pockets, she wore large trousers tucked into high boots at the knee, a wide visor cap, a capuchin hood drawn over the back of the head, and a mosquito net to protect the face from the plague of these forests in the summer season. A revolver, a whip, and a bag completed her outfit.

So pale and fatigued she seemed at times, that one would have thought she would fall, and it was necessary to make frequent halts for refreshment or rest, that she might be enabled to continue this perilous and trying journey. For this heroic woman had ridden thus through the forests for over two thousand miles, and was now well nigh spent with fatigue and discouragement resulting from the hardships endured on this hazardous enterprise.

This intrepid rider, who had traveled all the way from England, crossing Russia in winter by sledge, and in summer plunging into these forests of Siberia on horseback, was Kate Marsden, a hospital nurse of London. A woman without means, frail of strength, with no knowledge of the Russian language, had made her way so far undaunted by dangers which would cause the stoutest heart to quake, still unshaken in her purpose even after the endurance of untold hardships, most trying discomforts, and wearing deprivations. Her mission to this far-away corner of the earth has been designated, by a sympathetic narrator, "The Quest for the Holy Grail." Certain it is that her purpose was noble, and her courage unquenchable.

During the recent World's Fair at Chicago, where the most illustrious men and women

from all parts of the globe were gathered, I had the pleasure of an introduction to this gentle Englishwoman; and learned from her own lips, and from those of Miss Field (her companion on this journey) many facts of intense interest in connection with her tremendous exploit, its objects, and its results.

Miss Marsden has been a nurse ever since she was sixteen years of age, and has had many pathetic and touching experiences, but it seems that no case has ever appealed to her as so utterly wretched and hopeless as that of the leper, forever unclean, and shut off from all the joys of life and health. She impresses one as a large woman, quite tall, though of slender build, with a fair English complexion, rather paler than that of her usually more robust countrywomen. She looks about forty years of age. Her dark wavy hair is brushed sedately back under the smooth white nurse's cap, its snowy strings of spotless purity forming a halo around the face, whose expression denotes sweet nobility of character, and at the same time shows great force and strength of mind. Large dark languid eyes light up brilliantly during her conversation, sparkling with fun, then again drooping with sympathy as she tells of the pathetic and sorrowful scenes she has so often witnessed.

As nurse during the Russo-Turkish war, Miss Marsden had her first experience with the frightful disease of leprosy. From that time, she seemed to feel that her special vocation in life was to minister to the victims of this foul disease, those terribly afflicted ones for whom all hope is gone, and who are so shunned by their fellow-men that even their nearest and dearest not only often desert and neglect them, but wish they were dead.

During her perusal of many works compiled upon the subject, Miss Marsden learned that in some countries, though cast out from intercourse with men and cut off from all that makes life worth living, still these wretches are cared for as human creatures, special hospitals having been erected for them. There during the progress of the foul destroyer, while they fall away joint by joint, and member by member, they are at least fed, clothed, and housed, waited upon, and sheltered, until the welcome messenger summons them to leave this dreary earth with all its woes and pains.

But she also discovered by her studies a fact which she says horrified her beyond de-

Woman's Council Table.

THE SIBERIAN LEPROSERS' FRIEND.

341

scription, and drove sleep from her pillow and peace from her mind for many a weary day. She found that in some countries these ill-starred victims of the dread scourge of leprosy are shamefully neglected, driven forth from civilization and left to perish miserably and alone, without aid or comfort from any human agency. In these cases of barbarity, the sentiment of disgust and revulsion among the healthy is so great, that when a case is discovered, even the relatives of the victim clamor for his death, crying out, "Shoot him! poison him! anything to do away with him!"

Miss Marsden says her thoughts led her to ask herself, "The lepers in far off, uncivilized regions of the world—who cares for them? No remedy—no relief! a thousand times have those mournful words racked my thoughts and pained my heart. Often have I wished, Would to God that the Healer and Savior of mankind were among the lepers of to-day, to give the loving command, 'I will, be thou clean.'"

Naturally the next process of thought with a woman of noble impulse who had not only seen human suffering in almost every known form, but had given her best days, her youth and vitality, to its alleviation, was "What can I do, if it is impossible to effect a cure, at least to make the lot of these wretched sufferers more endurable?"

First came a more thorough course of study and investigation of the statistics of leprosy. After much research on this subject, which appealed so strongly to her sympathies, Miss Marsden found that of all neglected, maltreated lepers, probably those of northeastern Siberia, in the province of Villiusk, were most in need of succor. She also made another important discovery in face of the fact that, although leprosy has stalked abroad throughout the known confines of the world since the earliest historic times, still no light upon its cure has been shed by the researches of medical science in the past ages. No sure remedy has ever been discovered, and now to Miss Marsden came across the steppes the faint echo of a joyous hope, which should possibly bring succor to those heretofore despairing victims.

It was rumored that in northern Siberia there grew an herb whose properties were so deadly to the nature of this malady (itself so deadly to health) that under proper accompanying conditions, cures could be and had

been effected. The report said that jealousy and Russian reserve had kept this knowledge strictly confined to a very limited circuit. So, with a double purpose, to benefit the world at large by bringing this unknown antidote back and placing it under the searching light of the scientific world, and to rescue and aid those in the direst extremities of need and suffering, this great-hearted but fragile woman set about organizing a pilgrimage of two years' duration and of untold hardship and privation.

Her first practical step showed her eminent judgment. She enlisted the sympathy of Queen Victoria, obtaining a presentation in 1890. A few days after this, Princess Louise sent for her at Marlborough House, received her with cordiality, and gave her letters to the empress of Russia expressing the utmost approval, and soliciting the assistance of this all-powerful sovereign. The queen and princess bestowed substantial aid, and her cause becoming known, funds were donated, and she started with her faithful friend, Miss Ada Field, who speaks the Russian language. Just before setting out for Siberia, Miss Marsden received the following characteristic letter, which she prizes highly:

"May the Father Almighty Omnipotent, who is Infinite Love, be your Guide and your Help, in the prayer of, Yours sincerely,

"Florence Nightingale."

They journeyed first to Jerusalem and then to Constantinople, to look into the condition of lepers there; finding at the former place, supervision and care of these poor creatures, but at Constantinople scenes of horror and neglect presented themselves.

Crossing the Black Sea and the Caucasus, Miss Marsden arrived in Moscow in November of 1890. Here she wisely laid in political and social circles the foundation of an influential support for her project. The sanction of the empress was solicited, and was accorded with enthusiasm, accompanied by a gift of five hundred dollars, which was afterward supplemented. The Countess Alexandrina Tolstoi, a cousin of the novelist Count Tolstoi, did all in her power to help the cause; enlisting the aid of the aristocracy of Moscow, writing and distributing pamphlets, collecting subscriptions, etc., so that finally Miss Marsden started to follow her quest, depending largely on Russian funds, as it was fit she should do. She cherishes for the Countess Tolstoi the warmest affection.

Woman's Council Table.

342

THE SIBERIAN LEPROSERS' FRIEND.

Miss Marsden remarked to me, "Men generally have their ideal hero and women their ideal of womanhood. It goes without saying that my ideal of an almost perfect Englishwoman is Miss Florence Nightingale, who, as the queen of nurses, stands forth as the embodiment of what a woman can and should be. Next to her, the woman I love and reverence the most is the Countess Alexandrina Tolstoi. Holding a position of immense power and influence, remarkable for her wisdom and discretion, a clever linguist, a perfect lady, and a true Christian, one who knows not how to stoop to any littleness in life, possessing the very soul of honor, she is unique among women who have been placed by God in circumstances of serious responsibility and wide extending influence."

At last she started, using sledges and tarantass as far as Yakutsk, up to which point her privations were annoying, but not so serious as later. At Tjumen Miss Field fell ill, and could proceed no further. Here at this town she was cheered and encouraged with the discovery that the bishop of Yakutsk was acquainted with the desired herb and its reputed healing qualities, and had specimens of it, which he presented to Miss Marsden, and which she brought back to England with her. Against this bright oasis in the desert of her tribulations, came the dark cloud of Miss Field's breaking down entirely and the doctors' forbidding her to proceed further. A special official interpreter was then furnished by the governor of Yakutsk.

Now came a ride of over two thousand miles on horseback through the dense woods, which for a woman who had never been accustomed to this mode of locomotion, was a prodigious undertaking. They started in midsummer, carrying light provisions for about three months. They took tents, but mostly used the official resting-places, which are probably the ~~most~~ uncomfortable quarters provided for travelers in the known world.

In the one central room of these posting houses was a smoking fire of cow's dung, and not only were the walls literally alive with bugs, lice, and fleas, and the air thick with mosquitoes, but cows and oxen were stabled in this same apartment, which was also the sleeping room for the men and women. The stench was so terrible that sometimes a night outside in the open air

was tried. But there the mosquitoes, which in summertime in these regions are unendurable, forced their way through the clothing, so that wrists, ankles, neck, and cheeks were painfully swollen. During all the long journey, they had to be constantly on the alert for bears, and bogs and swamps threatened to swallow and engulf them.

Finally, reaching Villiusk more dead than alive, Miss Marsden rested and recuperated for a short time and then, taking up her cross again, started off for a ride of fifteen hundred versts, to the locality where numbers of the lepers had congregated. On her route there, many solitary victims of the disease, hearing of her approach, dragged themselves out of their hiding places to intercept her and fall at her feet with prayers for help.

One mother crawled through the woods with her son, to plead for him. The boy had been adjudged a leper, and was banished to exist alone in a hut many miles from his village. But he became almost crazy with fear, and every night he used to creep back and lie just outside his mother's door, and she would rise and minister to his wants. This was discovered, and he was again expelled, and threatened with death if he returned. The mother's love was too strong to endure this ban, and she abandoned all and joined her child, in his desolate quarters. She prayed Miss Marsden to do what she had to do quickly, or they would perish. Miss Marsden left tea and comforts of various sorts with them and pushed on, finding many full huts on her route.

The occupants have been driven out from the villages to the forests, their property confiscated, and forbidden ever to return or to hold communication with any healthy persons. Food, consisting of refuse scraps and rotten fish, is left for them semiweekly at a certain distance from their huts, accompanied by the oldest cast-off rags or fur garments falling to pieces and filled with vermin. When they can go back and forth from their dwellings for this food, they are enabled to sustain life. When their toes and feet fall off, they tie boards to their stumps and drag themselves across the snow. But when unable to do this, if living alone, they lie helpless in their huts and die of starvation.

Miss Marsden found eleven men, women, and children in one hut not more than thirty

Woman's Council Table.

THE SIBERIAN LEPERS' FRIEND.

343

feet square. The propagation of the disease is not to be wondered at under such circumstances. In another of these crowded leper houses, she discovered a young girl fifteen years of age, who had been born in these forests, of a banished leper mother, but who had never developed the disease. The mother prayed the visitor to remove her child from these surroundings.

Miss Marsden says the smallness of these nomad huts is astonishing. She found six men and three women huddled together in another. They have no beds or linen, and their only clothing consists of skins (of cows), all in rags and holes. The beds are dirty benches, covered with still more filthy skins. What chances had they or their progeny for the amelioration of their condition, unless God had sent to them some messenger of hope with the promise of better things, as He has put it into the heart of this hospital nurse to journey to that far off land! Everywhere Miss Marsden left supplies of food and comforts, accompanied by Testaments, which were eagerly accepted.

After returning to Viliusk, a committee of government officials and leading men, together with the one physician of the place, selected under her supervision, a suitable spot on the outskirts of the town for a leper settlement and two hospitals. Then she retraced her steps to Yakutsk. Toward the latter part of the journey she was taken ill, and finished the trip by short stages under painful difficulties, being lifted on and off her horse by her devoted and faithful soldier guards.

Miss Marsden renders a touching tribute to the fidelity of her entire escort. She says, "They were chivalrous and devoted without exception, and never for one instant did they betray the confidence reposed in them. Two things kept them stanch and true—that a woman was entrusted to their care, and that they were bound on a mission of mercy to their outcast brethren."

At Irkutsk, the committee welcomed Miss Marsden as one returned from the dead. They held a meeting at which she recounted her discoveries, and seven hundred and fifty dollars were at once contributed for clothing for the lepers. Afterwards the governor of Irkutsk formulated a plan to build four large huts, where the lepers could be sheltered and provided with food until the funds for a hospital were raised. Five thousand dollars

were shortly contributed, and left in charge of the governor.

In October she left and journeyed on to Tomsk, traveling by tarantass and sledges. At the latter place she learned to her great joy that some nursing sisters from the convent would offer to go back to her poor lepers and care for their wants. At Tjumen, where she arrived in a lamentable condition from exposure to bitter cold, fearful exhaustion, and the harrowing scenes she had witnessed, kind friends welcomed her to their hospitable home, and her dear companion, Miss Field, took her in charge, nursing her tenderly back to comparative health and strength.

For the next four months she was busy in St. Petersburg and Moscow, where a fund was started, headed by the empress; and Professor Peterson, a well-known student of leprosy, was appointed to assist her. His plans for a colony were approved by the medical fraternity and accepted by the committees. Miss Marsden showed me at the World's Fair at Chicago, a model of the buildings on exhibition there, which are to consist of ten houses for the lepers, who will live in families of ten, the sexes separated; two hospitals, one for men and one for women; a house for the doctor and his assistants; another for the sisters; a church; a house for the priest; a building for workshops; a bath house; a bake house, and a mortuary. Each house is to be provided with a garden, and a stable with two cows. The estimate for the buildings alone is forty-five thousand dollars, exclusive of furniture, clothing, outfit, and maintenance.

The czarovich contributed two thousand five hundred dollars from his own private purse. The Princess Schachovsky, who presides over a hospital at Moscow containing four hundred inmates, has, at her own expense, sent out some of her nurses who volunteered for the work. Many Russian women of noble families have interested themselves largely, pledging to clothe the one hundred lepers, or to maintain ten during the year.

Of course it seems only meet that Russia should care for her own destitute and afflicted; still Miss Marsden came over here last June and installed her exhibit in the Woman's Building at Chicago, where she remained all summer, faithfully soliciting for her suffering lepers from all who seemed to show an interest. She returned to England well satisfied with the results of her

Woman's Council Table.

344

A QUAIN'T BOOK OF ADVICE TO GIRLS.

stay, and is now in St. Petersburg the guest of the Princess Tcherbatoff. Rapid preparations are in progress for her to start soon on her long journey across Siberia, to the leper colony there. America seems to be the Mecca of all who need, for we have the world-wide reputation of being not only very rich, but most open-hearted and munificent.

Possibly this very trait, which brings

to our doors so many appealing objects that it is at times most difficult to distinguish between the worthy and the unworthy, may be the one great redeeming entry that shall counterbalance our many other shortcomings and failures, and change our darkened pages in the Book of Life to a white record. "For to whom much is given, of him will much be required."

A QUAIN'T BOOK OF ADVICE TO GIRLS.

BY HELEN LEAH REED.

SECOND ARTICLE.

NEXT to maidenly diffidence and modesty, Landry values the conjugal virtues. A wife must never be jealous, he says, and he pens a harrowing tale of one who was unduly suspicious. It is fair to say that Landry is not always one-sided in his advice, for he urges husbands in general not to be angry even if their wives are a little suspicious. Nevertheless "the wisest are ever those who determine to appear to see the least"—whether the case is one of an erring husband or wife. If, however, a wife sees that her husband is a little jealous "she ought to hear good-naturedly his misgivings, nor ever allude to them in the presence of others." "By fair and gentle words she ought to divert his mind and dissipate his jaundiced melancholy. Whilst if she were to attempt with high and haughty excusations, she would only make the whole thing worse and leave him deeper in doubt than ever." What woman would not avoid the fate of a certain jealous wife who unjustly accused another woman of weaning away her husband's affections? For the accused repelling the aspersions with a good stout stick, broke the nose of the jealous wife. The husband in dispute—less faithful than Fielding to his Amelia—felt himself free to desert a woman who had allowed jealousy to impair her beauty.

Naturally after he has so lauded conjugal virtues, devoted widows especially claim Landry's admiration. There is the lady who, after her husband was slain at Crecy, refusing to marry again, dedicated herself to the education of her children. All the more was she to be admired because she was young and beautiful while he had been "insignificant,

crooked with one eye,—altogether as ugly a specimen as one would care to look on." There is the devoted wife, "fair, young, lovely and of good family" with a husband "old, in his dotage, sick," who yet waited on him humbly like "the commonest housemaid or scullion girl, who though often invited would not go to parties, but after his death gave all her affection to her children, and would not marry again."

Of the minor vices, vanity is most to be avoided, and unmarried as well as married women point the moral in Landry's anecdotes. Straight to the purpose is the incident of the knight, evidently an old gentleman of means, who came unexpectedly from a journey to the house where one of his nieces lived.

"When he got to the house he began to whoop and holloa out for his niece,—roaring about the place that he was come. But instead of hurrying down she locked herself in her room to clean herself and make herself fine, sending him word that she would be with him anon. Offended at this message the knight rode off to the house of another niece, who rushed to him with her hands and arms one pickle of paste (for she had been amusing herself in the kitchen) and welcomed him cordially, and led him to an apartment where she left him, saying, 'My lord uncle, I am now going to dress myself so that I may be enabled more becomingly to wait on you.'

As this niece, of course, gained not only her uncle's heart but the presents that he had brought from afar, not many words are needed to show astute young ladies where their interest lies in similar cases.

More likely to terrify, even if less probable, is the story of the knight who consulted his uncle, a hermit and holy man, as to the

Woman's Council Table.

A QUAIN'T BOOK OF ADVICE TO GIRLS.

345

whereabouts of his lately deceased wife. Better for his peace, perhaps, if he had not asked this, for in a vision the poor soul was seen with St. Michael on the one hand weighing in a scale all the good deeds performed in the flesh, and the arch enemy on the other weighing all the evil. Most against her were her robes "marvelous rich, and set off with choicest furs and ermine"—which seeing, the enemy cried out, "Ha, St. Michael, Sir,—this woman had ten pairs of robes, the long with the short or over ones. . . . she had no business with the half of them. One of her robes alone had purchased fifty coats of frieze for fifty half-clad wretches who were starving at her very gate yet she never once looked at them." When to her ill deeds the enemy added all her robes and rings and trinkets the evil much out-weighed the good, "and the enemy carried the day so that the poor soul began to yell and howl most piteously."

Also, to discourage vanity, he quotes the tirade delivered by St. Bernard against his sister :

"Sister dear, do pray think, if it be but once in the day, how many are the poor who are perishing of nakedness and want around you, and that with but one tenth part of what you expend on your trimmings and your fashions—forty miserable had been covered and fed."

Close upon vanity follows its handmaid fashion, and with a sigh that comes from the depths of his purse, Landry points out the folly of too great devotion to the latter.

"And this for certain you may rely on, that those who are the first to make their appearance in any new fashion are sure enough to find themselves laughed at and twitted for their pains. And then they say to their lords, 'Such an one has such a thing and it becomes her wonderfully, and it is a beautiful thing into the bargain—I do beg, my lord, that I may have one like it.' And if her lord replies, 'My dear, even suppose she has, others who are quite as much respected as she are without it,' they will at him again, 'What, sir, if they do not know how to dress themselves, what is that to me? If so and so has it, it is reason sufficient that I should have it too.'"

From the abundance possibly of his own experience he adds that women usually so belabor their husbands that at last they are allowed to have their way.

"And from them things have come at length to such a pass that common scullion girls, the very chamber wenches and store-keepers, ape

them to their faces. For they line as well their robes as their shoes with fur or cloth and you may as often as not see behind them all covered with mud, and filthy and draggled as the inside of any sheep's tail."

He has a further word against trained gowns :

"It is foolish that in winter the heels should be kept so much warmer than the rest of the body, while in summer they are no better than a hot-bed for the fleas."

Landry warns his daughters what ridicule they may expect if they follow strange fashions by telling them of the lady who wore on her head such a steeple of a hood that all the company came flocking around her as if it had been some monstrous beast. And when she had told some inquirer that the name of this was "the gibbet" all the people from far and near came to stare at her like children at a puppet show. Yet, willing as he is to advise his own daughters, his gallantry suggests the propriety of not offending those gentlewomen of his acquaintance who form the fashions. "I make this book with no other end than to be serviceable to my daughters and female servants."

He would hardly have had the moral courage of the bishop of whom he writes who when headdresses à la stag were all the vogue, told his fair parishioners that "all such conceits and novelties and inventions were no better than so many snares set by the devil,—just as the spider spins his meshes for the flies," who furthermore said so much to those fair dames not only about their headdresses but about gowns and hoods, that humiliated they hung down their heads, and not a few of them afterwards abandoned all their branches and horns and brought themselves within some show of reason.

Gluttony, from Landry's many allusions to it, seems in his day to have been the besetting sin of women old and young.

"Never eat but at stated hours, at dinner and at supper time. To eat once a day is the life of an angel,—twice is all that is called for, for man or woman,—oftener than this is but to be tolerated in a beast."

To call attention to the dangers arising from gluttony he tells of a lady who before her marriage had been in the habit of getting up in the night and helping herself from the larder, and in spite of her husband's remonstrances continued doing this even after her

Woman's Council Table.

346

A QUAIN'T BOOK OF ADVICE TO GIRLS.

marriage—and one night he went to the kitchen and finding her with the housekeeper they got into a fight which resulted in her having a splinter in her eye. He has a second instance of a lady who ate an eel which her husband was fattening for some special occasion. "No gentlewoman, unknown to her lord," he moralizes, "should ever, out of mere gulosity, treat herself to the dainty morsels,—excepting always when called upon to entertain persons of quality."

The danger of an overweening fondness for pleasure is made clear by the tale of a lady who, without any real cause, fell into disgrace at a tournament, "For she was young, and her heart was yet upon the world. And gladly would she dance and sing so that she was the delight of all the lords and knights and good fellows generally." Her husband let her go about at her will lest otherwise the neighbors might think him jealous. So though he spared no expense to send her off suitably equipped "she could see that had it depended solely upon him her time had been spent at home." Once when suddenly the lights went out at an assembly she was found seated near a gentleman who had drawn her to one side. Her husband's brother reported this to her husband who thereupon became so jealous that they fought like cat and dog, and their house went to rack and ruin.

"And from this you may see how ticklish it is for honest women to have their hearts too much abroad upon the world,—and how little call they have to be present at feastings and revels when they can civilly excuse themselves."

If they do go, he advises his daughters always to keep under the wing of some intimate friend.

Landry, like many another mild Jeremiah, evidently thinks the society of his day too careless in its demeanor toward people of doubtful reputation. Its attitude had been different in his youth.

"For at that time no woman whose reputation was under a cloud had been so hardy as to present herself at the table with the honored but she had been bidden to withdraw."

Nor would a knight hesitate to place unsullied ladies at table above the others, saying,

"Dame, you must not consider it ill that this lady takes precedence of you . . . she is known to be good and chaste; as much cannot be said for you . . . Respect is only to be shown to those to whom it is due." "But, God be

thanked, now-a-days as much deference is paid to those who are ill spoken of as to those who are well spoken of, which is a sorry precedent to many—for they say, 'Bah, do you not see that so-and-so is just as well received and with as much worship, for all is said of her, as is such another whom no one has a word to say against? It is thought nothing of. Everything passes.'

Love, which the knight touches on somewhat lightly for the most part, is treated by itself as a separate theme. He describes to the girls a debate which once took place between their mother and him regarding *par amours*, always a subject of interest in France. Although the scoffer may believe the whole debate imaginary, the knight doubtless composed it to place sentiments which he believes the most proper for women to hold, in the mouth of a woman rather than a man. The lady, objecting to lovers' protestations because they are made to mystify women, thinks, too, that a maiden in love is likely to allow herself to be carried away by her feelings and so subject herself to just criticism. Moreover, a girl's religious duties are interfered with if she is too deeply in love. Men, too, are such deceivers that they impose upon even the most penetrating women; the true lover would let three or four years pass without opening his mouth, but the false lover is too apt to make himself heard at once.

A girl's remedy in such a case is, therefore, to call her friends to laugh at the man who is paying her silly compliments, and sententiously she adds that many women "by being in too big a hurry to show their willingness have lost their settlements." Furthermore, no woman must take pleasure in the society of a man whose social position is inferior to her own; in such a case her family would justly look on her as having degraded herself, and therefore love with one of low degree must be avoided. But conventionality is not to be her only principle. No woman should put her honor or her position at hazard.

"So I desire that my daughters will rigorously refrain from kissing any, if it be not those of her own family or their lord or such as their parents shall require them."

The knight throughout the debate stands on lower, if more human, ground than the lady. When the lover hopes for marriage, love, he says, is an honorable thing and the lover himself a better man than he who does

Woman's Council Table.

STUDYING CHARACTER IN SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

347

not love. "It is no mean labor when a lady or a gentlewoman presents to the state a good knight or a good squire." He cannot see why a lady should be enjoined from loving a good man who wants to marry her, nor understand why women should show themselves more happy with one man than with another. He thinks that even a married woman may do good and not harm in showing a special regard for some man not her husband, if her regard makes him a better man than he was before. Ready though he is to maintain this against the contrary opinion of his wife, he yet petulantly exclaims,

"But as to my daughters, you are at liberty

to tell them, or teach them exactly what you like, and after, let reason carry the day."

With Landry's daughters reason probably carried the day, as well in other points treated of by the knight as in the matter of love. Doubtless they thanked him for his book, and doubtless—since they were mortal—they worked out the problems of life through bitter experience. We are five centuries away from the Knight of the Tower, and men and women—curiously enough—still write books of advice for girls. Different though they are in details, some of these modern books have a tone wonderfully like that of Landry's fourteenth century volume.

(*The end*)

STUDYING CHARACTER IN SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

BY ANGELINE BRYCE MARTIN.

TO read your neighbor's face is not impertinent, if done with proper reserve and due regard for conventional deportment; indeed there is little valuable worldly knowledge unconnected with insight into character. Mere curiosity, no matter what its source, is vulgar, and to show a prying, spying disposition is to acknowledge a sad lack of good breeding; but the habit of taking one's bearings by the light of one's surroundings should be early sought and acquired.

A trained perception and a well developed receptivity make it easy for one possessing them to peruse a circle of faces in a room as easily as the specialist in hieroglyphics reads an ancient inscription; for every countenance is an idiograph standing, in a greater or less degree, for the meaning of the human character behind it. Not that character-reading can be safely taken as a foundation adequate to base all of our actions upon; but it is a valuable source of suggestion, warning, and precaution, as well as of confidence and respect, to a prudent mind; moreover to know others gives us self-command.

It has been often remarked, and with much insistence, that the habit of reading character in social intercourse leads to social distrust and to undue suspiciousness. This need not, nay must not, be taken as the legitimate outcome of honest observation and analysis. If at bottom our silent in-

quiry into character and motive is sound and pure there can be no offense in it to common politeness or to sound morals.

Why shall it be more easy to believe that our straight, clear gaze into one another's eyes is for the purpose of detecting hidden evil, than that it is to discover deep-lying and precious wells of good? If in fact we are blessed with a rich and lovable character and are fortified by the consciousness of rectitude we scarcely need flinch under friendly scrutiny. Appreciation is generally and specially grateful to the human heart; but we all like to mask our weak characteristics when we are aware of them; and this masking, albeit we often hear it called insincerity, is one of the cardinal arts of social intercourse. Why indeed should not we present always our fairest expression? Is it such a deceit as morality forbids for us to try to appear wholly as good as our best part? In other words does ethical probity demand that we wear badges of our inherent frailties on our sleeves, lest we make people think us better than we are?

The habit of reading character in our general social intercourse naturally makes us wary to a degree in just the direction suggested by the highest and purest prudence; what we see in others may be seen in us. If we all were perfect, the sharpest insight would go for nothing and the proper study of mankind would *not* be man. Perfection

Woman's Council Table.

348

A GERMAN VILLAGE ROMANCE.

could take nothing from perfection. But nation. Here too, alas ! hover the suspicions aside from mere prudential reasons, and taking no account of purely ethical gains, there is a fine charm and a rich value in the results of character study. Far more than we dare realize we are imitators. We take without asking leave the honey from the nectaries nearest to us and hasten to assimilate it, that its fragrance and flavor may be regarded as naturally our own. This is the precious increment for which we are indebted to the best social contact, and it is to be had in its perfection only by enlightened understanding of character.

As we advance in familiarity with the artifices of life we observe that, no matter how great may be the superficial changes in conventional requirements, the intrinsic purposes of them are practically permanent. Each individual is to appear in the best possible light to all the circle of his associates to the end that he may give pleasure and social profit and at the same time receive them. If this closed the scheme all would be well enough ; but human interests not of a social nature are continually being affected by the influences generated in the friction of social intercourse, and here arises the need of study and quick, sharp discrimi-

However earnestly we may desire to be unselfish and to make everybody happy, it is folly to pretend that happiness comes of trusting everybody at all times. Distrust is as noble as trust, and either is degraded to the lowest by being misapplied. If you purposely trust a thief or willfully distrust an honest person, what consolation have you either in morals or policy ? But in the absence of purpose or willfulness is your case practically any better from the point of view necessary to ordinary prudence ? To say the least you have lost self-confidence.

Open eyes and ears, alert sympathies, sound, active antipathies, and a cool, unbiased judgment of facts need not make one a disagreeable person in society ; nor is it necessary, much less desirable, that one become a fault-hunter and snarler in order to take care of one's own interests. Charity is wisdom ; but there is a difference between charity and winking at evil. We study character in order that we may have character and to the end that we may impart its sweetest and strongest influence through our social intercourse.

A GERMAN VILLAGE ROMANCE.

Adapted for "The Chautauquan" from the German "Ueber Land und Meer."

BY ANT. ANDREA.

IN the Golden Star coffeeroom, all the places at the long table were occupied. The stout hostess, Coffee-Kate, as she was called, found it too much for her to serve properly all her guests—and called out impatiently,

"Resl ! Resl ! Are you there?"

Kate was acting a mother's part to this her brother's daughter and in return had two more hands to do the housework, but she soon learned what firmness, not to mention obstinacy, lay behind the young pretty little face.

"Resl ! Is the girl ever on hand when one wants her most?"

This time Coffee-Kate's voice penetrated to the kitchen where the young girl was putting the freshly washed plates and bowls into their places in the great cupboard.

"Yes, auntie, as soon as I put this away," replied an unusually pleasant voice, and immediately Resl appeared in the coffeeroom. She patiently passed over the complaints of the hostess about the slackness of her brother's daughter, made not because Resl merited them but to show that as a clever housewife Kate held her with a tight rein. Several men looked around to the table where the energetic woman was flurrying and clattering among the dishes,—they did not observe her housewifery but the pretty winning child with the dancing blue eyes and the bright golden hair that was knotted up like a crown on her little head.

Soon conversation was noisily resumed. It turned on politics, states government, and finally on the new minister. How he had thundered from the pulpit last Sunday

Woman's Council Table.

A GERMAN VILLAGE ROMANCE.

349

against the "ungodly doings" at the coffee-house, and against the profanation of the Sabbath, looking with his fiery eyes at each individual as if he meant him especially. Then they praised their late minister. What a jolly fat man he was and what a comfortable laugh he had in his voice! He was not a crank! But this new preacher is a fanatic. Every Sunday he takes his sallow face and lank, threatening form into the pulpit to preach hell fire. He exhorts the village youth not to dance and says no coffee-room ought to be open on Sunday. In short, if he had his way, there would be no more enjoyment of life for young or old.

It was next to the last day in the old year. The cold blue of a winter sky canopied the picturesque regions of the Bavarian highlands. The lake with its border of villas, peasant communities, and little farms glittered in the long slant rays of the afternoon sun, which was barely visible above the crest of the snow-covered mountains. Even in the last quarter of an hour it had gone down, leaving the white peaks resplendent in the red glow of evening, while the growing shadow of the mountain darkened the lake more and more. Both rows of windows and the battlement and tower of the castle sparkled and blazed as if lighted by magic; the whole landscape was brightened with heaven's warm smile, except the old church, which alone stood gloomy in the dying light of day, a majestic monument of the past, aspiring upward to mysterious eternal regions.

Down the little street near the church came the minister, his tall, slender form clad all in black from his shoes to his high silk hat. Sad was his face, with its thin lips firmly closed and its dark, deep-set eyes full of fire. No smile seemed ever to have brightened his strong features, no glow of youth and no enjoyment of living ever to have flushed his faded cheek. Yet for all that he was young. The deep lines on his face were the result of strenuous grappings with the mysteries of an immortal soul,—and with the dark depths of human nature; his rancor was against the sinful world and against his own impotent zeal, which like a dull sword rebounded from hardened hearts.

"There goes the minister now to the coffee-room," said the gardener Amsl to the other men who with him were just departing thence. "We were discreet to go at the

right time. Later Blasius and his cronies will defy all the sermons."

Blasius and his companions were accustomed to stop at the Golden Star, in honor of Resl, usually at the same time when the minister sat down to his cup of black coffee in an adjoining room. The people would have hated the new minister worse if he had not condescended to come here to drink the coffee-room mocha, which was celebrated in all the vicinity. They thought it bad enough that he was as reticent and reserved as he was. But on one occasion he overcame his reticence. There was a disturbance in the principal street. The lank Seppel had drunk too much and was sparring with his bosom friend Blasius, to the delight of all the others, who with cheers and gestures were urging on the sport. The new preacher had said nothing about the brawl until his next sermon. Then he scored the evildoers unmercifully, although they were not present to hear him. Without mentioning names he unmasked them in turn with a fiery eloquence that inspired fear and also admiration, so that public opinion sided with him although he was so little liked.

When Amsl left the coffee-room, one after another the men all followed, and there was an interval of quiet. Resl hastened to wipe the table in the small adjoining room, to draw up the old oilcloth-covered arm-chair, and to get a gaily decorated cup from the kitchen; the minister liked his coffee hot and freshly brewed. She was ready and watching for him as soon as it was five o'clock. To-day she slipped off to her room, where on the window sill stood a flower pot which she had tended carefully all the winter. A geranium with its flaming red flower was beautiful among the round green leaves; but just where the afternoon sun shone across it, on the single rose stalk, was a lovely dark red rosebud. For days the girl had waited for it to unfold. Now its fragrance filled the room.

Resl sighed as she cautiously cut the rose and put with it some fragrant green leaves. What would the minister say? Would he deign to bless her? O his voice, ringing, passionate, solemn! It was richer and sublimer than the sound of the churchbells. Would his dark eyes look into her heart and wrest away its secret or would he look at her at all?

"Resl," cried her aunt from the coffee-

Woman's Council Table.

350

A GERMAN VILLAGE ROMANCE.

room. "One coffee for the pastor."

She hid the bouquet under her apron and hurried down to the kitchen. In almost no time the coffee was ground and the aroma which soon arose from it was so strong and agreeable that the hostess feared Resl carelessly had put too much coffee into the pot.

By the time the pastor took his customary place, in the armchair, his cup stood on the table, full to the brim. Resl came in again to remove some empty dishes before other guests should arrive. Modestly she stepped up to the minister with outstretched hand, but he awkwardly drew his hand across his forehead and turned away so that the timid girl did not see the blush which suddenly leaped into his face.

"What may that be for?" he said and with his slender white hand shoved the bouquet farther back on the table.

Resl, now in the other room, heard him; she turned white and red in one breath, and her heart stood still; but she bravely collected herself and asked as unconcernedly as possible,

"What do you mean, the bouquet? O, the rose has just bloomed, and I thought the pastor would enjoy it for New Year's. Please take it with you, sir,—not into your own room, that would be too great an honor, but into the church, perhaps."

The pastor looked through the little window into the gathering gloom of evening. He scarcely heard the confession the girl in her confusion stammered out. A veil seemed to soften his sharp look. There had come to stir his soul, the first light touch of youth's great dream of happy men who see beauty on earth and who love and enjoy it. But why should he let a fair maiden divert his mind, even for a moment, from his noble work, he who had renounced the joys of this world and vowed to devote his whole heart undivided to the service of God? At this thought, more quickly than the last feeble beam of day disappears into the darkness of evening, the dream vanished into scornful horror.

"What—what? Do you not know the way to the church? Go yourself to take your offering, and while you are there pray the dear Lord to keep you from all laziness and temptations of the world."

Resl stealthily wiped the tears from her eyes, while the pastor put down his coffee not half finished and hastily went toward

the main coffeeroom. The girl obstructed his way. With mingled pride and humility she seized him by the hand.

"O dear pastor, to-morrow they are all coming here to dance the New Year in. I pray you, say a good word for me to my aunt. I do not want to dance! All my soul rebels against it. I would a thousand times rather pray and weep over my afflictions."

The minister sadly searched the girl's weeping blue eyes; in them he found nothing of the selfishness, fickleness, and coarseness against which he continually warned the young people of his flock. In thankfulness he bowed his head; then a glow of mildness lit up his stern features, like a ray of sunshine in winter. He yielded to it involuntarily and unconsciously.

"Have you an affliction, my daughter?" he said graciously.

The tears in the young girl's eyes would no longer be held back; they fell like rain on her hot cheeks.

"Oh, so great a one, sir, that I do not see how I can hide it any longer! It is all on account of Blasius, who torments me with his hateful attentions!—You see I have been preparing all the week and I wish to begin the new year with a clean heart and my sins forgiven. Auntie has promised that I may go to church in the morning, but I do not want to go to the dance in the evening. I want forgiveness for my sins."

"Pardon and peace can be obtained only by abandoning your sins, my daughter," said the minister in a gentle, subdued voice. "With God's help, you, only, can do that for yourself; peace grows from the pure soul like the blade of grass from the virgin soil which the spring rain moistens. Pray, my daughter, and I will pray for you."

With this he left the coffeeroom and Resl stood as one in delirium; never had she seen him so mild, so handsome. She knelt down where he had stood and kissed his great footprints in the sand freshly strewn on the floor.

"Now what are you doing down on the floor," asked the stout hostess who had just come up behind her.

"I have—have—lost a pin," stammered the maiden in embarrassment, then as the lie came to her consciousness, she blushed painfully; that was one more sin to be pardoned! How she wished she could leave off sinning and obtain forgiveness. Her mind was

Woman's Council Table.

A GERMAN VILLAGE ROMANCE.

351

so full with thought of it that she scarcely heard her aunt's praise :

" Right, right, Resl ! You will make a careful housewife some day yet."

Abashed Resl slipped away into the back room. The bouquet occurred to her mind ; it was gone. Had he taken it with him or thrown it out of the window ? No, it was not to be seen ! She quivered with a joyous presentiment. Heaven be praised for this unexpected favor, but before she could commit her vague feeling of buoyancy to a prayer of thanksgiving it became dissipated in a consuming anxiety, a passionate longing, that stirred her young blood to rebellion.

In the coffee-room, meanwhile, all was lively ; they laughed and jabbered without restraint ; and above it all was heard the thick, boasting voice of Blasius :

" Say, Kate, where are you keeping Resl all this while ?"

" Resl ! Don't you hear, Resl ! Bring fresh dishes right away ! Here is Blasius and Seppel, and a number of others ! "

When the girl appeared, all laden with the pitcher and glasses, her face was flushed. It was so becoming to her that Blasius was more charmed with her than ever and in his eagerness to detain her beside him, grasped her arm.

But she escaped behind the table, from which position she gave him such a scornful look that he immediately subsided.

" There, don't make such an ugly face," he called out wavering between chagrin and good humor. " To-morrow the New Year's eve celebration takes place. You shall dance in the New Year with me. I will have them play your favorite dance, no princess could look lovelier in it."

" Not on my account, Blasius ! Have them play your dances for whomsoever else you will. I will not dance, I tell you. I am going to church and begin the new year with a penitent heart."

The man laughed with all his might ; and in his voice hatred, scorn, and anger clashed wildly together. He called out to his bosom friend to ask whether he knew the latest :

" Resl is not going to dance to-morrow, she has to go to church. Well I know who has influenced her to do that. But I will give him a punishment that will last him the next three hundred and sixty-five days."

This outburst naturally raised a great tu-

mult ; the five or six youths at the long table expressed their displeasure with the fanatical preacher and with Resl's obstinacy. Blasius complained to Coffee-Kate, who was all excited with the uproar : If the girl would not dance with him to-morrow, neither he nor any of his friends ever would step across her threshold again !

This threat did not fail of its aim. Coffee-Kate was beside herself. She yielded to the man's entreaties and promised him all he asked. Inwardly she was much vexed with his impudence, and trembled at what would happen if, in spite of them both, Resl carried the day.

Blasius chatted awhile with Seppel, whose manner was always self-satisfied and foolish, while his own now was full of sly malice. Earlier than usual the whole crowd left the coffeehouse together.

Outside they held a consultation on something that Blasius thought great fun, because he had contrived it himself. Whoever raised an objection or expressed a scruple he with Seppel's backing persuaded by argument, ridicule, or bullying, to agree to do as the rest did. Then by a back way he led the crowd to the little street by the church, and stationed them near the pastor's house. Suddenly a great clamor of howling, squalling, quacking, crowing, and groaning rent the evening silence, so that people ran to their windows and doors. The minister stepped out of his house, bareheaded, pale, and shaking with indignation and sorrow, but in a flash everything was still and nobody was to be seen in the darkness. One stone was thrown through his window, which was the only thing to signify for whom the menagerie concert was intended. The minister looked above his head into the dark abyss, where twinkled the stars without seeming to give any light.

" Thus it is well," he murmured. " Thus must I suffer, my God, more—always more ! Make me to live in sorrow as long as it is Thy will ; the more Thou makest me to endure, the more fervently will I praise Thy name."

*

MORNING dawned over the mountains which were almost obliterated from view by a scurry of mistlike snow. All the world lay wrapped in sleep, except the lake, which the east wind had given no rest all night long. It tossed about in its bed and mingled its

Woman's Council Table.

352

A GERMAN VILLAGE ROMANCE.

somber sobbing and sighing with the pealing of the bell, that merrily rang out its invitation to early church or its summon to the duties of the day.

The vestry door of the church stood open and within were already gathered a few worshipers, hardly distinguishable in the subdued light which feebly struggled through the stained glass windows. Resl came quietly in. She seemed absorbed in devotion, yet she could not keep her eyes on the prayer book in her hand, they wandered off to a poor little bouquet on the altar. It was all withered; the rose petals had fallen and lay like drops of blood on the white altar cloth.

The janitor came in and lighted a single lamp, which seemed only to darken the shadows in the rear of the room where Resl sat. Soon an old woman entered leaning on a crutch. She dropped heavily into a seat near Resl and sat with head bowed, murmuring a prayer. A sudden burst of sunshine shone across the two figures, the pitiful, neglected old woman and the beautiful young girl. Resl's face was hid in her hands. She was weeping. The contrast between the two worshipers was startling. The minister knelt and with trembling voice began a prayer that seemed to sweep like a storm over his soul; he prayed to be rescued from the weakness of any earthly affection and that each one might set his whole heart only on things above. When he arose and spoke again his manner was perfectly composed. The sweet-faced old woman looked up expectantly and the young girl dried her tears.

*

IT stormed the livelong day; the snow whirled through the air in drifts, the heavens uniformly gray and impenetrable rested heavily on the mountain tops like a giant load, and in the white landscape the open lake lay like a monstrous black grave over which the wind was wailing.

At the Golden Star all hands were hard at work preparing for the New Year's eve dance. Resl proved most industrious and almost tireless; she looked like a little saint, so gentle, so radiant in the happy consciousness of a pure heart. Kate acknowledged to herself that going to church to have her sins forgiven seemed to do the child good although she could not imagine what in particular the child had on her conscience.

Once in the afternoon Resl said pleadingly,

"Auntie, if I attend to my work at the tables and serve all the guests properly, then I need n't dance at all, need I, not even with that dissolute Blasius?"

Kate nodded her head helplessly. For her sake she would gladly grant it; but Blasius' threat was not to be ignored. After some consideration she spoke decisively,

"Yes, Resl, you must, for it amounts to this: Will you or will you not drive away Blasius' patronage? Will you or will you not marry well off?"

"No, dear aunt, spare me all such questions," the girl interrupted with much spirit. "Blasius is a wicked fellow, I will never have him for a husband. He has neither fear of God nor respect for man. No, no, aunt, I can't endure him."

Kate tried to picture to her her position as mistress of a fine home; but Resl threw her arms about her aunt's neck and spoke with the deepest persuasion,

"You see, auntie, if only he were respectable I would have him although I do not love him any more than I do the old ferryman. For anyway, aunt, into my heart shall never enter love for any mere mortal; to-day in church I have determined not to harbor anything that will take away my peace. The minister in his prayer told us what to do: I must undertake many duties, and work much, and pray, so that sinful desires shall be smothered as flames under the ashes. And I must suffer with patience and courage, he said, and never speak unkind words.

"If ever a respectable lad asks for my hand, then aunt may give her consent, and then Resl will be able to continue a God-fearing and upright woman."

Clinging to her aunt she wept softly from the depths of her bleeding heart.

"There, there, Resl," her aunt said consolingly, "I will not force Blasius and his property upon you. He is a wild fellow, that I must confess, and I know he was at the head of that horrible serenade given to the minister the other evening. There, there, you weep as if you had the burden of the whole world on your young soul!"

Resl made haste to dry her tears, and conjured a smile into her blue eyes, dark with weeping.

"You did not imagine, auntie, that I was

Woman's Council Table.

A GERMAN VILLAGE ROMANCE.

353

weeping again from sorrow? No, indeed, but from joy because you are so good to me. O how I wish I could do something, and suffer greatly for the good of humanity, as Christ did, or since that is impossible, as did one of His followers who was good and pious and was persecuted for it by the godless, for instance—our sainted minister."

This afternoon the reverend gentleman did not come as usual to the coffeeroom to drink his coffee, apparently because he disapproved of the New Year's eve dance and yet wished to shun a public squabble, but his place was filled by weather-beaten Jaspar, the ferryman, a fine man yet, though sixty years old. He brought news that the old fisherman across the lake lay at the point of death. He had rowed the sick man's uncle, Baltes, over, about an hour ago, for the doctor, but the doctor had gone to the city.

"Mercy, man! Are you going out on the lake again in this kind of weather?" cried the hostess. "No, Jaspar, I would n't attempt it, I would go around the other way."

The old sailor smirked,

"No, Jaspar has had enough for to-day. He has had his satisfaction of wind and water. Even for double the fare he would not cross the lake again to-day; first, because really it does storm too hard, and secondly, because he could not miss watching the New Year in with the charming Kate."

Later, amid the applause of the other dancing couples, Kate and the ferryman went through their waltz to the time of the village band, which consisted of two violins and a drum.

In the back room, where the tables were laid, Resl served the guests so graciously and obligingly as to dispel even the spite of the young men who asked in vain to dance with her.

About eight o'clock the distinguished guests arrived, Blasius and his lank friend Seppel—they were distinguished for coming latest and making the most noise.

Several of the older members of the company took occasion to mention the scandal of the previous evening, over which the whole village was in a furor although no one could venture publicly to name the culprits. Blasius assumed a most innocent mien; he knew nothing about it. Yesterday at nightfall he and his friend Seppel had gone across the lake to get a mess of fresh fish for New Year's.

I-June.

Then laughing so loud that Resl in the coffeeroom heard it and wondered whether she were not missed, he rudely snatched the first pretty girl and, with a yell, swooped down against the other guests, making a great confusion, at the top of which were heard the shrill protests of the girl.

In the hurly-burly and din the house door slammed; suddenly, as if a thunderbolt had fallen in the room, everyone stopped speechless where he was; even the music ceased. On the threshold, like a ghost, appeared the minister, with blanched face and staring countenance; his eyes flaming in their deep sockets swept searchingly through the crowded room, until they rested on Blasius—riveted there not as if to challenge him but as if to pronounce his doom.

"Oho!" cried the man, uneasy under this scrutiny, "I am ready for my waltz. Strike up, there, musicians! Whoever does n't enjoy this entertainment may seek his own kind of pleasure somewhere else."

The musicians began to play again; but Blasius' partner resisted him: "Go away, Blasius! I shan't put up with your disgraceful actions."

The stout hostess, indignant and greatly alarmed for the reputation of her coffeeroom, pressed forward to the minister and in friendly manner invited him in:

"Perhaps the pastor would accept a cup of coffee?" But he motioned no and said shortly,

"I am looking for a ferryman. Is the sailor here?"

"He is," the sailor answered for himself, stepping forward with an astonished look. "The minister will not cross the lake in this snowstorm?"

"I am obliged to, therefore I will," replied the minister coolly.

"O my! you will have to wait a while then," the old man exclaimed anxiously.

"Man, there must be no waiting when duty calls! The old fisherman has begged to have me pray with him before he dies, and a messenger was sent for me; it took him three hours to come by land through the deep snowdrifts, and you surely can take me over in less than one hour."

Old Jaspar scratched his head, while from all sides came the remonstrance: Venture out on the lake in this weather? What rashness! If the minister wants to risk it, let no sane body go with him; Jaspar certainly

Woman's Council Table.

354

A GERMAN VILLAGE ROMANCE.

would be a fool to imperil his life for a few cents.

"I will triple the fare," said the minister, then as the old man shook his head, he urged, "Consider, good people, if the old fisherman dies without the consolation of religion, the responsibility of a lost soul will be upon you, who refuse to save him."

"The minister himself would be to blame," Blasius rudely cried out from among his companions.

"That is true," answered the minister with icy calmness, "for with the will only no duty can be done, there must be means also, and these in this case I do not possess. If I go by land through the snow I shall be too late, perhaps get lost—meanwhile the dying man will go to his doom unprepared. For these reasons I ask, who of you will merit the blessing of God and take me across the lake?"

Nobody stirred except Blasius, who with irrepressible insolence bawled, "It depends now on the minister's sprinting ability! Let the old fisherman's soul live if it can until the minister gets there by land."

From the minister's deep-set eyes a sullen glance fell on the trifler; threateningly he raised his arm,

"Beware, I tell you! Your measure is full. You stand condemned by the Eternal Judge."

None of the bystanders dared speak a word. There was something unearthly in the speaker's gloomy appearance that inspired at once reverence and terror, and his solemn outburst especially affected the young women. Then suddenly Resl stepped into their midst. From the dining room she had witnessed all. Her face was aglow, but her eyes had a cold metallic glitter peculiar to them when they expressed anger or scorn.

"It is a pretty pass," she said excitedly, "when the boys are so cowardly because the wind blows a little, and a fine Christian love is that which leaves a poor sinner to die in his sins, just because nobody is willing to give up a dance! O I know well the courage of Blasius and his chums: they only dare prowl around like an expedition of witches, after all decent people have gone home for the night! There is no shame among them, no fear of God, nor love of man. It is of no use for the minister to waste any more of his good words on them. I am a fisherman's daughter, and I know how to manage a boat;

I will row the minister across the lake."

"O mercy!" exclaimed the hostess terrified, "Resl, what are you saying?"

The others stood staring speechless at the beautiful brave girl. Then Blasius boisterously broke away from the circle of his companions, and in rage and scorn blustered,

"If Resl means to say that I have no courage, I tell her to her haughty face that her hateful tongue has lashed me to courage, and I will row the minister to the other side of the lake—or, for anything I care, to perdition! After that perhaps the young lady will waltz with me by way of thanks."

He laughed; but his eyes gleamed like those of a hungry beast of prey.

"No," said the girl emphatically, impelled by sudden anxiety. "I never will dance again, Blasius. You need not show courage in that hope. I would rather row the minister."

The fellow laughed,

"No doubt that would please him much better, to have the beautiful Resl ferry him across."

"Come," interrupted the minister with an imperative motion of the hand, and every word fell like a leaden weight from his thin lips, "I cannot stop to argue now, whether you do it from hate or from Christian love; a soul in the anguish of death prays for you to come."

"O—no, no!" cried Resl in desperation. "Blasius!" Then she hid her face in her hands. What had she done! They ought not to have been allowed to go out together on the lake in the storm, into the night, which in spite of the moon lurking behind a cloud in the sky, was as full of terrors as her own soul!

"Do not hinder us!" said the minister with the same heavy composure. "A dying man is counting every minute that we chatter."

He turned around but scarcely noticed Resl on her knees in front of him. As his hand dropped it rested on her blond head. His manner softened a little. "You have meant well, my daughter," he said. "God will bless you!"

Once outside Blasius shook his fist toward the moon, which for the first time this evening broke through the clouds; then he called at the window so that all might hear,

"Before it strikes twelve I will return and dance my waltz with the girl, and she shall

Woman's Council Table.

A GERMAN VILLAGE ROMANCE.

355

marry me before the year is out!"

In truth he returned before the bells rang in the new year; but he staggered like a drunken man and fell on the nearest bench in the coffee-room, completely exhausted and upset. He had lost his hat; his hair strung down over his temples; his vest was torn as if he had gone through a great struggle; across his neck there was a bloody scratch, and water dripped from his clothes.

"For the love of mercy!" screamed the hostess. "What has happened, Blasius?"

"Nothing—here I am," panted Blasius, his face pale and distorted.

"Where is my waltz and my girl?"

A little hand so cold and heavy that he winced beneath it was laid on his shoulder, and Resl asked in a voice weirdly hollow,

"Did you come back alone?"

"I should suppose so since no one came with me," he said, then as if his mind were wandering, "We—we had a mishap. The boat upset. I had to swim for my life."

"And the minister?"

Resl had become as white as a sheet and her blue eyes lost all their brilliancy as wide and staring they fastened themselves on the distorted face before her.

"I did n't know—whether he could keep afloat or not—it was terrible work! Then he went to the bottom!"

"Blasius!" groaned the girl. The word sounded half like a cry of despair and half like a threat; all the circle crowded in confusion around the two. "Blasius," she said, "look me in the eye."

An invisible force compelled him to turn to her the eyes which he had studiously averted; there she read what she never could forget:—the horror in that look confirmed her fears.

Blasius shivered. "I am dying with cold!" he cried. "Seppel, Kate, get me something hot to drink—I have swallowed too much water—cold—icy cold—"

His teeth chattered. His eyes rolled; wherever he turned them he could not escape the horrible picture. It struck twelve. He sprang up,

"Hurrah, New Year's! Musicians, my waltz!"

But he stood stock still, staring about him. He heard not the music, but the howling of the storm and the rushing of the waters; he did not see that no one rose for the dance, and that all the young women retreated from him in horror: a white face rose before him; the moonlight fell on it as it sunk beneath the foaming billows, and an arm with a slender white hand reached from the black waters. He uttered a short, blood-curdling shriek and toppled over unconscious.

When he came to, the bells were ringing and the morning sun shone on his bed.

"What is that?" he feebly groaned, looking about in a dazed manner.

"The New Year's bell," said Seppel who had watched all night with him.

"It is ringing a long time,—why does it ring so?"

"Why, Blasius, don't you know, it is tolling for the—"

"O God, to think I had meant to do it!" he uttered in a sepulchral whisper, then moaned aloud,

"Resl, O Resl,—it isn't true—no—no—"

He closed his eyes and turned his face to the wall, but the girl's glittering metallic eyes followed him everywhere and seemed to say, "It is true." Yet, hark, what was that? Resl's voice, sweet and low,

"Yes, I know it is not true. The minister told us himself, how you bravely helped him grasp the edge of the boat, and swam away only when all hope was gone. The wind drove him nearly ashore, and the watchman rescued him more dead than alive."

"Hush, Resl, don't praise me. Heaven only sent him to you—" but unused to any severe mental exertion, his mind wandered off into wild delirium. At last his frenzy died into a distressed half conscious murmur, "'More dead than alive,' she said." "'More dead than—' Listen!" he started up from the pillow. "The bells, Seppel?" he hoarsely whispered.

"No—they toll for the fisherman."

EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

A SMACK OF THE SOIL.

GENUINENESS is never better attested than when its quality is local to a degree. The indigenous flavor, if the phrase is permissible, seems to be a guaranty of sturdy honesty; for we are sure to detect something alien or exotic behind the most usual forms of insincerity. This last decade of the nineteenth century steeps itself in what it is pleased to call the cosmopolitan spirit; but yet there is no doubt that our safe anchor is now and always will be our loyalty to the local genius, the spirit of home and country.

Patriotism is a hollow word when it stands for enthusiasm on the fourth of July and means during the rest of the year a mad race after foreign thoughts, customs, manners, dissipations, and vices. A smack of the soil, a zest that distinguishes character as it does a fruit, is what in life and in literature gives attractive and valuable results. This smack, this zest, if lacking in American art, may be developed later when we have better assimilated the elements of our experience; but it is curious to see how in a self-conscious way we have groped after the fine mood of sincerity known in truth only to those who are the born mouth-pieces of nature.

English critics of eminence have led us into serious error in judging ourselves. Naturally enough they have regarded us as a raw and vulgar people, therefore whatever has been most grotesquely outlandish in our literature has seemed to them most truthfully characteristic of our civilization. With the exception of Poe no American writer of the first rank has been frankly and cordially accepted by them as a genius; and when a few of them set up Walt Whitman as our representative poet it is plainly on the ground that they think him and his colossal crudities and vulgarities strikingly like what they have always imagined our people to be. In a hasty provincial spirit we follow the lead of these insufficiently informed critics and echo their absurdities. Doing this we overlook the true "smack of the soil" in our best literature.

Hawthorne and Whittier have been far more true to American life than Walt Whitman. Sidney Lanier, Helen Hunt Jackson,

and Edgar A. Poe may not have represented the common herd of our people; but then do Swinburne, Tennyson, and Shelley stand for the masses of Great Britain? The zest of genuineness in art comes not out of actualities as distinguished from aspirations. What a people inwardly long for, pray for, dream of in their highest moods is what will truly consecrate and individualize their art.

It is doubtless true that a certain class of Americans who spend much time abroad have influenced a still larger class of our people and led them to wish for nothing so much as to fall into European manners, customs, and habits of thought; but we must remember that we as a people are of European blood and have in our nerve-centers the hereditary consequences of our extraction. No conscious effort to be or not to be like our cousins across sea can avail us much; the best that we can have from them is the residual, inevitable force of Caucasian energy and aspiration.

But the "smack of the soil" of which we are thinking is not a racial manifestation; it must arise in our case, as a people, out of the natural adaptability of humanity. Our environment must speak through us and we must extract from our conditions a new honey of life which must sweeten and at the same time sharply distinguish our civilization. Granting that we are seedlings from transplanted Europeans, like all other plants if we would get the best of what the soil and climate offer we must eagerly go through the process of adapting our lives to the disturbances caused by the change and must take root firmly and wisely.

American life has departed far from the European standard and we need not be ashamed of the result. Upon the whole would European civilization, British, French, German, or Italian, flourish here under the most favorable circumstances? And if it would can any sound thinker discover that it could improve us? The worst must go with the best and the average is the criterion. Our level of freedom, our vigor, our average of intelligence, and our broad prospects, aided by the renewed treasure of elemental characteristics, demand no boastful eulogy to make them appear more valuable than

anything the old world's life could offer.

The "smack of the soil," then, is to be looked for, so far as our art is concerned, not in the mere photographing of American peculiarities; what our life means at its best is but the foreshadowing of those splendid possibilities that are budding in our spiritual growth; and the freshness and novelty sure to exhale from those bursting buds will sooner or later tell of the raciness drawn up from the deepest soil of experience. Indeed our own experience and not an echo of European life, our own aspirations born of our new conditions and not the hereditary, conventional routine of the old world, alone can give the quality and distinction due to the best that our civilization can generate of art, morals, and domestic and popular happiness. In a word we must be American to the fullest and most generous meaning of the term.

THE C. L. S. C. YEAR.

THE sixteenth year of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle is drawing to a close. Viewed in retrospect it has been one of the most profitable and successful in the history of the movement. The readings have been pursued by the great host of C. L. S. C. students in all parts of the world with an enthusiasm apparently unequaled in any previous year.

The number of readers including those of one or more years' standing, augmented by a large new enrollment, steadily continues and warrants the claim that the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle is not only one of the growing movements of the times but that it is one of the permanent, lasting educational forces at work among the people.

Undoubtedly the great body of C. L. S. C. alumni exert a wide influence upon their *alma mater* and its continued prosperity. Indeed there is no more significant feature of its history than this. Those who have followed the course of reading during four years and graduate are earnest in seeking new recruits that their places in the ranks may be filled again, while others desiring to take up more advanced or particular lines of study continue as members of the great Circle following one of the many special supplementary courses of reading provided. There could be no better evidence than the foregoing of the real worth of the C. L. S. C. as an agent for the promotion of true culture.

The C. L. S. C. was founded in 1878 to supply a positive need and it has met every new demand made upon it in such a way as to leave no room for doubt as to its efficiency. More than a quarter of a million people have joined and the number who have regularly graduated is more than thirty-three thousand. With a history full of rich achievement backed by this great and powerful constituency knowing its value and worth, who will cause it to spread abroad in new fields, it is sure to go forward with increased vigor.

The outlook for the coming year is most encouraging. During the season of Summer Assemblies the Class of 1894 will be graduated and the new Class, that of 1898, enrolled. The work of the new year will begin under favorable auspices. The Rev. George M. Brown of Nebraska, recently elected field secretary of the C. L. S. C. by the Chautauqua Board of Trustees, will enter upon his new work the first of June. He will deliver the Recognition Day address at several Assemblies, and be present at Chautauqua during the days of C. L. S. C. activity, where he will conduct Round Tables, and take part in various services. Mr. Brown has worked sympathetically with Chautauqua in the West for several years, he is popular in the pulpit and on the platform, and he will increase interest in Chautauqua work wherever he goes.

The course of reading for the coming year as already announced is exceptionally attractive. The books, five in number, have all been written by the most eminent scholars expressly for the C. L. S. C. Being the English Year, especial prominence will be given English subjects. The Nineteenth Century also will furnish a general topic of timely interest. The history and achievements of the century in Europe and America will find generous treatment in the required reading. Literature, Art, and Science will have regular places in the plan of reading, rounding out the course in such a way as to make it of standard worth. Supplementary to the books, all of which are illustrated, two of them sumptuously, will be the required readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN contributed by the best and most scholarly writers and thinkers in Europe and the United States. Altogether it is believed the course of reading as planned for the new year will be the most attractive ever presented.

In doing honor to the great Class of '94,

soon to graduate, and in contemplating the look in life for which the Chautauqua Literature each for himself, all should fix the purpose to spread the knowledge of the C. L. S. C.; all should point the way for the greater realization of that broader out-

erary and Scientific Circle stands. Propelled by the force of its own increasing momentum it will go forward to the achievement of greater good than ever before.

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE article entitled "Is All Science One?" written by Dr. Carus for the present number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, concludes the series on science in the Required Readings of the year. In the initial article, a masterly treatise on philosophy which appeared last October, President Schurman, of Cornell University, laid the foundation from which a clear understanding of the subject in general might be derived. It served as a valuable precursor for all that followed. Professor Chamberlin in the succeeding impression of the magazine treated of science in general, ably defining the subject as a whole in comprehensive terms. Then followed each month clear and logical definitions and elucidations of the leading different branches of science, each one written by a specialist. The concluding article now gives a sweeping view over the whole field, shows in a general way the linking together of all the subjects into the one vast network of knowledge, and forms a summing up worthy of the efforts preceding it.

MEMBERS of the Federal House of Representatives who are present but not voting will in the future be counted to make up a quorum for the transaction of legislative business. This is the substance of the rule recently reported from the Democratic caucus and passed in the lower house of Congress by a vote of 212 to 47. In the 51st Congress Speaker Reed conceived and put into effect practically the same rule. His seeming arbitrary use of the speaker's power in counting nonvoting members present at that time won for him the title of czar, together with the plaudits of his own party and the emphatic censure of democratic partisans everywhere. The new rule adopted by the present Congress recognizes the principle promulgated by Mr. Reed but places the power for counting a quorum in the hands of the speaker assisted by two members, one from each side of the chamber. Manifestly the new rule is less arbitrary and less liable to

abuse than that of the 51st Congress. Its enforcement will aid materially in doing away with filibustering, the enemy of honest legislation. It is a great gain to the country because it means that members of Congress will give sensible attention to business.

THERE has recently occurred in London an event for which the precedents in history have been so rare that they may almost be reckoned upon the fingers, the calling of a son to fill the post left vacant by the decease of an eminent father. Mr. Thomas Spurgeon has been chosen to be the pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, the church built for Mr. Charles H. Spurgeon. The great membership and the wide fame conspired to make the matter of the succession a difficult one, but finally, and with a great majority, the deciding vote was cast. The wish of the father, beautifully expressed several years ago in a letter to this son, is by this act fully met. He wrote, "Make haste and get strong, and when I am old and feeble, be ready to take my place." The spirit manifested in Mr. Spurgeon's letter of acceptance argues well for the future prosperity and usefulness of the church. One sentence in it contains a beautiful filial tribute: "I can scarcely believe," he says, "that I of all men am requested to succeed my own beloved and illustrious father."

WHETHER further study will bear out the correctness of the discoveries recently reported by Professor Pickering from the Harvard Observatory at Arequipa, South America, or not, his ingenious solution of the phenomena as disclosed to him, is of value to the scientific world as bearing on the problem of how worlds are made. With his powerful telescope trained on the satellites of Jupiter he was amazed to find in them several "irregularities" as regards form and movement. The most striking revelation was, that one of the four moons revolves backwards, or with a retrograde motion,

like that of the satellites of Uranus and Neptune, which have been thought to bear strong testimony against the nebular hypothesis. Professor Pickering's theory is that Jupiter was once surrounded by a ring or a system of rings of meteorites similar to those now encircling Saturn. By some force, not known, this ring or system was broken and the meteorites were formed into new groups or swarms. The outer edges of the original ring, contrary to that of a ring composed of solid material, must have moved at a slower rate than the inner parts, and when the broken fragments drew together to form the satellites, the outer side of each swarm would move slower, which would give rise to the retrograde motion. This must have originally been the movement of the other three satellites, and of all the satellites of other planets so formed—a process of reasoning which goes far toward establishing the nebular theory. The rest of his elaborate and complex explanation deals with the various influences and attractions which would gradually round out the oval shape of the satellites, reverse their poles, and finally bring the directions of their rotation into accord with that of their revolution—a work which is yet, as far as known, unfinished only in the cases of Uranus and Neptune, and of Jupiter, if these recent discoveries are true.

THE development of the Coxey craze during the month has been interesting. As near as can be learned from the press dispatches about four thousand men have been at one time or another pressing on toward Washington under the command of various "generals." These marching bands of vagrants, hailing from the Pacific coast, the Southwest, the Middle States, and New England, have forcibly taken possession of railroad trains, incited riot by public demonstrations of an aggravated character, pillaged the country, foisted themselves upon one community to be fed and housed and passed on to the next, the only line of public defense apparently practicable, and spread abroad the ideas of discontent with our government and social institutions. All this was done, it being claimed, in a peaceful spirit in the hope of getting Congress to provide legislation by which men out of employment might obtain work. As to the sincerity of the great majority of the commonwealers there remains no question. Where employ-

ment was offered them, as was the case in many localities, it was disdainfully refused. Much has been said about the inalienable rights of citizens and especially the Coxeyites. The right of petition does not mean that Congress shall be intimidated or coerced by a "petition with boots on," which is nothing short of rebellion against the government, neither does the right of free speech involve the privilege of arraying social elements against each other by means of inflammatory speeches declaimed by adventurers and demagogues from the house tops. The Coxey movement is a farce which might easily change to a tragedy. If there are honest workingmen in the ranks they are keeping bad company and should resign. The march of the combined Commonweal is a fiasco and deserves to be suppressed; it can accomplish no good and has already worked much harm.

DAVID DUDLEY FIELD, whose death occurred on April 13, was an American of old New England stock. Mr. Field was born in Connecticut, the son of a Congregational minister, from whom he inherited no material wealth. By dint of manly perseverance he made his own way from boyhood. He put himself through Williams College, aided his brothers to secure an education and start in business life, and finally, having made a place for himself at the bar, he became one of the leading jurists of the country and a most powerful legal advocate. Much of his fame rests upon his codification of the law by which the methods of court procedure were greatly simplified throughout the English speaking world. Mr. Field was eighty-nine years old at the time of his death. That eminence is not confined to a single member of the family is evidenced by the successes attained by the brothers of David Dudley Field. The name of Cyrus W. Field, whose death occurred in 1892, is more prominently associated than any other with the laying of the Atlantic cable, and the two surviving brothers are Stephen J. Field, justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, and the Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field of *The Evangelist* of New York.

ANOTHER typical American career was that of Jesse Seligman, a Jew, who came to this country as an immigrant from Bavaria more than fifty years ago. He landed in New York without a dollar, ignorant of our language and customs, tramped through the

country as a peddler, carrying his pack upon his back. Fortune led him to California in 1850 during the gold discoveries, where he made money by trade and saved it, finally settling permanently in New York. With his little accumulation of wealth he joined his brothers in the clothing business, and later founded and helped develop the banking house of J. and W. Seligman and Co., for many years the agent of the United States government and favorably known the world over. The Seligmans all put their energies into building up the banking house which bears their name, a synonym for financial integrity. The brothers managed the foreign branches of the business. William Seligman is the head of the Paris house, Henry, that of Frankfort, Isaac and Leopold direct the business of London, James is with the New York house and Joseph died in New Orleans while conducting the branch house in that place. Jesse Seligman, whose death occurred within the present month, began life as a poor boy, and achieved success and a large fortune through remarkable business thrift and energy.

THE cause of the public disorder which prevailed in South Carolina one month ago was removed when the Supreme Court of the state declared the Dispensary Law unconstitutional. The decision as rendered by the court affirms that while the law gives the state a monopoly of the liquor traffic, the constitution does not give the state the right to engage in trade. Upon precisely the same ground the Patent Office and later the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia refused the governor of South Carolina a registered trademark for the dispensary liquor bottles. The decisions of both state and federal courts deny the right of the state of South Carolina to exercise a business function in the buying and selling of liquor for profit. The effect of the decision was to close all the state dispensaries. The present status of the liquor laws in South Carolina is uncertain, there being a difference of opinion as to whether the action of the Supreme Court leaves the state with a liquor law entirely prohibitory or with but little if any restriction upon the business. Governor Tillman's future program is not known but it is thought the question will again come before the courts for settlement. Apparently the South Carolina experiment of regulating the liquor traffic has failed up to date. Its

future progress will be watched with great interest.

THERE has been a veritable epidemic of strikes within the past few weeks and that in the face of industrial depression everywhere manifest. The estimate is fairly well grounded that more than two hundred and fifty thousand men have deliberately relinquished employment in the hope of bettering their conditions. The coal miners' strike, begun April 21 upon the order of the National United Mine Workers' Convention, very speedily assumed large proportions. More than one hundred and sixty thousand men employed in the bituminous mines of the country stopped work to enforce the demand for a new scale of wages in advance of the old scale, which, it is claimed, was below the actual cost of living. The strike of the coke operators in Pennsylvania was attended by appalling results from the beginning. Violence and disorder reigned; considerable property was destroyed and several lives were lost. The embroilment between the employers and officials of the Great Northern Railroad running from St. Paul to Seattle served to tie up that line of railway for a time. The strikers demanded a return to the wage schedule of a year ago and resorted to violence and intimidation to carry their point. The proposition of the railroad officials to arbitrate the differences was declined by the strikers. These labor wars together with many strikes of less proportions have made the recent history of the labor movement of unusual significance.* The times could not be more inappropriate for strikes and strikers and for this reason, if for no other, wise counsel would seem to suggest moderation.

THE latest invention of Mr. Thomas A. Edison and the latest wonder of photography is the kinetograph, a device for recording and reproducing motion. By this method the pictorial art is made to reproduce not only form as in the past but movement as well, and with an accuracy hardly less than perfect. A continuous series of photographs may be taken at the rate of forty-six a second and by means of the kinetoscope, another of Mr. Edison's new products, the detection of the smallest movement of the subject is rendered possible, the photographs revolving rapidly before the eye, revealing the greatest precision of detail. The uses of these new devices appear to be practically

unlimited. In co-operation with the phonograph there is now no obstacle in the way of reproducing one hundred or more years hence the words, gestures, and form of great preachers, statesmen, or actors. Indeed it will be possible for the generations yet to come to study history by the natural method, seeing and hearing the great men and women of our own time with startling vividness. Less than a century ago these things would have seemed incredible, to-day we pass them by with the thought, "What next?"

THE establishment of a Bureau of Public Health within the Department of the Interior of the United States, previously referred to in these columns, is a proposition which cannot fail to awaken the interest of all thinking people. Carefully compiled statistics from the central health authorities of England, where an advanced stand regarding these matters has been taken, have shown that in the decade ending with 1880, out of a million persons there was an average death rate from preventable diseases, such as consumption, diphtheria, fevers, etc., of 21,272, while in the previous decade, before this sanitary legislation had been adopted, the rate was 22,416, thus showing that the work had rescued 1,144 lives out of every million. Similar results in the United States with its population of over 65,000,000 would represent a saving which would far outreach in numbers the deaths caused by epidemics and violently contagious diseases. The principal duties of such a bureau would be the spreading abroad among the people a knowledge of the means of preserving health; the holding communication with institutions in foreign lands similar to itself in order to keep the country abreast with the latest methods of sanitation; and the publishing of vital statistics.

In the hearing before the United States Circuit Court relating to the recent labor difficulties on the Northern Pacific Railroad two significant definitions of a strike were brought out. In the opinion of Judge Jenkins, who presided over the case, a strike is "a combined effort among workmen to compel the master to the concession of a certain demand by preventing the conduct of his business until compliance with their demand." The definition framed by organized labor and offered in the case is to the effect that "a strike is a concerted cessation of or a refusal to work, until or unless certain conditions which obtain or are incident to the terms of the employ-

ment are changed. The employee declines longer to work, knowing full well that the employer may immediately employ another man to fill his place, also knowing that he may or may not be re-employed or returned to service. The employer has the option of acceding to his demands and returning the old employees to service, of employing new men, or of forcing conditions under which old men are glad to return to service under the old conditions." In the light of experience in labor disputes it is doubtful if either definition is fairly accurate. If the second definition could be relied upon and adhered to by organized labor everywhere a long step would be taken in the solution of the labor problem.

ONE hundred men acting as ticket sellers at suburban stations near Chicago on the Illinois Central Railroad were recently removed and their places taken by as many young women. A short time before the change was effected the salaries of the men were reduced from \$45 to \$30 per month, producing much dissatisfaction. The young women engaged to do the work at the new wage. This is but one of the many instances daily occurring where women are apparently crowding men out of certain business fields. The rights of woman to employment and the justice of her claim to the same pay for the same work as men cannot be questioned if she can demonstrate her competency. The business world is fast coming to the conclusion that in very many cases a man is not superior to a woman because he is a man. The single standard of ability is coming more and more into general use. It is well nigh a heartless law which causes a man with a family dependent upon him for support, to compete with a young woman whose capability is quite as good and whose wants it requires less to satisfy, but it is one of the natural developments of social evolution to which society must gradually adjust itself.

THE eight-hour working day, or forty-eight-hour week, was given a trial during the past year in the Salford Iron Works, England, and the result proves the success of the plan in this instance. The experiment was begun after a thorough understanding between the proprietors and their employees, and the officers of their labor organizations, the agreement being that if the trial lasting one year resulted satisfactorily it would be permanently adopted. Thus the interests of employers

C. L. S. C. OUTLINE AND PROGRAMS.

and employed became mutual. The old rule of working fifty-three hours each week was changed to forty-eight hours per week, eight and three fourths hours on five days and four and one fourth hours on Saturdays. One of the proprietors of the works is authority for the statement that the year's production was greater under the forty-eight-hour plan than formerly, and that although the men were paid the same wages for the forty-eight hours' work as before for the fifty-three, the net increase in the cost of labor was only four tenths of one per cent, which was more than likely overbalanced by the increased output. Another and not the least important result of the trial was the coming together of employers and employed, and in a spirit of friendliness, following a plan calculated to secure and maintain relations at once cordial and beneficial.

A STUDY of the small republics of the world presents many items of remarkable interest. Some of them are so diminutive as to seem scarcely able to sustain any kind of separate government, and yet they are really forging

ahead on entirely independent lines. Savolara, the smallest on record, an island northeast of Sardinia, numbers, it is said, only fifty-five inhabitants, has a *bona fide* constitution, elects a president, and, strangest of all, grants equal suffrage to women. Goust, situated on one of the Pyrenees Mountains, is much smaller in area than Savolara, measuring only a little over a mile square, but it has a population of almost one hundred and thirty. It has maintained a separate government since the middle of the seventeenth century, at the head of which is a council of twelve who remain in power for seven years. On one of the Hebrides Islands is another miniature republic containing about five hundred and fifty members, ruled by a president. Besides San Marino, in Italy, and Andorra, in Spain, two republics generally well known, one other deserving special mention is Mau-suet, between Belgium and Aix-la-Chapelle, which has an area of about four square miles and has been independent since 1688. It is described as being in a flourishing condition, financially, politically, and in every way.

C. L. S. C. OUTLINE AND PROGRAMS. FOR JUNE.

OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING.

First week (ending June 9).

"Science and Prayer." Chapter II.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN :

"A Study of Dante."

Sunday Reading for June 3.

Second week (ending June 16).

"Science and Prayer." Chapter III.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN :

"Village Life in Canada."

Sunday Reading for June 10.

Third week (ending June 23).

"Science and Prayer." Chapter IV.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN :

"The Distribution of Wealth in the United States."

"Parliamentary Parties in Europe."

Sunday Reading for June 17.

Fourth week (ending June 30).

"Science and Prayer." Chapter V.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN :

"Is All Science One?"

Sunday Reading for June 24.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLE WORK

FIRST WEEK.

DANTE DAY—JUNE 5.

"Condemned to learn by experience that no food is so bitter as the bread of dependence, and no ascent so painful as the staircase of a patron, his wounded spirit took refuge in visionary devotion."—*Macaulay*.

1. General discussion—Why was Dante exiled?
2. Paper—Idealism and realism in Dante's life as shown in his relation to Beatrice and to Gemma dei Donati (his wife).
3. Reading—"A Historic Quarrel."*
4. Outline story—Dante's "Divine Comedy."
5. Comparative outline study—Homer, Dante, and Milton,—Based on Dryden's lines :

"Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed ;
The next in majesty ; in both the last."

SECOND WEEK.

1. Table Talk—The partition of Africa.
2. Paper—Diatoms.

* See *The Library Table*, page 376.

3. Study—Two lessons taught by birds, Shelley's "To the Skylark" and Bryant's "To a Waterfowl."
4. Reading—"A Canadian Boat Song."*
5. Debate—Resolved: That it would be for the greatest good of both countries to have Canada annexed to the United States.

THIRD WEEK.

1. General discussion—Present business prospects.
2. Sketch—Louis Kossuth.
3. Readings—"The Workingwoman's Portion,"* and "The Winning and Losing of Fortunes,"*
4. Paper—The life of Garibaldi.

* See *The Library Table*, page 376.

5. Debate—Resolved: That a class of beggars is the inevitable result of the present financial system.

FOURTH WEEK.

1. Roll Call—Farewell quotations.
2. A résumé of the year's readings on Science in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.
3. Reading—"Faust's Search."*
4. A study—Tennyson's "Palace of Art" and Thomson's "Castle of Indolence" as examples of the worldly man's idea of happiness.
5. A review of the work of the C. L. S. C. year.

* See *The Library Table*, page 376.

C. L. S. C. NOTES AND WORD STUDIES.

ON REQUIRED READINGS FOR JUNE.

"SCIENCE AND PRAYER."

P. 27. "A-mor'phic." From a Greek word meaning form, shape, with the privative prefix *a*. Without form, of irregular shape.

P. 28. "Herbert Spencer." (1820—.) A great English philosopher.

P. 29. "Herschel," Sir John. (1792-1871.) An English astronomer and physicist.

"Faraday," Michael. (1791-1867.) An English physicist.

"Clerk Maxwell." (1831-1879.) A British physicist.

P. 30. "Dr. Bastian," Henry Charlton. (1837—.) An English scientist, the author of several works on the origin of life and the development of the lowest organisms.

"Agassiz" [äg'a-see], Louis. (1807-1873.) The great American naturalist. He was born in Switzerland, but came to the United States in 1846, where he made his home ever after.

"Carpenter," William Benjamin (1813-1885). An English physiologist.—"Huxley," Thomas Henry. (1825—.) An English naturalist.—"Tyndall," John. (1820-1893.) A British physicist.

P. 31. "Prō-to-plasm." Greek *proto*, first, and *plasma*, anything formed or molded. An albuminoid substance, the physical basis of all plant and animal life.

P. 32. "At'a-vism." From the Latin word *atavus*, ancestor. Recurrence to an ancestral type or peculiarity after its disappearance for a generation or more.

"Hy'brids." Supposed to be from a Greek word meaning insult, wantonness, outrage. The

offspring of animals or plants of different species; mongrels; half-breeds.

P. 33. "Si-lū'-ri-ān." Of or belonging to the Silures, an ancient people of Great Britain. "The name was given by Murchison, in 1835, to a series of rocks, the order of succession of which was first worked out by him in that part of England and Wales which was formerly occupied by the Silures." This order is the lowest of the four great subdivisions of the Paleozoic period. Where no displacement or upheaval has occurred the Silurian rocks form the lowest strata of rocks in which any traces of life appear.

P. 36. "Lem'u-roid." Like or pertaining to the lemurs, a family of nocturnal mammals allied to monkeys.

"Pri-mā'tēs." The highest order of mammals.

P. 37. "Tal-is-man'ic." Magical. Having the properties of a talisman, which is a supposed "charm consisting of a magical figure cut or engraved under certain superstitious observances of the configuration of the heavens; the seal figure, character, or image of a heavenly sign, constellation, or planet engraved on a sympathetic stone, or on a metal corresponding to the star, in order to receive its influence. Figuratively the word is applied to any means by which the attainment of extraordinary results may be reached.

P. 38. "E'go." The Latin word for the pronoun I. Self, considered as the seat of consciousness.

P. 46. "Spir'a-cles. External openings communicating with the air tubes of insects, myriapods, and arachnids.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

P. 47. "Mercury." In mythology, the messenger of the gods.

P. 52. "Re-tic'u-la-ted." Resembling network, having veins, fibers, or lines crossing like network. It is derived from the Latin word *reticulum*, which is a diminutive form of *rete*, a net.

"E-phem'e-ron." One of the ephemeral flies, a genus of insects living only for a day, or for a short time. The word is from a Greek compound meaning daily, lasting but a day.

"Di-a-tōm-ā'se-ē."

P. 59. "Mi'cro-cosm." Greek, *mikros*, small, *kosmos*, world. A little world. Paracelsus called man a microcosm, as a supposed epitome of the great world.

P. 60. "Ul'ti-ma Thu'le." Latin. The end of the world. Thule was the most northern part of the world known to the ancients. Pliny says it was an island at a distance of six days' sailing from the Orcades (the Orkney Islands). Others consider it to be Shetland.

P. 62. "Ho-mo-ge-nē'i-ty." From two Greek words *omos*, the same, and *genos*, race, sameness of kind or nature.—"Het-e-ro-ge-ne'i-ty." The Greek word *eleros*, other, substituted for *omos* in the preceding word, from this term, which means differing in kind.

P. 64. "Edelweiss" [ä'del-vis]. A small perennial plant of the aster family, growing on the Alps. It has dense clusters of flower heads at ends of stems, all covered with white cotton-like pubescences.

"Savants" [sä-väն]. A French word for men of learning; persons eminent for acquirements.

P. 75. "Ax-i-o-mat'ic." Of the nature of an axiom, which is a self-evident truth, a proposition of principle that needs no demonstration in order to be accepted. A well-known axiom is the statement that the whole is greater than any of its parts.

P. 76. "Ir-ref'rā-gā-ble." Not to be denied; not capable of being resisted. The word is a Latin derivative.

P. 82. "An-thro-po-mor'phism." From two Greek words, *anthropos*, man, and *morphe*, form. The representation of God under the form of a man. The ascription of human attributes, feelings, and conduct to Deity.

P. 88. "Hor'o-logue." A piece of mechanism for indicating the time of the day; a clock or a timepiece of any kind. In a wider sense the word has the meaning of horoscope, destiny as indicated by the stars.

P. 92. "Re-tro-act'ive." Operating by returned action; acting in return; having a reversed or retrospective action; affecting what is past.

P. 104. "Pro-tē'an." In mythology Proteus was a god who had the power to assume any form he wished. He also possessed the gift of prophecy, but did not like to exercise it, so when mortals sought him, wishing to know regarding the future, in order to escape them he would rapidly assume different shapes, and unless they followed him through these changes they could not obtain the knowledge desired. If they were persistent, however, he answered correctly all their questions. Hence Protean means exceedingly variable, assuming different forms.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ON THE C. L. S. C. TEXT-BOOKS.

"SCIENCE AND PRAYER."

1. Q. How is the suggestion that God has never interfered in the course of nature and in the affairs of men met? A. By a most decided assertion that He has done so time and again.

2. Q. On what point do the different schools of thought agree regarding the first condition of matter? A. That it was formless, motionless, forceless, structureless.

3. Q. What is its condition at the present time? A. That of an almost infinite complexity.

4. Q. What is the law of inertia which science discloses? A. That not a single particle of matter can set itself in motion.

5. Q. What does science also disclose regard-

ing the present condition of matter? A. That not a particle is now at rest.

6. Q. How alone can the mighty initial impulse which so transformed the material world be explained? A. On the ground of the direct interference of God.

7. Q. What declaration has stood the crucial test of nineteenth century science? A. That no life springs except from some living germ.

8. Q. What question then leads directly to the answer that God must have interfered in the course of nature? A. Whence came the first life germs after the universally conceded fire period which must have destroyed all life?

9. Q. For solutions to what mysterious problems have materialistic expounders of the uni-

verse been driven to their wits' end? A. The phenomena of instinct.

10. Q. Over what question has the battle of the schools been most hotly contested? A. The advent and the distinctive attributes of man.

11. Q. What evident fact regarding man does the strict creationist yet refuse to admit? A. The close tie, shown by many striking resemblances, which unites him to the brute creation.

12. Q. On the other hand what exclusive inheritance of man puzzles the evolutionist to account for? A. A self-conscious and responsible sovereign *ego*.

13. Q. What does self-consciousness affirm concerning the soul? A. That it is an absolutely new element and that no portion of it can be transmitted from parent to child.

14. Q. To what concise statement embodying the fact that God has interfered in the course of nature does this reasoning lead? A. Human souls are the direct gift of God.

15. Q. How do the investigations of science bring still closer the knowledge of the direct action of the divine will? A. They lead to the claim that each soul is the result of a separate creative fiat of the Almighty.

16. Q. Name the third proposition which the author undertakes to prove. A. That each human being is of sufficient importance to warrant God's interference for him.

17. Q. How is this position controverted? A. By claiming that God has adopted broad and comprehensive plans in which He has regard to general interests and not to special cases.

18. Q. What are we apt to conclude after the first glance over nature's forces and attributes? A. That there is no individualizing in God's providences.

19. Q. Where besides in the Scriptures is there to be found any evidence that the individual does arrest the attention of the Almighty? A. In all animate and inanimate nature and in all sound philosophy.

20. Q. For what purpose had all the mighty processes of evolution been carried on through untold eons of geologic time? A. To secure for man a fitting environment.

21. Q. What must the fact that God through those ages was busy in preparing a home for man argue? A. That man must be possessed of worth in the eyes of his Creator.

22. Q. What may be argued from the fact of the individuality of each soul? A. That it was created for a distinct purpose, that it is the embodiment of some ideal from the heart of God.

23. Q. What is it claimed was God's ultimate object in creating the human race? A. Establishing with them eternal companionship after

the development of the personal traits of their souls.

24. Q. How has science furnished the strongest grounds for belief in God's sympathetic presence with each person? A. By proving that every form of life invariably finds an environment suited to its needs.

25. Q. With all the infinite painstaking to provide for the physical and intellectual wants of man what want is left utterly unsatisfied in the whole realm of nature? A. The want of his higher nature for a sympathy which no creature can give.

26. Q. Left without anything to satisfy them what would become of man's spiritual aspirations? A. They would die and man would sink to the level of brute life.

27. Q. Is it reasonable to suppose that God would create man with a capacity and longing for His presence and then leave him to die without it? A. The question carries its own emphatic denial.

28. Q. What is the fourth point considered in the argument? A. Whether we can reasonably believe that God will interfere because we ask Him.

29. Q. What argument is drawn from the fact that God left many of His works incomplete with the evident design that man's will should complete them? A. That if He thus made provision for the guiding force of human will He would do the same for the Divine will.

30. Q. Why does the fact that the soul is linked with matter and cosmic force destroy all warrant for affirming that God will not interfere in His lower kingdoms? A. As the perfecting of the soul is His highest work He would not withdraw from it while confined here His personal oversight.

31. Q. What is the great question asked regarding prayer? A. Proof that it has ever effected any change in God's plans.

32. Q. What is the reply commonly made to this question? A. That the prayers were all foreknown to God and their answers provided for from the beginning.

33. Q. Explain how this answer is a simple affirmation that prayer does influence God's plans. A. It is only saying that the anticipated prayer wrought a change in God's purpose.

34. Q. How does the author meet the objection that availling prayer must imply imperfection in God's plan? A. By denying that God's foreknowledge is all comprehending.

35. Q. What must God's absolute foreknowledge include? A. That of all His own mental states.

36. Q. What would such foreknowledge preclude? A. The impossibility of a single thought or emotion ever springing up in His mind unanticipated.

37. Q. If He is thus limited now what reasoning must inevitably follow? A. That He must have been equally limited through the eternal past and must remain so through all the future.

38. Q. If, then, He is imprisoned in this hopelessly dead calm what further reasoning must follow? A. That He never could have formed any plans for creation.

39. Q. Why may we not suppose that the entire plan in all its details flashed instantly upon Him? A. This would impeach the perfection of His foreknowledge up to the time of this thought.

40. Q. If God does not absolutely know what His own future thought will be what else is impossible to Him? A. To know what man's future will absolutely be, since man is made in His image.

41. Q. What charge besides that of being unphilosophical can also be brought against the doctrine of God's perfect foreknowledge? A. That it is unscriptural.

42. What instances in the life of Moses are mentioned as a proof of this assertion? A. The statements that he pleaded with God when God had announced His purpose to destroy

Israel and that his pleadings prevailed and the people were saved.

43. Q. What Bible history bears strongest evidence against God's absolute foreknowledge?

A. The pleadings of the agonizing Savior.

44. Q. What is the last argument of the book? A. Every reasonable prayer offered in the right spirit is certain of favorable answer.

45. Q. To have a prayer reasonable what must first be guarded against? A. Asking for anything which we can procure by our own exertions.

46. Q. Name a second consideration of reasonable prayer. A. It must be free from contradictory requests.

47. Q. Having bestowed upon man the power of free choice what Divine gifts are impossible? A. Virtues, because they are the names of victories won over temptation.

48. Q. What other elements besides reasonableness must enter into true prayer? A. It must be offered in the right spirit and in child-like faith.

49. Q. What was the first effect of modern scientific inquiry? A. To weaken faith and make God seem an impersonal First Cause.

50. Q. What reaction from this paralyzing skepticism has now set in? A. A faith fervent as that felt before science had its birth seems destined to prevail in the hearts of men.

THE QUESTION TABLE.

ANSWERS IN NEXT NUMBER.

ITALIAN FACTS AND FANCIES.

1. What was the Iron Crown of Lombardy?
2. Why are the celebrated bronze horses above the doors of St. Mark's, Venice, called the "traveled horses"?

3. What are Pliny's Doves?

4. What Italian city was at one time the leading commercial port of the world?

5. From what poem were the songs of the gondoliers of Venice taken for more than two hundred years?

6. How long did the city of Pompeii remain under ground?

7. Of what doors did Michael Angelo say, "They are worthy to be the gates of Paradise"?

8. What work of Raphael did Michael Angelo vow he would stop, and how did he fulfill his vow?

9. Who by his death put an end to gladiatorial combats in Rome?

10. Why was the amphitheater at Rome called the Coliseum?

THE CIRCLE OF SCIENCES.—IX.

- I. According to observations conducted (1893) by Prof. W. H. Pickering at Arequipa, Peru, what is the form of Jupiter's satellites and the manner of their revolution?

2. In what direction does the magnetic needle point?

3. Give the atomic weight of oxygen correct to the third decimal place.

4. Of what is the new compound known as carborundum composed? Why so named?

5. Who had the honor of discovering in the latter part of October, 1893, by means of photography, a new star of the seventh magnitude in the constellation Norma (*Novo Normæ*)?

6. Name another notable contribution to astronomy made by the same person.

7. Why are the Holmes comet of November,

1892, and the comet seen on the night of July 13, 1893, considered so remarkable?

8. Formerly what was the only substance known to be highly magnetic? What other substance has been discovered (1892) to have this property?

9. How does the survey completed in 1891, after nineteen years, by the government steamer *Hassler* show the coast line of southern California to compare with the Atlantic coast line or with any other part of the Pacific?

10. When and where occurred the first international meeting of botanists ever held in America?

THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.—IX.

1. In what triple line must Jewish history be studied?

2. What is the essence of the Jewish religion?

3. What in their system of government saved the Jews from ever falling under the power of despotism?

4. Under what leader did Jewish history reach an epoch corresponding to that of the Greeks under Pericles, of the Romans under Augustus, of the French under Louis XIV.?

5. What people now occupy the region of Ur where Abraham was born?

6. Of what people living in the mountains of Armenia did Xenophon write in the "Retreat of the Ten Thousand," as harassing the Greek army by constant sorties?

7. Does the description given to a certain people in Habakkuk I., 6-9, apply so closely to the peoples referred to in the preceding two questions as to warrant the conclusion that they are all three the same people?

8. What method of helping the poor in such a manner as not to wound the self-respect of the deserving and not to encourage pauperism is followed by the Jews? (See Deuteronomy XV., 8.)

9. When the Portuguese nobles, the descendants of the men who had cruelly exiled the Jews from Portugal in the latter part of the fifteenth century, were defeated in Africa whither they had been led by their king Dom Sebastian, and were sold as slaves at Fez, what fact connected with their purchasers gave them comfort?

10. What is the Talmud? Of what two parts does it consist?

QUESTIONS OF THE TIMES.

1. When were the earliest expeditions sent to Africa for the sake of territorial acquisition?

2. When did the eager rush by European powers for territory in Africa begin?

3. How much of Africa now remains unclaimed?

4. What is the present leading desire of France for possession in this continent?

5. What part of Africa is now designated by the name Ibea (usually written in capital letters separated by periods), and how was this word formed?

6. Over what part of Africa has Germany a protectorate?

7. What independent state of Central Africa has a name which means "Land of Noah"?

8. What is the area and population of that kingdom of Africa in which the king's body-guard is composed of about 4,000 women known as "Amazons"?

9. Out of a total population of 1,068,000 in the Republic of Liberia, how many belong to the ruling class which is composed of colored emigrants from the United States and their descendants?

10. What plan was recently proposed by the Hon. Cecil J. Rhodes, the governor of Cape Colony, for extending the British protectorate in South Africa?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN FOR MAY.

ITALIAN FACTS AND FANCIES.

1. Aldus Manutius, a celebrated Italian printer and scholar. 2. Johann Amerbach, an eminent German printer, in printing his principal publications, "Saint Ambrose" and "Saint Augustine." The new type was called Saint Augustine. 3. The black servant of Aldus Manutius. 4. A prison cave near Syracuse, Italy, so arranged that every word spoken in it was re-echoed in the chamber of Dionysius, who spent entire days listening to the complaints of his prisoners. 5. Titus Flavius Domitian. 6. Maria Gaetane Agnesia, daughter of a professor of mathematics in the university of Bologna, and who was permitted by dispensation of the pope to take her father's place as lecturer in the university during his sickness. 7. Pope Alexander III. 8. Caius Asinius Pollio, an eminent orator, author and patron of literature. 9. As the founder of ragged schools. 10. Marcus Gaius Apicus, who after spending \$3,600,000 on the luxuries of the table discovered that he had only about \$360,000 left; and unwilling to starve on such a pittance poisoned himself. 11. Lorenzo Tonti, a Neapolitan, who published the plan and introduced it into France about 1653.

THE CIRCLE OF SCIENCES.—VIII.

1. Their pitch, intensities, and timbre. 2. Stringed instruments. 3. The human voice.

4. Melody. 5. Palestrina. 6. Between 1550 in which Charles Martel gained the victory, and 1600. 7. The violin. 8. Both the opera and the oratorio were born. 9. The Greek tragedy. 10. Galilei.

THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.—VIII.

1. It was full of warring tribes. 2. He consolidated Arabia into an empire. 3. No. 4. The absolute unity and supremacy of God. 5. Of Abraham, through Ishmael. 6. In spasmodic convulsions. 7. From the Hegira. 8. Friday. Chapters of the Koran, the Mohammedan Bible. 9. A stone said to have been given to Abraham by the angel Gabriel, who brought it from Heaven, and now found built into the southeast corner of the Caaba, the great sanctuary of the Mohammedan world in Mecca. 10. At Tours in 732,

QUESTIONS OF THE TIMES.

1. 16,940,311. 2. No. 3. In most states a stated time of residence is required; the right is denied to women; and untaxed Indians, the Chinese, criminals, idiots, lunatics, and paupers are prohibited from voting. 4. For every 173,901. 5. The territories send delegates, the states representatives. The delegates may speak on a subject and may make motions but cannot vote. 6. Representatives 156; delegates 4. 7. Indian Ter., Alaska, and the District of Columbia. 8. Utah and New Mexico. 9. Two years. 10. (a) March 4, 1893. (b) December 4, 1893. (c) October 30, during an extraordinary session of Congress called together August 7, 1893.

THE C. L. S. C. CLASSES.

1882—1897.

AN ADDRESS FROM THE CHANCELLOR.

THE "Chancellor's Address," which will be mailed this month to all active members of the C. L. S. C., contains much that is suggestive and inspiring to all Chautauquans, and especially to those who find it hard to remember what they have read and who are tempted to be discouraged or even to abandon their attempt at self-culture.

This address will be sent in the "Spring Communication," which will include also the lists of Recognition Days at the various Assemblies, a blank form for final report of the four years' work, detailed instructions regarding graduates, and a list of the books for the new C. L. S. C. year '94-5.

Any member of the C. L. S. C. who fails to receive these announcements by June 1, should at once notify John H. Vincent, Drawer 194, Buffalo, N. Y.

CLASS OF 1894.—"THE PHILOMATHEANS."

"*Ubi mel, ibi apes.*"

OFFICERS.

President—John Habberton, New York City.

Vice Presidents—The Rev. A. C. Ellis, D.D., Oil City, Pa.; the Rev. E. D. Ledyard, Steubenville, Ohio; the Rev. Dr. Livingston, Toronto, Canada; Mrs. Helen Campbell, New York City; the Rev. J. W. Lee, D. D., Atlanta, Ga.; the Rev. J. A. Cosby, Aurora, Ill.; the Rev. Dr. D. A. Cunningham, Wheeling, W. Va.; the Rev. G. W. Barlowe, Detroit, Michigan.

Corresponding Secretary—Miss Anna M. Thomson, Winchester, Va.

Recording Secretary—Rev. J. B. Countryman, Akron, N. Y.

Treasurer—Henry M. Hall, Titusville, Pa.
Class Trustee—W. T. Everson, Union City, Pa.

CLASS FLOWER—CLOVER.

RECOGNITION DAY at Chautauqua will be Wednesday, August 22, and, as heretofore announced, Counselor Edward Everett Hale will deliver the address. The author of "In His Name" will, as always, have a cordial welcome from all Chautauquans.

NEW ENGLAND members of the Class of '94 are planning for a grand rally at the New England Assembly on their Recognition Day, July 18. Bishop Vincent will deliver the address, and Chautauquans of all classes will be present to give him hearty welcome. All '94's in New England are urged to bear this fact in mind and, if possible, to be present at the Assembly.

ALL Chautauquans will be glad to know that Bishop Vincent is to be in America this summer, and will visit quite a number of the Assemblies on their Recognition Days. He will be present at the Pennsylvania Chautauqua, Mt. Gretna, on July 16, at the New England Assembly on July 18, at Ocean Grove on July 20, at Island Park on August 1, and possibly at one or two of the other Assemblies.

CLASS OF 1895.—"THE PATHFINDERS."

"*The truth shall make you free.*"

OFFICERS :

President—Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Vice Presidents—Prof. H. B. Adams, Baltimore, Md.; J. B. Morton, Winter Park, Fla.; George P. Hukill, Oil

City, Pa.; Miss Mary Davenport, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Robert A. Miller, Canton, O.; Mrs. H. S. Hawes, Richmond, Va. *Cor. Secretary*—Miss Jane Mead Welch, Buffalo, N. Y. *Recording Secretary*—Miss Mary E. Miller, Akron, O. *Treasurer*—R. M. Alden, 625 Maryland Avenue N. E., Washington, D. C. *Trustee of the Building Fund*—George P. Hukill, Oil City, Pa. *Class Historian*—Miss Janette Trowbridge, New Haven, Conn.

CLASS FLOWER—NASTURTIUM.
CLASS EMBLEM—A BLUE RIBBON.

MEMBERS of '95 who during the summer months have found pleasure in the books recommended on the C. L. S. C. summer courses, will be glad to know that three new courses are added this year to the number. They will include in Biography, Emerson, John Burroughs, and Charlotte Brontë.

CLASS OF 1896.—“TRUTH SEEKERS.”

“Truth is Eternal.”

OFFICERS.

President—The Rev. Chas. C. Johnson, Arcade, N. Y. *Vice Presidents*—R. C. Browning, Orange, N. J.; Mrs. Francis W. Parker, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Cynthia I. Boyd, Knoxville, Tenn.; Mrs. Anna Hodgson, Athens, Ga.; F. G. Lewis, Birtle, Manitoba; Oliver Ellsworth, Niles, Cal.

Corresponding Secretary—Miss Anna J. Young, 237 Wylie Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

Recording Secretary—Miss Grace G. Merritt, Montclair, N. J.

Treasurer and Class Trustee—John A. Seaton, Glen Park Place, Cleveland, Ohio.

CLASS FLOWER—FORGET-ME-NOT.
CLASS EMBLEM—A LAMP.

THE Chautauqua Extension lecture courses are still going on in many communities with most encouraging results. In a Connecticut town where the Greek Social Life lectures were given last year, the Social Science course was undertaken this year. Our correspondent writes: “We have sold fifty-one tickets for the Social Science lectures and have had a very delightful time. Meetings were held in the parlors of private residences, with music (sometimes a local orchestra gave their services) and discussion of each lecture. The last lecture and discussion were a crowning success. There were professional men and manufacturers in attendance and at eleven o’clock the people were sorry to go home.”

From another community in the same state where some seventy tickets were sold, comes the following report: “The lectures were read by the principal of the high school. They were well attended and created much interest. After reading the Social Science lectures our principal had printed sixty questions which were answered and discussed at a separate meeting.

J-June.

We are now having a course of three lectures on political economy.”

CLASS OF 1897.—“THE ROMANS.”

OFFICERS.

President—Prof. F. J. Miller, University of Chicago, Chicago.

Vice Presidents—Prof. Wm. E. Waters, Cincinnati, O.; A. A. Stagg, Chicago; Mrs. A. E. Barker, Bethel, Conn.; Miss Jessie Scott, Mississippi; Mrs. M. J. Hawthorne, Philadelphia; Mrs. G. B. Driscoll, Sidney, O.; Mrs. Carrie V. Shaw Rice, Tacoma, Washington; Rev. James E. Coombs, Victoria, B. C.; Miss Emily Green, South Wales; Charles E. Boyd, Cambridge, Mass.

Secretary—Miss Eva M. Martin, Chautauqua, N. Y.

Treasurer and Trustee—Shirley P. Austin, Medina, Pa.

CLASS EMBLEM—THE IVY.

As the chief subject of study next year for members of '97 as well as of other C. L. S. C. classes will be the growth of the English nation, it is evident that the more thoroughly and carefully students do the work of the current year, the better they will enjoy and appreciate that of '94-5. It is true in Chautauqua work as in everything else that a good foundation means an enduring superstructure.

GRADUATE CLASSES.

To the Class of '84:—

The decennial anniversary of the Class of '84 will be held at Chautauqua, on Saturday (Aug. 18) preceding Recognition Day.

An appropriate and pleasing program has been arranged for the occasion, consisting of a historical sketch, an original poem, readings, class greetings, and music. We hope to have enough members and visitors present to fill the dear old “Hall of Philosophy.”

Our class home, which stands near the Hall, has broad verandas and wide open doors, and a royal welcome will be given to every member.

We hope to greet our beloved ex-president, Mr. John Fairbanks of Seattle, and many others who have been absent for years or who have as yet never seen our Chautauqua home.

This day which we are to celebrate will be akin to that on which we passed through the golden gate, up the flower-strewn path, to the Mecca of our pilgrimage.

Let there be a general rally of the “Irrepressibles” from all over the land. Remember, a like opportunity will not be ours again.

By order of the president.

Holley, N. Y. ADELAIDE L. WESCOTT, Sec.

THE sixth annual moonlight excursion of the New York and Brooklyn Chautauqua Unions will take place on Saturday, June 16. The sail will be up Long Island Sound to Cold Spring Grove, delightfully situated for a pleasant outing.

LOCAL CIRCLES.

The New York Union will have the iron steamer *Sirius* and the Brooklyn Union the *Grand Republic*. The sail to the grove will be in the afternoon as heretofore and after spending several hours on shore the return to the city will be in the evening. Stowe's Military Band will furnish music, and everything be done for a most enjoyable time. The excursion will be under the management of Mr. F. M. Curtis, 2107 Seventh Ave., New York, and Mr. N. H. Gillette, 311 Quincy St., Brooklyn. Price of tickets fifty cents.

A CHAUTAUQUA Day has been arranged for Saturday, June 9, at Prohibition Park, Staten Island. Dr. J. L. Hurlbut will be in charge. The exercises will begin at 2 p. m. and continue during the afternoon and evening. It is designed to reproduce, as nearly as possible, a day at Chautauqua. There will be interesting speakers and a varied program. Prohibition Park is a delightful spot on Staten Island, easily reached by the Staten Island boats and electric railway. The fare for the round trip is but twenty cents.

ADDITIONAL GRADUATES OF THE CLASS OF 1893.

Justitia Jane Campbell Glennie, Miss Louise McMurray, Jean M. Vallette, California; Mrs. Hulda C. Forbes, Miss Fannie A. Hawley, Connecticut; Miss Sarah L. Lesslie, Ella A. Randolph, Mrs. L. P. Tooke, Illinois; Clara P. Haeberle, Mrs. Edith Teale, Iowa; Ella E. Bringtonton, Ella M. Lane, Mrs. Helen A. B. Michener, Mrs. Alida Shumate, Kansas; Mrs. Edith N. Oakes, Maine; Mrs. Catharine S. Miller, Michigan; Emma J. Kingston, Mrs. Frank Reed, Mrs. Maria L. Wells, Minnesota; Mrs. Angie Cornell, Mrs. Eliza A. Hamilton, Missouri; Mrs. Annie Pierson White, New Jersey; Mrs. Jennie S. Vincent, New York; Bertha L. Frick, Elizabeth McClellan, Miss Hattie M. Myers, Ohio; Anna K. Shanor, Anna E. Shollenberger, Dora E. Walton, Pennsylvania; Mrs. Belle Carns, Emma F. Robinson, South Dakota; Mrs. Eva H. Kerr, Mary E. Munger Stokes, Texas; Mrs. Lottie Jacobs, Wisconsin.

LOCAL CIRCLES.

C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

"We Study the Word and the Works of God."

"Never be Discouraged."

"Let us Keep our Heavenly Father in the Midst."

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

OPENING DAY—October 1.

BRYANT DAY—November 3.

SPECIAL SUNDAY—November, second Sunday.

MILTON DAY—December 9.

COLLEGE DAY—January, last Thursday.

SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.

LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.

SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.

ADDISON DAY—May 1.

SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.

HORACE DAY—May 17.

DANTE DAY—June 5.

SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.

INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Saturday after first Tuesday; anniversary of the dedication of St. Paul's Grove at Chautauqua.

RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday after the first Tuesday.

NEW CIRCLES.

MAINE.—A fine class for Chautauqua work organized in the fall at Bangor and now writes for enrollment. The Central Circle extends to it a hearty welcome.

RHODE ISLAND.—"The rush-light with its light so small, is better than no light at all," is the opinion of the ladies at Pawtucket who because only four in number call themselves the Rush-Light Circle. They began work late in the year, intending to read on through the summer in order to make ready for a prompt start on the second year's studies.

CONNECTICUT.—A delightful bit of news comes from the South Manchester secretary to the effect that there are thirty members in the new circle there, most of whom wish to take the examinations.—A local circle of sixteen mem-

bers is duly officered at Bridgeport. It is agitating the question of a rally of all the circles in Bridgeport at the end of the year.

NEW JERSEY.—There is a very enthusiastic circle composed of twelve members at Trenton. They meet once a week. All are enjoying the reading and express themselves as "feeling benefited by the little 'dip they have had in the great sea of learning.'"

KENTUCKY.—There is an interesting circle at Mt. Sterling. Only two of its number have enrolled. The others are cordially invited to avail themselves of the benefits to be derived from membership in the Central Circle.

LOUISIANA.—A class of eight members is upholding Chautauqua interests at Shreveport.

ARKANSAS.—The Jewish circle at Little Rock is earnestly at work, and with its thirty-five

members bids fair to keep Chautauqua work in that vicinity moving at an inspiring pace.

TEXAS.—A club of four, organized last October at Pilot Point, has kept along nicely with the textbooks and *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*. Some weeks their enthusiasm mounts almost to infatuation. They remain firm in the determination to overcome all difficulties and gain their certificates at the end of the four years. They will "send in" this year's papers, but hope to "hand in" those for next year. In this town there is also a Literary Society that takes *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* for its weekly reading, but uses none of the textbooks.—There is a fine Chautauqua circle at Deport.

OHIO.—Spinoza Chautauqua Circle, an organization of Jewish people at Youngstown, had an open meeting on the evening of March 26. In spite of inclement weather and many counter attractions, there were in attendance about two hundred persons, all of whom were very enthusiastic. The secretary's report showed the circle to be in good condition, both numerically and financially and the excellent program rendered showed them to be flourishing intellectually and musically. This circle meets regularly every alternate Monday evening at the homes of its members. Its sessions are always interesting and at them a high class of literary work is accomplished.—For the last two years three ladies at Hayesville in the capacity of a class have been pursuing the C. L. S. C. course without any idea of ever trying to graduate, but now they express a very earnest desire to enroll "among the honored members of the C. L. S. C." and to take examinations on the work they have been over. This certainly is a wise step and a hearty welcome will be extended to the trio by the Class of '95.

MISSOURI.—Favorable reports are received from Pallahestian C. L. S. C. of St. Joseph and from a circle at Sedalia.

NORTH DAKOTA.—Sykeston C. L. S. C., organized in the fall, has been meeting weekly. Interest has been shown; good work has been done. The circle numbers about fifteen and several who do not attend the meetings are taking the readings.

OREGON.—Salem boasts a second Chautauqua organization known as Vincent Circle. Its eighteen members are all delighted with the work, with which they are now well under way.

OLD CIRCLES.

AFRICA.—In a letter dated at Wellington, Cape Colony, Miss M. E. Landfear, the South African secretary, writes that she had a very pleasant meeting with the Rondebosch Local Circle on the evening of January 11. There

were nine young ladies present, only six of whom were members of the circle. The other three joined that evening. This circle at the beginning of the year decided to hold no meetings, but has thought better of it and now will try to meet one afternoon of every month.

MAINE.—The circle at Rockport has never done better work than it is doing this season. A beautiful spirit is exhibited by some of its members; having finished the course they would gladly be reading on a special course, but anxious for another class of Chautauquans to graduate they continue to work with it so that its interest may not abate.—The circle at Canton has eleven members and a number of other attendants who take some part in the meetings. One of the circle members was nearly sixty years old when she entered the Class of '94 and intends to keep on with the studies as long as her eyesight lasts.—Seaside Circle of Belfast is making fine progress with about a dozen working members. Roman history is interesting them at present. One afternoon a resident minister who has traveled extensively, gave them a description of Rome as it looks to-day, illustrating his remarks with photographs of the principal churches and places of interest. This circle derived benefit as well as pleasure from the Chautauqua Assembly held at Northport last August, and many of its members hope to attend again the coming season.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Keep Pace Circle of Everett started on the third year of its career with the unabated interest of its old members and a fund of fresh enthusiasm contributed by five new members. Notwithstanding the fact that this circle is composed of busy people, most of them housekeepers with families to care for, it shows real work done: long lessons are committed to memory for each meeting and papers on historical or biographical subjects are prepared by each in turn.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Irving C. L. S. C. of Sellersville received five new members into its ranks, numbering now seventeen. The weekly meetings are well attended and all take great interest in the studies. In order to awaken a general enthusiasm in Chautauqua work, the circle practiced a cantata which was rendered soon after Easter.—Myosotis Circle of Germantown holds meetings every other week. Longfellow Day was celebrated with it by a special program. The circle members find a special source of profit and entertainment in the Myosotis Journal, edited by their vice president. They and their friends contribute to this paper, which is printed on the hectograph. Two new names

LOCAL CIRCLES.

appear on the roll of this circle.—Chautauquans are at work in Miles Grove.

GEORGIA.—There is a live circle at Demorest.

KENTUCKY.—Chautauquans at Carrollton are still pursuing the course.

INDIANA.—This is the fourth year of study for the class at Valparaiso. All of the class hope to visit Chautauqua in August.

ILLINOIS.—Circles Habberton at Huntley and Harmony at Springfield are regularly re-enrolled.—Columbian Circle of Marseilles sends a number of programs, of which the "common" ones are uncommonly fine both in substance and appearance, and the special ones are beautiful and original. The programs owe their ornamental lettering and chaste designs to the president, and the water-color designs to another of the circle. In this class there are thirty-nine local members. For their Tuesday evening meetings they have a hall of their own nicely fitted up, and capable of seating one hundred persons. A rented piano is among the furnishings. On special days the hall is filled with invited guests. Since its organization seven years ago Columbian Circle has continued to grow in membership. A standing committee on entertainment furnishes something amusing and interesting each week, a feature that encourages good attendance. The regular programs are published in a local paper.

MICHIGAN.—Cheering news is heard from the circle at Martin.

MISSOURI.—The present good standing of the circle at Oregon presages well for its next year's progress.

MINNEAPOLIS.—The Chautauqua circles of Minneapolis held a union meeting at the Portland Avenue Church of Christ, on the evening of February 27. The program was rendered by representatives from Athena, Flour City, Linnea, and Minnehaha Circles. It was commemorative of Longfellow, and both in its literary and musical aspects was a success. After the program the many persons in attendance remained to get acquainted with each other. This is the first meeting of the kind ever held in Minneapolis. It proved so successful, the secretary writes, that they intend to hold such meetings frequently; they recognize an inspiration in such associations that tends to develop more fully their social and intellectual natures.

IOWA.—Round Table Circle at Victor is flourishing.—The annual reception given by the ladies of the Rockford Chautauqua Reading Circle was a delightful occasion throughout. The guests were welcomed by the ladies, each wearing a dainty wreath of leaves and flowers on the head, as was the custom of Roman

women when entertaining friends. Refreshments were served, followed by an intellectual feast, which transported one back to the old Roman life and society. The program, occupying nearly two hours, was wholly interesting. At its conclusion cards each bearing the name of some eminent person were pinned on the backs of those present, and each one set to work to find out who he was as placarded, by asking the guests to tell some characteristics of the person whose name he bore. Thus the evening ended happily in lighter vein.

KANSAS.—Ninde Local Circle of Topeka has a membership this year of forty-three. It is an active circle, and derives deep pleasure and profit from the studies.—Oaks Circle of Pittsburgh and the class at Winfield are prospering.

COLORADO.—The following program for the Denver Chautauqua Union Convention, Dec. 8, 1893, though late in being received, may prove of interest to Chautauqua circle workers :

2:00 p.m.	Hymn.
2:05 "	Prayer.
2:10 "	Secretary's report of the last convention.
2:15 "	Address (5 min.), "Object of this Convention."
2:15 "	Statistical reports of secretaries of all circles in Union (2 min. each).
2:30 "	Reports (3 min. each) on method of conducting circle, or other items of interest, by president or other member of each circle.
3:00 "	Practice song service, using songs in Vesper Services.
3:15 "	(Note: Each of following papers is to be 3 min. and each to be followed by a 3 min. discussion.)
	Paper, "How to Conduct the 'Quiz.'"
	"How to Use THE CHAUTAUQUAN in the Circle Meetings"
	"Current Events in Circle Meetings."
	"Memorial Days."
	"The Map Exercise."
	"The Review in Circle Meetings."
	"The Program Committee."
4:10 "	Paper (10 min.), "What May We Hope to Accomplish by Our Denver Chautauqua Union?" Discussion on above.
4:30 "	Business hour. Election of treasurer, and other business. Reports of the committees appointed to arrange for this convention.
5:00 "	Luncheon and social. A basket lunch. All bring enough for one extra. Stay and get acquainted.
	EVENING SESSION.
7:30 "	Chautauqua Vesper Service.
7:45 "	Address (10 min.), "The Chautauqua Idea."
7:55 "	Solo, "Chautauqua Salute" (written for this occasion).
	Three Addresses on the general subject, "Am I my Brother's Keeper? from an Economic Standpoint."
	Address, "My Brother's Keeper as shown in the Constitution of Society."
	Music.
	Address, "My Brother's Keeper as shown in the Co-operation of the Classes."
	Music, Quartet.
	Address, "My Brother's Keeper as a Citizen."

CALIFORNIA.—Four years ago, at Pasadena, a company of seven housekeepers organized an afternoon Chautauqua circle. There were evening circles in the place but attendance upon them was an impossibility to these busy women, many of whom had little children at home.

Five of the original members are still working together and ten others have joined them, so that the circle, though essentially a home organization, has not been narrow in its effects. All feel that their work has been thoroughly done. Regular programs have been prepared for the semi-monthly meetings and regular examination questions have been prepared and propounded by some appointed member, at the close of each work on history. The secretary

adds, "Habits of study have been acquired, real, hard study, which will be of value to all of us throughout our lives, and we approach the end of the fourth year with mingled feelings of pride and sorrow that the work which has been so pleasant and well done is so near its close."

WASHINGTON.—At a meeting held in honor of Julius Caesar, by Columbian Circle of Seattle, a very good program was prepared. It was amusingly tricked out in Latin words, as for instance the last number on the program read: *Ultima: Virtus*.

NEW MEXICO.—Espanola Circle of Socorro is in a state of healthy activity. It sends twelve names for re-enrollment and five others for enrollment in the Class of '97.

THE WINTER ASSEMBLIES FOR 1894.

ALBANY, GEORGIA.

ON April 2 there occurred the opening exercises of the sixth annual meeting of the Georgia Chautauqua, which continued in session until April 8. Some special feature marked each successive day of the season, as is indicated by the following distinctive names: Rallied Day, Educational Day, National Day, Grand Concert Day, and Recognition Day.

A fine program had been prepared which was excellently carried out, and which won the hearty commendation of the large and appreciative audiences. The platform speakers were Dr. J. L. Hurlbut, the Rev. W. G. Puddefoot, Dr. C. L. Lane, Richard Malcolm Johnston, Miss W. J. Woodside, the Hon. S. D. Bradwell, Dr. W. A. Duncan, Prof. P. D. Pollock, the Rev. S. K. Belk, L. C. Levy, Gov. Robt. L. Taylor, Dr. G. R. Eager, and others. Several of the lectures were beautifully illustrated with stereopticon views which were highly appreciated by the large audiences. The music during the entire session gave universal pleasure, Mrs. Simmons and the Chautauqua Chorus winning enthusiastic applause. So well was the grand concert received that at its close the audience by a rising vote asked that another might be given during the session,—a wish which was granted.

The special schools connected with the Assembly, all under able directors, had been in session since March 19, and closed with the Assembly proper. The Sunday school normal work was under the charge of Dr. J. L. Hurlbut. The last day of the session was observed as Recognition Day and although no C. L. S. C.

graduates presented themselves yet the day was celebrated by fitting exercises which left a good impression and directed the attention of the people to the benefits of the work.

The whole season was such a success that the trustees and citizens of Albany voted to erect a tabernacle to seat three thousand people with class rooms and other necessary provisions, on the grounds. The leading officers of the Assembly, the president, J. S. Davis, and the superintendent of instruction, Dr. W. A. Duncan, are to be congratulated on the prosperous, profitable, and enjoyable session just closed, which promises so well for the future of Chautauqua interests in this part of the South.

THE FLORIDA CHAUTAUQUA.

THE tenth annual session of the Florida Chautauqua convened at De Funiak, Fla., Feb. 22, and continued for one month. Dr. W. L. Davidson, the superintendent of instruction, made the entire program, and managed the platform to the satisfaction of all. The session just closed was, in every respect, the most successful in the history of this famed Chautauqua. It was thought that the hard times abroad through the land and the open winter in the North would very seriously affect the attendance, but during the Chautauqua session the hotels and cottages of De Funiak were overcrowded, and the excursion trains brought greater multitudes than ever before from the surrounding towns. The receipts were nearly \$600 in excess of any former year, and the future of the Assembly never seemed so bright. It is doing a great work for

West Florida, and furnishing rich entertainment for northern visitors. While other resorts in Florida were comparatively deserted, the fine Chautauqua program at De Funiak drew a multitude of visitors. Ex-Congressman Wallace Bruce has been elected president. Dr. W. L. Davidson was unanimously re-elected superintendent of instruction. The debt on the Chautauqua is being provided for, and very bright days seem to be just before this worthy enterprise.

The program of the past year included Dr. H. R. Palmer as chorus director, who drew about him two hundred singers. Rogers' Band and Orchestra furnished music for the entire session. The Mexican Typical Orchestra, the Schubert and the Schumann Male Quartets gave delightful concerts. Miss Marguerite Wuertz, as violin soloist, was greatly enjoyed. Miss Lily Runals, Mrs. W. R. Gillespie, Miss Laura Hall, and a host of others gave strength to the many musical programs.

On the lecture platform were heard such men as President John H. Finley, Dr. Jesse Bowman Young, Bishop J. N. FitzGerald, Dr. H. W. Kellogg, Selah Brown, Chaplain J. H. Lozier, Dr. H. V. Givier, Dr. J. W. Miles, Dr. E. P. Edmunds, Prof. Chas. Lane, Prof. J. H. Woodburn, Hon. Wallace Bruce, W. H. Rider, Miss Cecile Gohl, Frank R. Roberson, and many others.

Many departments of class work were in competent hands, and attracted many pupils. Faithful Chautauqua work was done, which will bear fruit in the future. The Assembly coming in the midst of the C. L. S. C. year, it is impossible to have a Recognition Day, or to do much successful work. Then, too, most of the northern visitors are already Chautauquans engaged in circle work at home. Still the leaven is working in West Florida, and a great and good work is being accomplished through the instrumentality of the Chautauqua.

THE SOUTH FLORIDA CHAUTAUQUA.

THE eighth annual Assembly was held at Mt. Dora, March 8-21. The weather was fine, though at times rather warm for the comfort of northern visitors. The program was the best ever presented at Mt. Dora and the attendance was

much larger than last year, in spite of the financial depression that has affected the orange growers and gardeners of Florida almost as seriously as any other class of farmers.

Two features were especially prominent this year, one of them rather unusual, it is believed, in Chautauqua Assemblies. This was a political symposium, consisting of four addresses on consecutive afternoons from representatives of each of the four national political parties. The addresses were all of high character and of remarkable excellence, and the experiment succeeded so well that it will probably be repeated another year. The Hon. E. M. Hammond of Orlando, Fla., spoke for the Democrats, the Hon. Julius R. Burrows of Michigan, for the Republicans, the Hon. J. R. Sovereign, of Des Moines, Iowa, Master Workman of the Knights of Labor, for the Populists, and Prof. Samuel Dickie of Albion, Michigan, for the Prohibitionists.

Music was made unusually prominent. There were no less than five excellent concerts during the session. Three of them were given by the Schumann Quartet of Chicago and two by Prof. Case, assisted by a fine chorus. Stereopticon lectures were given by Frank P. Roberson and B. P. Murray. These were very fine, and indeed not a single lecture was given during the two weeks that was not considered superior. The lecturers were Pres. J. W. Hancher, the Rev. J. A. Clifton, the Rev. R. T. Hall, W. H. McElroy, and others. Miss Marguerite Wuertz delighted everybody by her violin playing, and Miss Cecile Gohl gave several entertaining lectures in costume.

The Rev. F. J. Tyler taught the normal Sunday school class and the Rev. Wm. Shaw conducted the devotional meetings.

A spirited elocutionary contest took place for the prizes offered by E. L. Ferran, Esq., in the interest of temperance.

Several new cottages will be erected before another Assembly and plans for the improvement of the grounds in various ways and for the enlargement of the work of the Assembly were presented and discussed.

The South Florida Chautauqua is an established institution and needs only to be seen to be appreciated.

THE ASSEMBLY CALENDAR.

SEASON OF 1894.

- CHAUTAUQUA, NEW YORK**—June 30.—**MONONA LAKE, MADISON, WISCONSIN**—July 24—August 3. Recognition Day, August 1.
- ACTON PARK, INDIANA**—July 26. Recognition Day, August 2.
- BAY VIEW, MICHIGAN**—July 19—August 15. Recognition Day, August 10.
- BEATRICE, NEBRASKA**—June 21—July 4. Recognition Day, June 29.
- BLACK HILLS, S. DAKOTA**—July 5—13.
- CENTRAL CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY, FREMONT, NEBRASKA**—July 4—19. Recognition Day, July 17.
- CENTRAL NEW YORK, TULLY LAKE, N. Y.**—August 11—23. Recognition Day, August 16.
- CLARION DISTRICT, PENNSYLVANIA**—July 18—August 8. Recognition Day, August 2.
- CONNECTICUT VALLEY, NORTHAMPTON, MASS.**—July 16—27. Recognition Day, July 26.
- CUMBERLAND VALLEY, PENNSYLVANIA**—July 25—August 1. Recognition Day, July 31.
- DETROIT LAKE, MINNESOTA**—July 15—30.
- DEVIL'S LAKE, NORTH DAKOTA**—June 29—July 16. Recognition Day, July 5.
- EASTERN MAINE ASSEMBLY, NORTHPORT, MAINE**—August 13—17. Recognition Day, August 16.
- EPWORTH HEIGHTS, OHIO**—July 2—28. Recognition Day, July 27.
- HACKLEY PARK, LAKE HARBOR, MICHIGAN**—July 19—August 20.
- HEDDING CHAUTAUQUA, EAST EPPING, NEW HAMPSHIRE**—July 23—August 18. Recognition Day, August 16.
- IOWA CHAUTAUQUA, COLFAX, IOWA**—July 10—24. Recognition Day, July 24.
- ISLAND PARK, ROME CITY, INDIANA**—July 25—August 9. Recognition Day, August 1.
- KENTUCKY CHAUTAUQUA, LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY**—July 3—13. Recognition Day, July 10.
- LAKESIDE ENCAMPMENT, OHIO**—July 13—August 7. Recognition Day, August 3.
- LAKE MADISON, SOUTH DAKOTA**—July 3—24. Recognition Day, July 23.
- LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA**—July 16—26. Recognition Day, July 26.
- LONG BEACH CHAUTAUQUA, HEMPSTEAD, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK**—July 22—August 4. Recognition Day, July 26.
- LONG PINE, NEBRASKA**—June 29—July 10. Recognition Day, July 9.
- MISSOURI CHAUTAUQUA, SEDALIA, MISSOURI**—June 27—July 6.
- MONTEAGLE, TENNESSEE**—July 5—August 24. Recognition Day, July 27.
- MOUNTAIN CHAUTAUQUA, MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK, MARYLAND**—August 1—21. Recognition Day, August 16.
- NEBRASKA ASSEMBLY, CRETE, NEBRASKA**—July 3—14. Recognition Day, July 12.
- NEW ENGLAND ASSEMBLY, SOUTH FRAMINGHAM, MASS.**—July 10—24. Recognition Day, July 18.
- NORTHERN NEW ENGLAND ASSEMBLY, FRYEBURG, MAINE**—July 24—August 11. Recognition Day, August 7.
- OCEAN CITY, NEW JERSEY**—July 25—27. Recognition Day, July 27.
- OCEAN GROVE, NEW JERSEY**—July 10—20. Recognition Day, July 20.
- OCEAN PARK, MAINE**—July 23—August 26. Recognition Day, August 9.
- OTTAWA, KANSAS**—June 18—29. Recognition Day, June 28.
- PACIFIC GROVE, CALIFORNIA**—July 3—13.
- PENNSYLVANIA CHAUTAUQUA, MT. GRETNNA, PA.**—July 2—August 2. Recognition Day, July 16.
- PIASA BLUFFS, ILLINOIS**—July 26—August 22. Recognition Day, August 18.
- PUGET SOUND, WASHINGTON**—July 20—August 9. Recognition Day, August 1.
- RIDGEVIEW, PENNSYLVANIA**—July 27—August 6. Recognition Day, August 6.
- ROCK RIVER ASSEMBLY, DIXON, ILLINOIS**—July 31—August 16. Recognition Day, August 9.
- ROCKY MOUNTAIN, GLEN PARK, COLORADO**—July 11—August 1. Recognition Day, July 20.
- ROUND LAKE, NEW YORK**—July 30—August 17. Recognition Day, August 17.
- SAN MARCOS, TEXAS**—July 4—22. Recognition Day, July 14.
- SILVER LAKE, NEW YORK**—July 17—August 16. Recognition Day, August 15.
- SOUTHERN OREGON, ASHLAND, OREGON**—July 11—21. Recognition Day, July 20.
- SPIRIT LAKE, IOWA**—July 10—25. Recognition Day, July 25.
- TEXAS CHAUTAUQUA, GEORGETOWN, TEXAS**—July 4—18. Recognition Day, July 11.
- WASECA, MINNESOTA**—July 11—27. Recognition Day, July 25.
- WATERLOO, IOWA**—July 1—15.

THE LIBRARY TABLE.

JUNE.

I GAZED upon the glorious sky,
And the green mountains round,
And thought that when I came to lie
At rest within the ground,
'T were pleasant that in flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
And groves a cheerful sound,
The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich, green mountain turf should break.
—William Cullen Bryant.

A HISTORIC QUARREL.

THE following account of the Guelfs and Ghibellines is from the *Pecorone* of Giovanni Florentino, a writer of the fourteenth century.

"There formerly resided in Germany two wealthy and well-born individuals, whose names were Guelfo and Ghibellino, very near neighbors, and greatly attached to each other. But returning together one day from the chase, there unfortunately arose some difference of opinion as to the merits of one of their hounds, which was maintained on both sides so very warmly, that, from being almost inseparable friends and companions, they became each other's deadliest enemies.

"This unlucky division between them still increasing, they on either side collected parties of their followers, in order more effectually to annoy each other. Soon extending its malignant influence among the neighboring lords and barons of Germany, who divided, according to their motives, either with the Guelf or the Ghibelline, it not only produced many serious affrays, but several persons fell victims to its rage.

"Ghibellino, finding himself hard pressed by his enemy, and unable longer to keep the field against him, resolved to apply for assistance to Frederick the First, the reigning emperor. Upon this, Guelfo, perceiving that his adversary sought the alliance of this monarch, applied on his side to Pope Honorius II., who being at variance with the former, and hearing how the affair stood, immediately joined the cause of the Guelfs, the emperor having already embraced that of the Ghibellines. It is thus that the apostolic see became connected with the former, and the empire with the latter faction; and it was thus that a vile hound became the origin of a deadly hatred between the two noble families.

"Now it happened that in the year of our dear Lord and Redeemer 1215, the same pestiferous spirit spread itself into parts of Italy, in the following manner. Messer Guido Orlando being at that time chief magistrate of Florence, there likewise resided in that city a noble and valiant cavalier of the family of Buondelmonti, one of the most distinguished houses in the state. Our young Buondelmonte having already plighted his troth to a lady of the Amidei family, the lovers were considered as betrothed, with all the solemnity usually observed on such occasions. But this unfortunate young man, chancing to pass one day by the house of the Donati, was stopped and accosted by a lady of the name of Lapaccia, who moved to him from her door as he went along, saying:

"I am surprised that a gentleman of your appearance, Signor, should think of taking for his wife a woman scarcely worthy of handing him his boots. There is a child of my own, whom, to speak sincerely, I have long intended for you, and whom I wish you would just venture to see."

"And on this she called out for her daughter, whose name was Ciulla, one of the prettiest and most enchanting girls in all Florence. Introducing her to Messer Buondelmonte, she whispered,

"This is she whom I had reserved for you."

"And the young Florentine, suddenly becoming enamored of her, thus replied to her mother,

"I am quite ready, Madonna, to meet your wishes."

"And before stirring from the spot he placed a ring upon her finger, and wedding her, received her there as his wife.

"The Amidei, hearing that young Buondelmonte had thus espoused another, immediately met together, and took council with other friends and relations how they might best avenge themselves for such an insult offered to their house. There were present among the rest Lambertuccio Amidei, Schiatta Ruberti, and Mosca Lamberti, one of whom proposed to give him a box on the ear, another to strike him in the face, yet they were none of them able to agree about it among themselves. On observing this, Mosca hastily rose, in a great passion, saying, 'Cosafatta capo ha,' wishing it to be understood that a dead man will never strike again. It was therefore decided that he should be put

to death, a sentence which they proceeded to execute in the following manner:

"M. Buondelmonte returning one morning from a visit to the Casa Bardi, beyond the Arno, mounted upon a snow-white steed and dressed in a mantle of the same color, had just reached the foot of the Ponte Vecchio, or old bridge, where formerly stood a statue of Mars, whom the Florentines in their pagan state were accustomed to worship, when the whole party issued out upon him, and dragging him in the scuffle from his horse, in spite of the gallant resistance he made, despatched him with a thousand wounds.

"The tidings of this affair seemed to throw all Florence into confusion, the chief personages and noblest families in the place everywhere meeting and dividing themselves into parties in consequence; the one party embracing the cause of the Buondelmonti, who placed themselves at the head of the Guelfs; and the other taking part with the Amidei, who supported the Ghibellines.

"In the same fatal manner, nearly all the signiories and cities of Italy were involved in the original quarrel between these two German families: the Guelfs still supporting the interest of the holy church, and the Ghibellines those of the emperor.

"Thus I have made you acquainted with the origin of the Germanic faction, between two noble houses, for the sake of a vile cur, and have shown how it afterwards disturbed the peace of Italy for the sake of a beautiful woman."

THE WINNING AND LOSING OF FORTUNES.

No fortune, it is said, is transmitted undiminished to the third generation. It is quite natural. The first inheritor is born and brought up amid the activities which created the fortune. If he does not increase it, he at least preserves it. The second is born in full possession of riches, most likely squanders it, and the third must begin the cycle afresh. Is this same thing true of the stores of wisdom and experience which generations accumulate? Some philosophers think so. Happily, wisdom cannot be so easily dissipated as money; but, on the other hand, neither can it be so fully and perfectly transmitted as an estate. It is all but impossible that an age of invention and discovery can have an heir. Scientific truths, principles of social morality, and artistic institutions are passed on to others, and in the passing, lose their freshness and their charm. They devitalize. At first they are like a worn coin, taken at its nominal value, though the figures are illegible, and

which by and by must be returned to the mint.

The third heir must begin again, and who knows but this fourth generation in the history of the American Republic fails to appreciate the liberties bequeathed by others to them, and must vitalize and remint the hardly worn principles of other days? Are we not listlessly enjoying the banquet prepared by others? Do we not, with coarse unthankfulness, eat, and refuse even the crumbs to those under the table? Are we the noble sons of Ulysses, or are we the suitors who devour his substance, and talk about our prowess, though unable to bend his bow? Let us summon our energies, and prepare ourselves by prayer for a moral crisis. If sacrifice or patient drudgery can bring again the brightness and luster which glistened upon the Declaration of Independence, let us pay the price, and revitalize the old political faith, so near akin to those eternal principles which, at last, shall fill the earth, "as the waters cover the sea."

—From Edwin A. Schell's "*The New Generation.*"*

FAUST'S SEARCH.

THE BEGINNING.

I HAVE, alas! Philosophy,
Medicine, Jurisprudence, too,
And to my cost Theology,
With ardent labor, studied through.
And here I stand, with all my lore,
Poor fool, no wiser than before.
Magister, doctor styled, indeed,
Already these ten years I lead,
Up, down, across, and to and fro,
My pupils by the nose,—and learn,
That we in truth can nothing know!
This in my heart like fire doth burn.
'Tis true, I've more cunning than all your dull
tribe,
Magister and doctor, priest, parson, and scribe;
Scruple or doubt comes not to enthrall me,
Neither can devil nor hell now appall me—
Hence also my heart must all pleasure forgo!
I may not pretend, aught rightly to know,
I may not pretend, through teaching, to find
A means to improve or convert mankind.
Then I have neither goods nor treasure:
No worldly honor, rank, or pleasure:
No dog in such fashion would longer live!
Therefore myself to magic I give,
In hope, through spirit-voice and might,
Secrets now veiled to bring to light,
That I no more, with aching brow,
Need speak of what I nothing know;

*Cincinnati: Cranston and Curtis. New York: Hunt and Eaton. pp. 218. 75 cts.

That I the force may recognize
That binds creation's inmost energies ;
Her vital powers, her embryo seeds survey,
And fling the trade in empty words away.
O full-orb'd moon, did but thy rays
Their last upon mine anguish gaze !

THE END.

YEA, to this thought I cling, with virtue rife,
Wisdom's last fruit, profoundly true :
Freedom alone he earns as well as life,
Who day by day must conquer them anew.
So girt by danger, childhood bravely here,
Youth, manhood, age, shall dwell from year to
year.

Such busy crowds I fain would see,
Upon free soil stand with a people free ;
Then to the moment might I say :
Linger awhile, so fair thou art !
Nor can the traces of my earthly day
Through ages from the world depart !
In the presentiment of such high bliss,
The highest moment I enjoy—'tis this.

—Goethe.

LONDON AND PARIS.

FROM the ponderous, clumsy-looking policemen of London to the *petit* guardian of the peace in Paris, the change is quite welcome to the eye, although we cannot help thinking that the former looks the more businesslike of the two. Instead of a club, the Frenchman has a sword dangling from his belt. This with his high-legged boots, with the cap or cockade he wears, and with the cape having a hood attached to it which hangs loosely from his shoulders, gives him more the appearance of a military man out for a saunter than of one whose presence should be a terror to misdeemants. But he is very nice to look at, and that seems to be the principal thing in Paris. Everything here appeals to the eye. Even the dogs must be pretty, and many of them are very pretty indeed. The English pug is eschewed as a companion for French ladies—partly, no doubt, because he is English, and partly because he is so outrageously repulsive. The fashion in canines runs to French poodles—a fuzzy, innocent sort of dog; and it is all the style to have part of the fuzz shaved off—the hinder part, a fancy which, besides adding to the novelty of the dog's appearance, keeps in good circumstances, it is said, quite a number of people who are known professionally as dog-barbers.

The fashions in masculine attire are not so uniform here as in London. In silk hats, one sees all sorts of shapes, and the strangest shapes seem to be most in vogue. The aim of the Parisian

swell seems to be, not to conform perfectly to any set code, but rather to defy the codes, and get himself up as picturesquely as possible.

Paris does not smoke so much as London, either from its chimney-tops or from beneath its hat tops. Parisian ladies have better complexions than the English, and better forms; but in sitting in judgment upon such matters as these, one has to remember that Paris is more a city of art than London is. We have also observed that Parisian women carry themselves with more grace when walking than the English; and as this is a matter which can have no connection with toilet mysteries, we need not hesitate in saying which of the two styles we prefer.

Babies are less numerous here than in London, but those you see are remarkably pretty. So are the nurses who carry them—at least, in their style of dress. They wear, in the autumn, long, circular cloaks, and from their dainty silk caps long streamers of some fashionable shade of ribbon extend the whole length of their attire. Usually the mother is near, and we have noticed many instances in which the shade of ribbon worn by the nurse has some match in the bonnet of this Parisian dame. If not in the bonnet, then you may look for a match at the waist in the form of a sash, or perhaps in the shade of the proud mamma's bodice. Talk of fashion, you have to be in Paris to know fully what it means, and the excesses to which it may run! Fancy these fascinating creatures trimming their petticoats in strict conformity with the style and shade of the hats they may happen to wear! But many of them do this, and it seems to be the fashion for well-dressed women to have the bottom of their petticoats as much in evidence on the streets as the trimming of their head-wear. But this is running beauty into the ground, or very near to it, and for the present we dismiss the subject.—From Henry Tuckley's "In Sunny France."*

TOO MUCH LIBERTY IN PLACES AND NOT ENOUGH ELSEWHERE.

WHEN Patrick Henry put his old cast-iron spectacles on the top of his head and whooped for liberty, he did not know that some day we should have more of it than we knew what to do with. He little dreamed that the time would come when we should have more liberty than we could pay for. When Mr. Henry sawed the air and shouted for liberty or death, I do not believe that he knew the time would come when Liberty would stand on Bedloe's Island and yearn for rest and change of scene.

* Cincinnati: Cranston and Curtis. New York: Hunt and Eaton. pp 249. 50 cts.

It seems to me that we have too much liberty in this country in some ways. We have more liberty than we have money. We guarantee that every man in America shall fill himself up full of liberty at our expense, and the less of an American he is the more liberty he can have. Should he desire to enjoy himself, all he needs is a slight foreign accent and a willingness to mix up with politics as soon as he can get his baggage off the steamer. The more I study American institutions the more I regret that I was not born a foreigner, so that I could have something to say about the management of our great land. If I could not be a foreigner, I believe I should prefer to be a policeman or an Indian not taxed.

I am often led to ask, in the language of the poet, "Is civilization a failure, and is the Caucasian played out?"

Almost every one can have a good deal of fun in America except the American. He seems to be so busy paying his taxes that he has very little time to vote, or to mingle in society's giddy whirl, or to mix up with the nobility. That is the reason why the alien who rides across the United States in the "Limited Mail" and writes a book about us before breakfast wonders why we are always in a hurry. That also is the reason why we have to throw our meals into ourselves with such despatch, and hardly have time to maintain a warm personal friendship with our families.

We do not care much for wealth, but we must have freedom, and freedom costs money. We have advertised to furnish a bunch of freedom to every man, woman, and child who comes to our shores, and we are going to deliver the goods whether we have any left for ourselves or not.

What would the great world beyond the seas say to us if some day the blue-eyed Oriental, with his heart full of love for our female seminaries and our old women's homes, should land upon our coasts and crave freedom in car-load lots but find that we were using all the liberty ourselves? But what do we want of liberty, anyhow? What could we do with it if we had it? It takes a man of leisure to enjoy liberty, and we have no leisure whatever. It is a good thing to keep in the house for the use of guests, but we don't need it for ourselves.

Therefore we have a statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, because it shows that we keep Liberty on tap winter and summer. We want the whole broad world to remember that when it gets tired of oppression it can come here to America and oppress us. We are used to it, and we rather like it. If we don't like it, we

can get on the steamer and go abroad, where we may visit the effete monarchies and have a high old time.

More citizens and less voters will some day be adopted as the motto of the Republic.

—From Bill Nye's "*History of the United States*."^{*}

A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?—
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl.
But when the wind blows off the shore,
O, sweetly we'll rest our weary oar!
Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past!

Utawa's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers,—
O, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs!
Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

—Thomas Moore.

THE WORKINGWOMAN'S PORTION.

THE one great question that to-day agitates the whole civilized world is an economic question. It is not the production but the distribution of wealth; in other words, the wages question,—the wages of men and women. The conflict begins with distribution. It is no longer a war of one nation with another; it is an internecine war, destroying the foundations of our own defenses, and making enemies of those who should be brothers.

The laborer does not receive his fair share of the world's wealth; and the economic thought of the whole world is now devoted to the devising of means by which he may receive his due. There is no longer much question as to facts; they are only too palpable. Distribution must be reorganized, and haste must be made to discover how.

Many causes are at work to depress the wages even of skilled workers, far more than can be enumerated here. If this is true for men, how much more strongly can limitations be stated for women, as we ask, "Why do not women receive a better wage?" Many of the

* Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. pp. 339. \$2.00.

reasons are historical, and must be considered in their origin and growth. Taking her as a worker to-day, precisely the same general causes are in operation that govern the wages of men, with the added disability of sex always in the way of equal mobility of labor.

Added to this natural disqualification comes another,—in the lack of sympathy for her needs, and in the prejudice which hedges about all her movements. In every trade she has sought to enter, men have barred the way. There is more or less reason for such feeling. It arises in part from the newness of the occasion, since in the story of labor as a whole, it is only the last fifty years that have seen women taking an active part. We have already seen that mobility of labor is one of the first essentials, and that women are far more limited in this respect than men.

This brings us to the final question,—why do men receive a larger wage than women? Custom, the law of many centuries, has so ingrained its thought in the constitution of men that it is naturally and inevitably taken for granted that every woman who seeks work is the appendage of some man and therefore, partially at least, supported. Other facts bias the employer against the payment of the same

wage. The girl's education is usually less practical than a boy's; and as most, at least among the less intelligent class, regard a trade as a makeshift to be used as a crutch till a husband appears, the work involved is often done carelessly and with little or no interest. With unintelligent labor wastage is greater, and wages proportionately lower; and here we have one chief reason for the difference.

Unskilled labor, it is plain, must be in evil case, and it is unskilled laborers that are in the majority. Mere existence is to a large extent all that is possible, and it is fought for with a fury in strange contrast to the apparent worth of the thing itself.

It is this battle with which we have to do; and as we go back to the dawn of the struggle, and seek to discover what has been its course from the beginning we find that it is women on whom the facts weigh most heavily, and whose fortunes are most tangled in this web woven from the beginning of time, and from that beginning drenched with the tears and stained by the blood of workers in every age.—From Helen Campbell's "*Women Wage-Earners*,"*

* *Women Wage-Earners*. By Helen Campbell. With an Introduction by Richard T. Ely, Ph. D., LL. D. Boston: Roberts Brothers. pp. 313. \$1.00.

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

"*Marcella*." The keen psychological penetration necessary to create real and coherent characters, a heart brought into sympathy with widely varying phases of life, the bold, firm touch of the dramatist,—such are the powers which must be conceded to the author of "*Marcella*."* The interest of the story centers in the beautiful, impulsive girl in whose nature are mingled forces that make existence a perpetual struggle, the growth of whose soul is pictured with marvelous fidelity and admirable restraint. With light, swift touch the traits and incidents of the heroine's early years are sketched, preparing the reader for a character wholly consistent with what is promised by the strenuous, untrained childhood. At the close of her boarding-school life and some time spent in London, where she becomes imbued with socialist ideas, Marcella goes to live with her parents in the ancestral home. Here is the opportunity she longs for to put into practical operation among the tenantry her philanthropic

theories, but her father's lack of money and sympathy proves a vexatious barrier. She becomes engaged to a wealthy noble whose estate joins her father's; afterwards meets a young socialist and is blinded to his shallowness and hypocrisy by the pleasure of discussing with him the complex problem whose solution is the aim of her life; breaks her engagement because her lover refuses to sign a petition to save the life of a poacher; and returns to London to devote herself to work among the poorest classes. Here, after tireless effort and untold personal sacrifice, she is led to see that there are other methods of social reform besides the mechanical system of the "Venturists," and learns to subordinate self in the struggle for a nobler human fellowship.

The greatest artistic success of the book is the sustained manner in which is shown the contrast between the tastes and desires of the humble people stunted by generations of toil and the class to whom culture seems but a part of the air they breathe. A less searching pen would have hesitated to write of Marcella's visits to the poacher's wife:

"She never suspected that her presence was

* *Marcella*. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 2 vols. New York: Macmillan and Co. pp. 945. \$2.00.

often a burden and constraint; Mrs. Hurd [the wife] was sometimes athirst, without knowing it, for homelier speech and consolations."

Or again:

"On her and her children Marcella had spent from the beginning a number of womanish wiles . . . but the relation jarred and limped perpetually, and Marcella wistfully thought it her fault."

The book is rich in portraiture marked with precision of outline and truth of color; the narrative manner is smooth, the dialogue natural, the scenic descriptions fine. Altogether, the popular verdict will be that Mrs. Ward's talent shows greater vigor with each new production.

Other Fiction. The first thing that strikes the attention on turning over the pages of "*Katharine Lauderdale*"* is the poorly executed illustrations (barring of course the photogravure frontispiece, which is a fine portrait of the author). To read of the dazzlingly beautiful heroine and her still more beautiful mother and to see them as the artist represents them argues defective vision somewhere. Another element of surprise is to find that the two volumes are occupied with the events of only five days and leave matters in as unsettled a state as at the beginning. The aristocratic set of New York society furnishes the actors in this very real and stirring drama wrought with the author's distinctive strength and grace.

From neither the standpoint of conception nor execution does "*Benefits Forgot*"† deserve unqualified praise, yet it possesses certain qualities which are admirable. The conversations have a colloquial fluency and spontaneousness that show the author's intimate acquaintance with the types he depicts, and we seem to breathe the bracing western air of the region where the scenes are laid, but the plot is intricate without being exciting, and the general impression left after reading the book is that one's time was not very profitably invested.—The half dozen short stories by Sarah Grand which she has gathered into a volume‡ are perhaps less startlingly original than her longer efforts but none the less bright and pointed. She calls them "experiments." If they are to test her statement that a story "should be, like life itself, an unfolding—not a regular structure," she will probably not be able to prove it to the satisfaction of all critics.

**Katharine Lauderdale*. By F. Marion Crawford. 2 vols. New York: Macmillan and Co. pp. 668. \$2.00.

†*Benefits Forgot*. By Wolcott Balestier. pp. 460. \$1.50.—‡*Our Manifold Nature*. By Sarah Grand. pp. 235. Paper 50 cts. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

A characteristic little tale* from the French of Jules de Marthold gives the history of a bearskin which was made into a grenadier's hat. The adventures and mishaps of the wearer are told in lively fashion and delineated by pictures in every nook and corner of the pages. Heavy paper and a picturesque binding add to the general attractiveness of the unique publication.

"*Miss Stuart's Legacy*"† is an entertaining novel whose scene is India, and the leading characters Anglo-Indians, carefully and naturally drawn. The somewhat somber events are narrated with simplicity and a degree of force, and the writer is evidently thoroughly familiar with the localities and classes. A happy ending is one of the pleasing features.

The twelfth and last volume in the series of Columbian Historical Novels is entitled "*Union: A Story of the Great Rebellion*."‡ The incidents of course are stirring and vigorous. The literary quality is at about the same watermark as the other books of the set. This way of getting at history will doubtless suit superficial readers; genuine students will prefer "the real thing."

Science. "*The Inventions, Researches, and Writings of Nikola Tesla*"|| is a book which all electrical engineers and students of electricity will welcome. It is a volume of nearly five hundred pages, is well illustrated and opens an entirely new field to any who have not kept pace with the rapid advance of science, and it gives those who have some knowledge of Tesla's work an opportunity to examine the minutiae of all his processes. The writer opens the work with a biography of this remarkable man who had taken the first place among electricians before he was thirty-five years old. Tesla ventured into an entirely new field and made discoveries which bid fair to revolutionize all systems of current distribution. It is well known that currents of high voltage are dangerous but by enormously increasing the pressure and frequency of electric currents, Tesla has proved that electricity becomes comparatively harmless. This volume contains Tesla's New York and London Lectures, which set forth the wonders of the polyphase and high tension currents in his

**The History of a Bearskin*. From the French of Jules de Marthold. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. pp. 190.

†*Miss Stuart's Legacy*. By Mrs. F. A. Steel. New York: Macmillan and Co. pp. 460.

‡*Union: A Story of the Great Rebellion*. By John R. Musick. New York: Funk and Wagnalls. pp. 505. \$1.50.

||*The Inventions, Researches, and Writings of Nikola Tesla*. By Thomas Commerford Martin. New York: The Electrical Engineer. pp. 493. \$4.00.

own words and the subject is made doubly interesting by the careful explanation of all illustrations of experiments.

From a new edition of Professor Huxley's works, four volumes of essays* written through a series of years furnish the means of gaining a clear, general idea of the great scholar and his life work. Two of the volumes are devoted to science as it is connected respectively with what he calls Hebrew and Christian "tradition." In them the letter of the Old and the New Testament is closely cross-questioned and severely criticised in a manner which must necessarily seem sacrilegious to many conservative thinkers and to firm believers in Christianity. It was a forgone conclusion that his previously expressed views relating to divine revelation must excite controversy; and as those opposing him struck heavy blows straight from the shoulder, against his doctrines, so he in reply strikes after the same fashion. There is not infrequently discernible in the refutations a bitterness of tone, a stinging sarcasm, which mars the effect he would produce. As for a religious belief which is not in accord with the plain laws of science, he will have none of it. The remaining two volumes are entitled "Darwiniana" and "Science and Education." In the former he discusses at length and with great care and insight the scientific theories of Charles Darwin, answers several of his critics, gives a clear and forcible outline biography and a fine summary of the life labors of the man and, besides, presents his own decided views in favor of evolution. Education especially in its scientific and technical phases is considered in the last volume. He urges the reality of a liberal education and not satisfaction with its mere name. Physical science, his own favorite subject, is that for which he pleads most earnestly, holding it of the highest importance among all branches of instruction. All of the essays are models of style in the simplicity of their presentation.

That recently unknown land, the bottom of the sea, is fast yielding up its secret resources in answer to the demands of man. Scientific researches are being abundantly rewarded and the knowledge of their discoveries is being rapidly disseminated by means of pleasing books. In one small work of this character entitled "The Fauna of the Deep Sea,"† belonging to the Modern Science Series, there is given an excellent account of the investigations already made; a de-

* Science and Hebrew Tradition. pp. 475.—Science and Christian Tradition. pp. 419.—Darwiniana. pp. 475.—Science and Education. pp. 451. By Thomas H. Huxley. \$1.25 per volume.—†The Fauna of the Deep Sea. By Sydney J. Hickson, M. A. New York: D. Appleton and Company. pp. 166.

scription of the physical conditions of the depths; and a general study of the animal life of the sea, the last subdivision forming the main part of the work.

In "Practical Methods in Microscopy"** the laws of light are studied, the principles upon which the microscope is constructed are given, and the manner in which the instrument is to be most effectively used is described. The book also contains directions for preparing and mounting specimens. A young microscopist with a fixed determination to succeed, armed with this book, will find no insurmountable obstacle in his way.

The first two books issued in Economics Crowell's Library of Economics and Sociology, and Politics, of which Prof. R. T.

Ely is the editor, give promise of a series of more than ordinary interest. Mr. Kinley's book,† the first to appear, affords a critical survey of the early financial systems of the country, traces the development of the Independent Treasury System, and describes its organization and workings very much in detail as they relate to the business of the country. There are special chapters devoted to the present system and the management of loans, and its relation to financial crises. The author's study of the subject led him to overcome a strong prejudice in favor of the subtreasury system with which he began the work, and in the closing chapters of the book he asserts the opinion that our present system is injurious to the business interests of the country. As a remedy the utilization of a modified national banking system is proposed, the plan of reorganization being outlined at some length. The book is rather heavy with facts and figures, and while it may not receive a wide popular reading it is certain to find a large circulation among the students of public economics.

An interesting chapter in the financial history of twelve states furnishes the text for the second volume‡ of the series. Dr. Scott has entered a field hitherto very much neglected and the results of his diligent handling of the subject are apparent in the practical value which attaches to his presentation of the subject. After giving a carefully summarized ex-

* Practical Methods in Microscopy. By Charles H. Clark, A. M. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. pp. 211. \$1.60.

† The History, Organization and Influence of the Independent Treasury System of the United States. By David Kinley, A. B. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell and Co. pp. 329. \$1.50.

‡ Repudiation of State Debts. By William A. Scott, Ph. D. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell and Co. pp. 325. \$1.50.

position of the constitutional law, state and national, which bears upon the repudiation of state debts, the conclusion, not in the least unexpected, is reached that, in the main there is nothing to prevent repudiation if the states so elect and that the holders of repudiated bonds are virtually without the means of procuring their just dues. The history of repudiation is traced in Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Louisiana, Arkansas, Tennessee, Minnesota, Michigan, and Virginia. The discrimination of the author is evidenced in the comment which he makes upon the historical aspects of the question. In the program of reform which occupies the concluding chapter of the book the tone is evenly tempered and noticeably fair. Public credit should occupy the same plane as personal credit. The danger of repudiation, the author argues, will have been reduced to the minimum when the American people have as true an appreciation of the nature of public as personal credit, and as keen a susceptibility to the disgrace of public as private defalcation.

A little book [‡] which will serve to stimulate popular interest in the plan of settling differences between labor and capital by arbitration and conciliation is that issued in the "Questions of the Day" series. It is a compilation of widely scattered material descriptive of the various methods of industrial arbitration and conciliation as successfully applied in our own time in several English industrial establishments, in two Belgian collieries, and in the building trades of New York, Chicago, Pittsburg, and Boston.

The writings which more than any other have influenced the growth of socialism are those of Karl Marx. His *Das Kapital*, first published in the German in 1873, is looked to as the "Bible of Socialism," or, as it is sometimes, through inappropriately, called, the "Bible of the Working Classes." Marx was thoroughly well equipped with a knowledge of economic history and literature upon which he put an interpretation of sufficient importance to make for himself a permanent place among the leaders of economic thought. His "*Capital*" ^{||} is given over to a demonstration of the general thesis that the inevitable tendency of economic evolution lies in the direction of socialism. This translation is deserving of praise,

[‡] Industrial Arbitration and Conciliation. By Josephine Shaw Lowell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. pp. 116. 75 cts.

^{||} Capital. By Karl Marx. Translated from the third German Edition by Samuel Moore and Edward Aveling. Edited by Frederick Engels. New York: Humboldt Publishing Co.

for the work has been performed scientifically and well. It was not to be expected that the obscure and involved style of the author would be materially improved by the English rendition, and the reading of the work will remain difficult even for the student of economics.

The fourteen lectures, originally delivered before the Brooklyn Ethical Association, which comprise a volume of four hundred pages, are well worth the permanent setting given them by the publishers. The book is in itself a symposium of able argument on great questions of the present day. The more important chapter headings are: War and Progress, Interstate Commerce, Foreign Commerce, The Social and Political Status of Woman, The Economic Position of Woman, Evolution of Penal Methods and Institutions and of Charities and Charitable Institutions, The Drink Problem, Labor Problem, Political Aspects of the Labor Problem, and the Philosophy of History.

A book of timely importance is that which deals in a brief way with the History of Panics in the United States.[†] Those portions of the French work of Clement Juglar on Panics relating to the United States have been made over into English and arranged in an orderly way by a practical man of business. The history of all the great financial crises which have occurred in this country is critically outlined and a chapter added by the editor descriptive of the financial conditions which prevailed in this country as late as 1892. The book is well worth a careful reading.

The chief results of Professor Thorold Rogers' investigation into the history of wages and prices for six centuries down to the latter part of the present century, are embodied in a small volume, which is especially valuable as a book of reference and an index to the larger works of the author. The author himself felt the need of an abridgment of his "History of Agriculture and Prices" and prepared a summary of the work which was issued in a single volume entitled "Six Centuries of Work and Wages."[‡] It was probably the wide reading given this edition that led to a still further abridgment of the work and its American publication. Following the six chapters taken from the works of Profess-

* Factors in American Civilization. Studies in Applied Sociology. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$2.00.

[†] A Brief History of Panics and their Periodical Occurrence in the United States. By Clement Juglar. Translated and Edited by De Courcy W. Thom. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. pp. 150. \$1.00.

[‡] Six Centuries of Work and Wages. By Prof. J. E. Thorold Rogers. Abridged. With Charts and Appendix. By the Rev. W. D. P. Bliss. Introduction by Prof. R. T. Ely. New York: Humboldt Publishing Co.

or Rogers there is an appendix in which a survey is taken of the preceding chapters and the lessons to be learned from the investigation pointed out, manifestly with the thought of improving the conclusions in the original text. The charts which accompany the volume add materially to the value of the book.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Invertebrate Zoology. By Hermon C. Bumpus, Ph.D. First Course in Science. By John F. Woodhull. New York: Henry Holt and Company.
Further Studies of the Drainage Features of the Upper Ohio Basin. By T. C. Chamberlain and F. Leverett. University of Chicago. Printed by the authors.
Introduction to Botany. By Volney M. Spalding. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. \$5 cts.
A Ward in Chancery. By Mrs. Alexander.—A Yellow Aster. By Iola.—A Beginner. By Rhoda Broughton.
A Marriage Ceremony. By Ada Cambridge.—The

Trespasser. By Gilbert Parker.—Lot 13. By Dorothea Gerard.—Idealia. By Sarah Grand.—A Costly Freak. By Maxwell Gray. Appleton's Town and Country Library. 50 cts. per vol. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Socialism, a Collection of writings of John Stuart Mill, edited by the Rev. W. D. P. Bliss. Paper 25 cts.—Horace Greeley, Editor, Farmer, and Socialist. By Charles Sootheran. Paper, 35 cts. New York: Humboldt Publishing Company.

The Silver Situation in the United States. By F. W. Taussig, Ph.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 75 cts.
The Mark in Europe and America, a Review of the Discussion on Early Land Tenure. By Enoch A. Bryan, A.M. Boston: Ginn & Co. \$1.10.

Natural System of Medicine. By J. D. Stillman, M.D. St. Louis: The Mekel Press.

Marked "Personal." By Anna Katharine Green. New York: G. P. Putnam's Son's. \$1.00.

Lyndell Sherburne. By Amanda M. Douglas. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Elsie: A Christmas Story. From the Norwegian of Alexander L. Kjelland. By Miles Menander Dawson. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr and Company.

SUMMARY OF IMPORTANT NEWS FOR APRIL, 1894.

HOME NEWS.—April 1. A large force of state militia, by order of Governor Tillman, leaves Columbia for Darlington and Florence, the scene of the dispensary trouble in South Carolina.

April 4. Methodists of New York, Brooklyn, and Newark meet in conference in their respective cities.—A further stay of execution until July 2 in case of Prendergast, the murderer of Mayor Harrison of Chicago.

April 5. The Iowa Legislature passes a bill conferring on women the right to vote for school officers.—The bill granting municipal suffrage to women defeated in the Massachusetts Senate by a vote of 23 to 13.—Commander Heyerman of the wrecked *Kearsarge* sentenced to two years' suspension.

April 6. The president signs the Bering Sea bill.

April 7. The reunion of northern and southern veterans on the Shiloh battle-field, closed.—Celebration at Washington of the fifth anniversary of the American Society of Religious Education.

April 11. The United Miners' Convention at Columbus, Ohio, order a general strike on April 21, which, it is believed, will throw 300,000 men out of employment.—Ninth annual conference of the Unitarian church in session at Atlanta, Georgia.

April 12. The Massachusetts House rejects the Anti-treaty bill by a vote of 43 to 95.—Opening in Indianapolis of the Indiana State Convention of American Protective Association.

April 13. Death of David Dudley Field, the eminent jurist of New York City.—A general strike on the Great Northern Railroad ordered by the American Railway Union.

April 14. Death at Washington of Senator Z. B. Vance of North Carolina.

April 15. Celebration in New York City of the 75th anniversary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

April 17. The annual meeting of the National Academy of Sciences opens in Washington.

April 19. The Supreme Court of South Carolina declares the State Liquor Dispensary law unconstitutional.—Demonstration of the Workingmen's Protective League against the Tariff bill, begun by the arrival in Washington of a large delegation from Philadelphia.

April 25. The New Jersey Assembly passes the Stores bill, forbidding pool-selling and book-making.

FOREIGN NEWS.—April 1. Prince Bismarck celebrates his seventy-ninth birthday at Friedrichsruhe; great enthusiasm prevails.—Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, buried at Buda-Pesth, Hungary.—The name of Charles de Lessps removed from the roll of the French Legion of Honor, owing to his part in the Panama canal scandal.

April 2. Death of Dr. Brown Séquard, the famous physician.—Death of President Bermudez of Peru.

April 4. The international sanitary convention signed at Paris with reference to the spread of cholera.

April 6. Defeat of the Rosebery government in the House of Commons by a vote of 228 to 227.—Pondoland, South Africa, peacefully annexed to the British possessions.—Death of M. Jablochkoff, the electrician, famous in Russia as inventor of the electric candle.

April 9. Walter Wellman and his Arctic expedition arrive at Bergen, Norway.

April 10. French missions at Hisiangu, China, burned and missionaries maltreated; the French government demands redress.

April 11. Resignation of the Newfoundland ministry.—General elections in Holland result in the defeat of the government.

April 13. The Canadian House rejects an amendment to the tariff bill, repudiating the principle of protection.—The American colony at Bluefields send an ultimatum to the Nicaraguan authorities demanding a provisional government.

April 16. The House of Lords pass the Bering Sea bill.—Germany's anti-Jesuit laws repealed in the Reichstag by a vote of 168 to 145.

April 18. Great damage to life and property by floods in Armenian villages.—Brazilian insurgent refugees in Uruguay in a deplorable condition, and bitterly denounce Admiral De Melo.

April 19. Marriage of Princess Victoria Melita of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and Grand Duke Ernest Louis of Hesse, grandchildren of Queen Victoria.

April 20. The International Exposition of Economical Food, Army Maintenance, and Transportation opened at Vienna by the emperor.—Severe earthquake felt throughout Greece, causing great damage to cities and the loss of many lives.

April 22. First Sunday art exhibition held in London.

April 24. The Champ de Mars Salon in Paris opened to the public.

